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ABSTRACT

This volume contains articles about South Asian literature and poetry by G.M. Muktibodh, P. Naik, S. Chattopadhyay, M. Kureishi, and P.S. Rege. The articles and authors are: "The Hindi 'Riti' Tradition and the "Rasakapriya' of Keshavadasa: An Introductory Review" by K.C. Bahl; "Tradition and Modernity in Literature" by M.R. Anand; "The Novelist as Historian" by Y.J. Dayanand; "The Bloomsbury Group and Non-Western Literature" by S. Henig; "Kamala Markandaya: Indo-Anglian Conflict as Unity"--Indian perspectives on the British, in three English-language novels--by J.F. Adkins; and "Experimentalism and Its Impact on Punjabi Literature" and "Urdu Poetry and Its Advent in English" by S.S. Dulai. Also included are literary reviews of "Iqbal: Poet-Philosopher of Pakistan" and "Ghalib, 1797-1869: Volume I: Life and Letters" by N. Fitch and three views of the poet Faiz Ahmed Faiz--a personality sketch by his wife, comments by himself, and an interview. (JM)

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Contents

THE HINDI *RĪTI* TRADITION AND THE *RASAKAPRIYĀ* OF KESHAVADASA: AN INTRODUCTORY REVIEW . . . . Kali C. Bahl 1
THREE POEMS . . . . Gajanan Madhav Muktibodh 39
TRADITION AND MODERNITY IN LITERATURE . . . . Mulk Raj Anand 45
THREE POEMS . . . . Panna Naik 51
THE NOVELIST AS HISTORIAN . . . . Y. J. Dayanand 55
THREE POEMS . . . . Shakti Chattopadhyay 69
THE BLOOMSBURY GROUP AND NON-WESTERN LITERATURE . . . . Suzanne Henig 73
FIVE POEMS . . . . Maki Kureishi 83
KAMALA MARKANDAYA: INDO-ANGLIAN CONFLICT AS UNITY . . . . Joan F. Adkins 89
SHAHNAZ . . . . P. S. Rege 103
THE SHORT FICTION OF R. K. NARAYAN Avadhesh Srivastava and . . . . Sumita Sinha 113
THREE VIEWS OF FAIZ AHMED FAIZ
  FAIZ AHMED FAIZ . . . . Alys Faiz 123
  FAIZ ON FAIZ . . . . Faiz Ahmed Faiz 131
  INTERVIEW WITH FAIZ AHMED FAIZ 141
EXPERIMENTALISM AND ITS IMPACT ON PUNJABI LITERATURE . . . . Surjit S. Dulai 145
URDU POETRY AND ITS ADVENT IN ENGLISH . . . . Surjit S. Dulai 167

Reviews

Hafeez Malik, ed., *Iqbal: Poet-Philosopher of Pakistan* . . . . Nancy Fitch 179
Ralph Russell and Khurshidul Islam, trans. and eds., *Ghalib, 1797-1869: Volume I: Life and Letters* . . . . Nancy Fitch 184

JOURNAL OF SOUTH ASIAN LITERATURE

Volume [illegible] Fall 1974 Number 1

MISCELLANY

Contents Continued

Reviews

Nayantara Sahgal, *The Day in Shadow* . . . . Irene A. Gilbert 185
M. K. Naik, *Mulk Raj Anand* . . . . Marlene Fisher 188
Deben Bhattacharya, trans. and ed., *Love Songs of Chandidas: The Poet-Priest of Bengal; The Mirror of the Sky: Songs of the Bauls from Bengal* . . . . Musafir 190
Balamani Amma, *Thirty Poems* . . . . Dorothy Blair Shimer 191
Sour-Das, *Pastorales* . . . . Karine Schomer 195
Barbara Stoler Miller, trans. and ed., *Phantasies of a Love-Thief: The Caurapancaśika Attributed to Bilhana* . . . . Edwin Gerow 202

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS 205

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Kali C. Bahl

THE HINDI *RĪTI* TRADITION AND THE *RASIKAPRIYĀ* OF KESHAVADASA:
AN INTRODUCTORY REVIEW

1.1. The present work* is an English translation of the *Rasikapriyā* of Keshavadasa published in the UNESCO Collection of Representative Works -- Indian Series. The *Rasikapriyā*, which was completed by its author in Samvat 1648 (roughly 1593 A.D.), is a work of considerable importance in the *rīti* (a term used as a collective designation for a variety of trends concerning poetic theory) school of the Hindi literary tradition.[1] Besides the translation of the original text, this book contains a note on "What the Book is About" and a rather lengthy "Introduction." In his note on "What the Book is About," the translator describes the *Rasikapriyā* in the following terms:

> Keshavadasa wrote *Rasikapriyā* to provide entertainment to such readers as were interested in the poetry of love. Love was considered to be a primary emotion, not only by the poets of Keshava's time but also by those who had preceded him. *Rasikapriyā* deals with love in all its varied aspects. The lover, portrayed in Keshava's book is Krisna and the beloved is Radha. In poetic language they are often called *nāyaka* and *nāyikā*.
>
> The book describes the different kinds of *nāyakas* and *nāyikās* -- their lovemaking, their moods, sentiments and emotions, and illustrates these by vivid accounts of the lovers in various situations.

This note ends with the observation that "The *Rasikapriyā* is a panegyric on love and a mine of entertainment. Above all, it is a book of pleasure."

The above-noted description of the contents of the *Rasikpriyā*, as well as the translator's concluding remarks about it, are characteristic of his viewpoint about this work, and are grossly misleading. The *Rasikapriyā* is neither designed to "provide entertainment" nor meant to be a "book of pleasure." It is a work on poetic theory written in the style of the *lakṣaṇa-grantha* genre of the Hindi *rīti* school.[2]

It seems to me that the translator, though he has performed a very valuable service by making a somewhat inaccessible work available in English translation for the first time, has also added to the confusion which already exists in the histories of the Hindi literary tradition regarding the *rīti* school in general and the *Rasikapriyā* in particular. This confusion has several aspects. First of all it is necessary to bear in mind that the *Rasikapriyā* is a text on poetic theory of the *rasika* genre of love poetry, a development peculiar to the Hindi area of Northern India during the New Indo-Aryan period.[3] The *rasika* genre of love poetry,

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The Rasikapriyā of Keshavadāsa, tr. K. P. Bahadur. Delhi: Motilal Banarsidass, 1972, V, cxii, 248 pp; with color plates. Rs. 45.

both in its spiritual as well as mundane aspects, developed out of devotional poetry of the New Indo-Aryan period. This devotional poetry was in turn based on the North Indian oral tradition of love legends as reflected in a variety of narratives written during the period. Therefore, for a proper appreciation of the contents of the *Rasikapriyā*, it is necessary for us to scan through various trends within the North Indian oral tradition of love legends, devotional poetry of the New Indo-Aryan period, and finally the poetry of the *rasika* genre itself. As far as I know, the scholars of the Hindi literary tradition have never followed through these interrelated historical developments, with the result that so little is known about them. Second, the work itself is written in the style of the *lakṣana-grantha* genre, a style characteristic of the works of the scholar-poets of the period. The historians of the Hindi literary tradition, as well as other scholars who have done individual studies of the scholar poets of the *rīti* school or those who have dealt with this school as a literary trend, have consistently failed to appreciate the scholarly traditions and academic practices involved in the works belonging to the *lakṣana-grantha* genre of the *rīti* school. These scholars also believe that the Hindi *rīti* school was merely a duplication of the tradition of the Sanskrit poetic theory in the regional languages, and thus have also failed to generate interest in the study of the poetic theories of the Hindi *rīti* school as related to the diverse literary developments during the New Indo-Aryan period. Nevertheless, these historians and scholars have a point of view which needs to be properly evaluated before the contents of the *Rasikapriyā* can be appreciated in the manner they were intended by Keshavadasa.

The other major segment of the book is its long "Introduction" which deals with. (i) influences, (ii) life, (iii) works and commentators, (iv) *nāyaka* and *nāyikā*, (v) emotions, (vi) the kinds of poetry, (vii) Radha and Krisna (viii) Keshava, the artist, and (ix) conclusions: Keshava's achievement. It is written in the traditional vein and fails to provide any answers to the problems I have mentioned above. In view of this sort of situation, it is necessary to sort out the various aspects of the confusion regarding the *rīti* school of the Hindi literary tradition and put the *Rasikapriyā* of Keshavadasa in its proper literary and historical context.

1.2. Due to these considerations, I believe that the present work, which is a first translation of an important Hindi *rīti* work of any kind, and is likely to remain the only source of knowledge about the tradition of which it it a part for quite some time, deserves a rather comprehensive review. Therefore, in the following pages, I will start with a discussion of the traditional view of the *lakṣana-grantha* genre of the *rīti* school (section 2), explain some of my misgivings regarding the translator's view of the contents of the *Rasikapriyā* (section 3), describes some of the characteristics of the tradition of love narratives of the New Indo-Aryan period which gave rise to the *rasika* genre of love poetry (section 4), develop the contents of section (4) with a view to characterize the *rasika* genre of love poetry in the context of various trends of devotional poetry of the Hindi area of Northern India as presupposed by the *Rasikapriyā* (section 5), and then go on with an exposition of the contents of the *Rasikapriyā* as well as its character as a *lakṣaṇa-grantha* text on the theory of poetry of the *rasika* genre (section 6). I will conclude this review with an evaluation of the translation and a brief discussion of some other related matters (section 7).

2.1. The prevailing view of the *lakṣaṇa-grantha* works of the *rīti* school of the Hindi literary tradition is that they merely duplicate or restate the tradition of poetic theory in Sanskrit in the regional languages such as Braja and Rajasthani, etc.[4] The scholars who hold such a view also maintain that the poets of the *rīti* school, unlike the scholars of Sanskrit poetic theory, did not go into any systematic original discussion or development of the theory.[5] These scholars also believe that the scholar-poets (i.e., the *ācārya-kavis*, a designation applied to the poets who wrote in the tradition of the *lakṣaṇa-grantha* genre of the *rīti* school), followed a model which essentially consisted of: (i) the basic conceptual framework of the Sanskrit poetic theory; (ii) the rendering of the basic conceptual framework into regional languages be setting up definitions of the key concepts by translating or restating the Sanskrit originals; and finally (iii) illustrating the various elements of the poetic theory such as *śabda-śakti*, *dhvani*, *rasa*, *nāyaka-nāyikā bheda*, *alaṁkāra*, *rīti* and *guṇa-doṣa*, etc., by means of exemplary verses composed specifically for this purpose.[6] The works which follow this model are categorized according to the scope of their coverage as follows:

(i) Compendious works dealing with various concepts of the poetic theory excluding the topics dealt with in works in categories (ii) and (iii) below.[7]

(ii) Works containing description of heroes and heroines within the context of *śṛngāra rasa* only.[8]

(iii) Works containing description of heroes and heroines in the context of all the *rasas* but usually positing *śṛngāra* as the supreme *rasa*.[9]

This categorization of the *lakṣaṇa-grantha* works leaves out a significant body of works which are an integral part of this tradition. For example, there are: (iv) *chanda-sastra* works dealing with metrics;[10] (v) *varṇaka* works consisting of compendious inventories of terms referring to all aspects of life and culture systematically arranged into topics;[11] and (vi) *nāmamālā*, "garland of names," works which list poly-semantic and synonymous works in Braja and Rajasthani.[12] The works in categories (iv) to (vi) served as accessories to the works in categories (i) and (iii) and were written for the same purpose as their primary counterparts. The total number of works in all the six categories as listed above and Braja and Rajasthani is sufficiently large, some of which have been published, but a great many still remain buried in manuscript form in various libraries in India.[13] The number and diversity of these works signifies the fact that the study of poetic theory in all its aspects formed an important scholarly as well as academic discipline all over Northern India and the *lakṣaṇa-grantha* tradition of the Hindi *rīti* school, which was designed to fill this timely need, was not merely a duplication or restatement of Sanskrit poetic theory in the spoken languages of the New Indo-Aryan period.

If we take a fresh look at some well known texts of *rīti* poetics as well as those which are not as accessible (including those in categories (iv) to (vi) which are usually not discussed by the historians of the Hindi literary tradition), we can easily see that the scholar-poets of the *rīti* school do not seem to follow any one particular scholar or work on Sanskrit poetics. For example, if we just superficially compare the contents of *Sāhitya-darpaṇa* of Visvanatha Kaviraja (a very popular standard text on Sanskrit poetics) with that of *Kavipriyā* of Keshavadasa, we find that there are some significant differences as well as similarities between these texts.[14] For instance, both the texts discuss the topic of *alaṁkāra*, "figures-of-speech," in detail, though the scheme followed by Keshavadasa is significantly different from the one followed by Visvanatha Kaviraja. Keshava deals with the topic of *alaṁkāra* in its broadest possible sense, which has no known parallel in Sanskrit poetic theory.[15] Visvanatha Kaviraja describes only those figures of speech which are treated by Keshavadasa as *viśiṣṭa alaṁkāras*. Even the order and definitions of *viśiṣṭa alaṁkāras* as given by Keshavadasa are significantly different from the ones given in the *Sāhitya-darpaṇa* of Visvanatha Kaviraja. Also both the authors deal with heroes and heroines as an integral part of the *vibhāva* aspect of the *rasa* theory, but the significant difference between Visvanatha Kaviraja on the one hand and Keshavadasa on the other is that the latter describes this topic in a separate and independent work, i.e., the *Rasikapriyā*.

It is also true that all the scholar-poets of the *rīti* school treat the subject matter of the *rīti* poetics in their *lakṣaṇa-grantha* works not as uniformly as one would expect. One could perhaps also conjecture that the scholar-poets of the *rīti* school do not seem to build upon each other's formulations, etc., in the manner of Sanskrit poetic theoreticians. In the absence of any investigation of these problems, it is not correct to assume that the *lakṣaṇa-grantha* works of the scholar-poets of the *rīti* school are in any way less original than their counterpart in Sanskrit. In other words, without going into any further details of comparison between works on Sanskrit poetic theory and Hindi *rīti* poetics, we can safely assume that the scholar-poets of the *rīti* school did not only differ from their counterparts in Sanskrit in the treatment of the subject-matter, but also adopted an independent approach to it, i.e., they systematically left out certain topics, gave an entirely new interpretation to others and elaborately expanded still others which were not so extensively treated by the Sanskrit poetic theoreticians. Therefore, it makes some sense when we are told that the scholar-poets of the Hindi *rīti* poetics were familiar with the canons of the Sanskrit poetic theory which influenced their works in many ways, but it makes no sense whatsoever when we are led to believe that these poets merely duplicated or restated the Sanskrit poetic theory in the spoken idiom of their period without any regard for the literary developments in the New Indo-Aryan languages, and in doing so they had very little contribution of their own to make.

2.2 Another point which almost all the writers of the histories of the Hindi literary tradition seem to ignore is that the scholar-poets of the *rīti* school were themselves well-versed in the Sanskrit language and its scholarly traditions but they still chose to write in Braja, Rajasthani, and so on. It is a well known fact that the rise of the New Indo-Aryan languages was accompanied be a steady decline of Sanskrit in Indian scholarly and academic life. If we keep this fact in mind and can set aside the so-called assumed superiority of Sanskrit poetic theory over the *rīti* poetics, it becomes relatively easy to see that the *rīti* poetics reflects certain scholarly and academic needs, as well as traditions of the New Indo-Aryan period as they existed in Northern India. If we adopt this point of view, we begin to see that the approach involved in the study of the *lakṣaṇa-grantha* works by comparing them with works on Sanskrit poetic theory (an approach which has never permitted these scholars to relate the *rīti* works to the enormous amount of literature written in the New Indo-Aryan languages) only on points which are common to Sanskrit poetic theory on the one hand and the *rīti* poetics on the other, is not the only and most fruitful way these works can be studied as most scholars of the Hindi literary tradition have done.[16]

It is, therefore, only appropriate to say that the scholar-poets of the *rīti* school charted their own independent course in the development of the poetic theory and made some very valuable contributions in the form of *lakṣaṇa-grantha* works. Such contributions are deeply embedded in the manner in which they presented their own systematizations of the unprecedented literary developments of their period. As I have noted earlier, almost all the scholar-poets of the *rīti* school introduce various concepts of the poetic theory and illustrate them by means of exemplary verses of their own. In this respect they are archetypal poets who, along with their discussion of poetic theory, also wrote archetypal poetry, a practice which became a poetic convention in this period. But the fact that these scholar-poets are also archetypal poets who followed certain literary conventions of their period should not be taken to mean that the originality of their works lies only in their ability to write archetypal verses (some of which are good poetry, others bad). These archetypal verses have certain important functions in these works in the sense that they serve to characterize the content of the concepts which they exemplify. In other words, without a proper understanding of the relationship between a given poetic concept and the archetypal verses which illustrate that concept, it may not be entirely possible to develop an appreciation of the manner in which these *lakṣaṇa-grantha* works present their systematizations of the diverse literary developments in the New Indo-Aryan period all over Northern India. These literary developments took different turns in different parts of the country, a fact which has never been fully appreciated in the history of the Hindi literary tradition.[17]

It, therefore, bears repeating that the scholar-poets of the *rīti* school did not just duplicate the canons of Sanskrit poetic theory. It is also wrong to assume that the originality of their works lies solely in their ability to write archetypal verses. On the contrary, these scholar-poets wrote manuals of instructions on poetic theory in a style which suited the academic and scholarly needs of their period. Therefore, in order to appreciate fully the contribution of the *rīti* school to the Indian poetic theory in general, it is absolutely necessary that we take a fresh look at these works and develop a methodology consistent with the scholarly traditions involved in the *lakṣaṇa-grantha* genre.

3.1. As I have said earlier, the translator of the *Rasikapriyā* seems to be advocating a point of view of his own about its contents. Obviously he is laboring under the impression that this work is a poetic adaptation of the *kāma-śāstra* tradition and thus belongs to the erotica category of works. Whether the translator clearly intended such an interpretation of the contents of the *Rasikapriyā* is not clear from the discussion in the "Introduction." However, the conclusion is obvious and is worth going into here for the reasons I have explained earlier in the review. For instance, in his introductory comments in chapter (15) of the book he states as follows:

> This chapter, and the one following it, are somewhat different from the general trend of the book because they describe the art of poetry instead of the art of love. This subject has been dealt with in greater detail in the poet's *Kavipriyā*.

This statement is perhaps the only one in the whole book where the translator commits himself in rather unambiguous terms. It is, therefore, appropriate to say that this puts the translator of the *Rasikapriyā* in a category by himself as one whose views also need some clarification in order to prevent any misunderstanding that might arise from his translation.

The translator's use of expressions and phrases like the "*Rasikapriyā* deals with love in all its varied aspects," it is a "panegyric on love, and a mine of entertainment," "a book of pleasure" and so on in the paragraphs I have quoted from the book in section (1) of the review, when read in conjunction with the concluding remarks in the first section of the "Introduction," would lead one to interpret the term "love" throughout the translation in a very specific way. In the first section of the "Introduction," the translator discusses at length the social and historical factors which underlay Keshavadasa's poetry and concludes as follows:

> Thus not only the Mughal durbar, but the durbars of the Hindu jagiradars and rulers as well, were imbued with an atmosphere of gaiety and merriment. Song, dance, drinking, love and poetry -- these received royal support and encouragement. The poets wrote of beauty, adornment, love-making, and pleasures. It was these influences which moulded Keshavadasa's poetry and made him write about women and their amours in the *Rasikapriyā*.

Personally, I think that is is an overstatement, but I do not want to argue with the translator on this point because I think a statement such as the above involves a gross misrepresentation of the *lakṣaṇa-grantha* charact of this work. Obviously the translator, through his misidentification of the *Rasikapriyā* as a poetic adaptation of the *kāma-śāstra* tradition, feels no obligation whatsoever to discuss the Indian notion of "love" from the point of view of its traditional (in the sense of literary theme) as well as technical conceptualizations. In the absence of any such discussion, one is left with no choice but to assign only one reading to the term "love" as it occurs in the paragraphs I have quoted earlier, as well as throughout the translation, i.e., love in its carnal aspect.

As I have just said, there are some very definite traditional as well as technical conceptualizations of the notion of "love" in India.[18] The traditional conceptualization of this notion underlies the vast body of love narratives written during the New Indo-Aryan period in the form of a literary or poetic theme. In its technical aspect, the notion of "love" is conceptualized in three different ways in three categories of technical literature in India. In the *kāma-śāstra* tradition it is called *kāma*, "a natural desire"; in poetic theory (i.e., the *kāvya-śāstra* tradition) it is known by the term *sṛngāra rasa*, "an esthetic experience"; and finally in the devotional literature (i.e., the *bhakti śāstra* tradition) it is referred to by the term *prema*, "spritual experience." In the absence of any discussion of these conceptualizations, the reader of this translation, who is certainly not expected to be familiar with them, would be easily led to believe that the *Rasikapriyā* of Keshavadasa is merely a poetic version or adaptation of the *kāma-śāstra* tradition (which unfortunately is rather well known and misunderstood is the West).

3.2 Disregarding for the moment that Keshavadasa used the term *sṛngāra rasa* to refer to the notion of "love" from an esthetic point of view throughout his work which he intended to be a technical manual on the theory of poetry of the *rasika* genre, it would be interesting to assume that the *Rasikapriyā* is, in fact, such a poetic adaptation of the *kāma-śāstra* tradition, and to see what is so entertaining about the so-called "poetry of love" as claimed by the translator. I reproduce below several verses describing "hidden love" from chapter (1) of the book:

> Once in the woods when Krisna did sport
> With Radha, seeking pleasure sweet,
> And shouts of joy did issue forth
> As oft when lustful lovers meet,
> When she did take the active role
> Her necklace studded with gems
> Did wildly shake thus to and fro,
> Says Keshava, as it were the sun
> Had taken Saturn on his lap
> And joyfully him he had swayed
> In swing of black silk -- so did flash
> Those dark gems with each move she made.

Frankly the above-noted description of "hidden-love" involving the woman-superior position of the coital posture is neither good poetry nor an adequate description of this particular posture. As a matter of fact, it is completely devoid of any display of the artistic talent characteristic of Keshavadasa; the poem does not even impart a satisfactory account of this position with which I have no reason to believe this greatest among the scholar-poets of the *rīti* school was unfamiliar. Also the woman-superior position is the only coital posture described by Keshavadasa, a problem nowhere even touched upon by the translator.

While claiming that the archetypal poems of the *Rasikapriyā* are not "poetry of love" in the usual sense of the term, I do not mean to deny the influence of the biological notion of *kāma* and the spiritual notion of *prema* on Keshavadasa's conceptualization of the esthetic notion of *srngāra rasa*. But to ignore the *laksana-grantha* character of the *Rasikapriyā* and call it a "book of pleasure" and so forth amounts to distorting the contents of this important work. It seems that the translator of this text has not quite grasped the significance of the term *srngāra rasa* (as well as several others which I will discuss in the last section of this review) with the result that he has completely ignored the *laksana-grantha* character of the work, and thus confused the archetypal poems in the text with the real poetry of the *rasika* genre.

4.1. In this section I propose to deal with the traditional aspect of the notion of "love" as it has been employed in the form of a literary theme in a wide variety of love narratives all over Northern India written during the New Indo-Aryan period. The total number of these love narratives is anybody's guess, but the actual number is fairly large. They are written in a variety of languages such as Braja, Avadhi, Rajasthani, Panjabi, and so on.[19] Some originated in a specific area and spread all over Northern India, thus giving rise to many regional and linguistic variations.[20] Quite a few bear the names of their particular poetic genres, such as *Dholā mārū rā dūhā* or *Krisana-rukamani rī belī*, where the terms *dūhā*, "couplet," and *belī*, "vine, creeper," signify the poetic genres of these works.[21] These love narratives are in prose as well as verse, and their plots are taken from mythology, history, and other sources such as folk origin and the imagination of the poet as well.[22] The New Indo-Aryan love narrative tradition differs from its counterpart in Sanskrit in one important respect, i.e., it deals with love which is at once intense, spontaneous and human, in contrast to the mental, induced and sophisticated love depicted in Sanskrit poetry.[23] This intense, spontaneous and human love of the New Indo-Aryan period, being a product of the oral tradition of Northern India, has its mundane as well as spiritual aspects which are often indistinguishable from each other.[24] Therefore, when we speak of the mundane love poetry as being distinct from the spiritual love poetry of the period and try to justify the existence of Sanskrit doctrinaire influences over the latter,[25] we should also keep in mind that both mundane as well as spiritual love narratives follow certain age-old underlying legendary patterns common to both, and with the exception of a few clear-cut cases, it may be rather difficult to distinguish one from the other. In other words, all love narratives, whether mundane or spiritual, have certain underlying similarities as well as surface differences, which, irrespective of the philosophical doctrinaire interpretations of the latter by the post-Śankara *vaiṣṇava ācāryas* as well as Sufi poets, are deeply rooted in the oral tradition of the Indo-Aryan culture. That is to say, both the *vaiṣṇava* and Sufi philosophical doctrinaire interpretations of these spiritual love narratives gain validity solely because they conform to the legendary patterns of the oral tradition and not vice versa.[26] It is, therefore, necessary that we first investigate briefly these legendary patterns as known to the oral tradition of the Indo-Aryan culture.

4.2. The oral tradition of the Indo-Aryan culture remembers its legendary lovers in some linguistically specifiable ways. One category of lovers is remembered by juxtaposing the name of the female partner after the name of the male partner. In the other category this order is reversed, i.e., the name of the male partner is juxtaposed after the name of the female partner. Thus, Shiva-Parvati, Dhola-Maru and a host of other such legendary lovers belong to the category of male-female pairs; and Malavika-Agnimitra, Radha-Krishna, Sita-Rama, Hira-Ranjah and so on belong to the category of female-male pairs. For the sake of convenience I shall symbolize the legendary lovers in these two categories by calling them M-F pairs and F-M pairs. The legendary patterns which underly all the love narratives are characterizable in terms of the love relationship between males and females as perceived by the native speakers of various Indo-Aryan languages spoken in Northern India in the two categories of lover pairs. The lover pairs in the M-F category, and as a consequence, the number of love narratives dealing with M-F lover pairs is significantly large. I will, therefore, discuss the love narratives based on M-F category of lover pairs first.

4.2.1. In order to understand the nature of the underlying similarities and surface differences between love narratives based on the M-F category of lover pairs, I propose to compare the basic elements of the structure of plots of *Kumārasambhavaṁ*, a classical Sanskrit poem written by Kalidasa, with that of *Dholā mārū rā dūhā*, which is a folk poem in Rajasthani. The salient features of the plots of these two poems are as follows:

Kumārasambhavaṁ	*Dholā mārū rā dūhā*
1. Parvati is preordained to marry Shiva.	1. Both Dhola and Maru had a child marriage.
2. Gods seek the help of Kama (the love god) in order to appease Shiva.	2. Maru's father sends messengers to Dhola so that he may come and fetch his bride.
3. Shiva is unmoved and he burns Kama.	3. Dhola forgets Maru altogether and his second wife successfully plots to kill the messengers before they can reach Dhola.
4. Parvati is disappointed in her love.	4. Maru is disappointed in her love.
5. Parvati takes to penance and austerity as a means of winning her love.	5. Maru undergoes suffering at her father's house.

6. Parvati's penance bears fruit	6. Messengers are dispatched to Dhola after careful planning and they succeed in their aim.
7. Shiva appears before Parvati in the garb of a hermit and promises to marry her	7. Dhola appears in Maru's dream.
8. The marriage of Shiva and Parvati takes place.	8. Dhola finally arrives at Pugal to fetch Maru.

The above-noted points of comparison between the structure of plots of the poems reveal that both the plots are manifestations of a single underlying legendary pattern. However, while maintaining that the similarity between the structure of plots of these two poems is not just a chance resemblance, I do not mean to imply that the model which emerges from the functional similarity involved in the common points of comparison (as I have tried to illustrate above) is the legendary model underlying all the love narratives dealing with M-F category of lover pairs. I also do not mean to say that the common points of comparison listed above exhaust all the salient features of the plots of these love narratives.[27] The matter needs to be investigated further, but this should not deter us from concluding that some such underlying legendary model does exist, and this model is not applicable to love narratives based on the F-M category of lover pairs.

Central to all the love narratives dealing with legendary lovers of the M-F category like Shiva-Parvati and Dhola-Maru are (i) the winning of her love by a lady (ii) who must do so by her own efforts with minimal involvement of her parents, and (iii) avoidance of "illicit" love.[28] Each love legend in the M-F category is, therefore, different from every other legend in this category because of the uniqueness of the suffering and the resolute persistence of its female member, but it is similar to every other legend in this category because it is a surface manifestation of the same underlying model.

4.2.2 The lover pairs in the F-M category of love legends are not remembered in the Indo-Aryan cultural tradition in the manner of their counterpart in the M-F love legends. The F-M category is reserved for all those legendary lovers who are exceptions of some sort and do not conform to the standard pattern of legends in the M-F category. In other words, it is appropiate to say that the only underlying common feature of legends in the F-M category is their status as exceptions involving non-conformity to the standard pattern of M-F legends. Therefore, over the long stretches of the history of the Indo-Aryan culture, lovers who ultimately came to be known as legendary lovers in the F-M category are described as doing so by overcoming the social barriers and transcending the norms of the society (with one important exception which involve lovers who are also mother and father at the same time, to be discussed shortly). It is for this reason the F-M love legends are fewer in number and exhibit sufficient internal diversity. As their internal diversity makes more room for poetic improvization and imagination, the F-M love legends have been favorites with poets and have been variously repeated.[30]

Historically the love legends in the F-M category developed certain coherent patterns which are as much an outcome of the exceptional status of their lover pairs as they are a product of the poetic imagination and improvization.[31] Therefore, instead of trying to search for some underlying legendary model in terms of their plot structure, etc. (because such an endeavor is a fairly complicated matter, and, therefore, cannot be dealt with in detail in this review), I will outline some general principles involved in these legends. It would also be useful to contrast these general principles with their counterpart in the M-F legends so that the distinction between them becomes sufficiently clear. These general principles can be stated as follows:

	M-F love legends		*F-M love legends*
1.	Both male and female are predesignated to be husband and wife of each other.	1.	Male falls in love with the female who is not predesignated to be his wife.
2.	The female actively seeks her predesignated lover.	2.	The male seeks his beloved who may or may not know about him in advance.
3.	They are united with each other as husband and wife.	3.	They may or may not be united with each other as husband and wife.
4.	Love union bears fruit.	4.	Perpetuation of the love-union is an end in itself.
5.	The legend concentrates on the female who has a personality of her own quite distinct from her male partner's.	5.	The legend concentrates on the male and the female is more or less a reflection of the personality of her male counterpart.
6.	Major episodes take place in familiar, inhabited environments.	6.	Major episodes take place at places removed from familiar environments.

Within the love legends of the F-M category there are two different patterns depending upon the status of the female with regard to her male partner. Though the females in this category of legends are not predesignated as beloveds of their lovers, they are accorded the status of a *svakīyā*, "one's own," or *parakīyā*, "belonging to another," heroines, as the case may be. Such a distinction is noticeably absent in M-F legends.[32] Some *svakīyā* heroines are regarded as mothers who are desexualized respect objects in the society.[33] Sita of the Rama legend can be cited as an example of a *svakīyā* heroine, who is also a mother. Indo-Aryan poets never indulge into any open description of the love-making of a *svakīyā* heroine, who is a mother, and her lover in their love narratives. On the other hand there is no such restriction on the love affair of a *parakīyā* heroine and her lover. Radha of the Krisna legend is the prime example of a *parakīyā* heroine.[34]

4.3. I would like to summarize the discussion in this section thus far by saying that the Indo-Aryan cultural tradition remembers its legendary lovers by juxtaposing their names in two different orders, i.e., male-female and female-male. This method of juxtaposing, which is based on some semantic principles of the compounding of nouns in Indo-Aryan languages, acts as a memory-storing device in the oral tradition for distinguishing two kinds of love legends in which the named lover pairs are principal characters. It goes without saying that the love narratives based on these two kinds of legends developed along different lines, and in spite of the influences they exerted upon each other, they have remained discrete. It would also be appropriate to say that the present discussion on the categorization of love legends and of the narratives based upon them is somewhat simplified and leaves out many of their other significant and more complex features.[35] It is also noteworthy that the devotional love narratives, which gave rise to the *rasika* genre of love poetry of the New Indo-Aryan period (as described by Keshavadasa in his *Rasikapriyā*), mainly rely on F-M category of love legends (i.e., of Radha-Krisna and Sita-Rama).[36] I will discuss this matter in detail in the next section of the review.

5.1. So far I have discussed some of the characteristics of the tradition of love narratives (which includes devotional narratives as well) to demonstrate that devotional narratives are but a special class of this tradition. I have also commented that the *rasika* genre of love poetry grew out of devotional narratives based on legendary lovers of the F-M category. In order to follow the course of development of the *rasika* genre, it is necessary to gain some idea of the various *bhakti* trends in Northern India vis-a-vis the two categories of love legends. Such an exercise is a desideratum not only because it will provide a basis for systematizing various schools of *bhakti* poetry in the Hindi area (which are otherwise quite heterogeneous), but also to gain a better perspective of the historical development of the *rasika* genre and other related matters.

In the Hindi area of Northern India, there are three distinct literary trends within the *bhakti* movement: (i) *Santa bhakti* of the abstract godhead, Rama, as represented by Kabiradasa and other saints[37]; (ii) *Kriṣṇa bhakti* of Krisna as the godhead as represented by Suradasa and others[38]; and (iii) *Rama bhakti* of Rama (who is the son of Dasaratha and essentially the same person as described by Valmiki) as represented by Tulasidasa and others.[39] In the *Kriṣṇa bhakti* trend, its godhead, Krisna, has distinctly two forms: (i) of the cowherd of Braja who engages in love sports with *gopīs* and Radha; and (ii) of the king of Dwarika who marries Rukamini. So in all there are four trends in the *bhakti* poetry of Northern India during the period.

Of these four *bhakti* trends, two are based on M-F category of love legends and two on F-M category. The *Rāma bhakti* of the abstract godhead, Rama, who mates with the devotee of the *Santa* school, and the *Kriṣṇa bhakti* of Krisna (the husband of Rukamini) are based on the loving relationship between a male and female as implied in the M-F category of legendary lovers. The other two, i.e., the *Krisna bhakti* of the cowherd Krisna (who engages in love sports with *gopīs* and Radha) and the *Rāma bhakti* of the personal godhead, Rama, (the husband of Sita) involve the loving relationship between a female and male as implied in the F-M category of legendary lovers. Cutting across these modes of loving relationship between a male and female as implied in these four *bhakti* trends is the distinction between the *Sāmkhya* notion of cosmic evolutionary order based on the relationship between the *purusa* and *prakrti* and its reversal symbolized by the union of *ātman* with *parmātman* on the lines as posited in the *Advaita vedānta*. The two kinds of loving relationship between Krisna and Rukamini and Sita and Rama, who respectively constitute M-F and F-M lover pairs, represent two different *bhakti* views of the cosmic evolutionary order as posited in the *Sāmkhya* philosophy. Similarly, the two kinds of loving relationship between abstract Rama and the devotee, and Radha and the cowherd Krisna, which too are respectively M-F and F-M lover pairs also represent two different interpretations of the union of *ātman* with *parmātman* as posited in the *Advaita vedānta* philosophy (through a reversal of the cosmic evolutionary order)

5.2. Before I discuss the characteristics of the *rasika* genre of love poetry, it is necessary to understand the fusion of the notion of spiritual experience of *bhakti* with that of the esthetic notion of *rasa*. This fusion was also a product of the New Indo-Aryan period and manifested in two different forms in the area. One is the notion of *bhakti-rasa* as developed by the Gaudiya Vaisnavas of Bengal, whose chief theoretical exponents were Rupa Gosvami and Sanatana Gosvami.[40] The other was the notion of *Bhakti-kāvya-rasa*, which had no theoretical exponent in the manner of the Gaudiya Vaisnavas of Bengal, but nevertheless influenced the works of the *rasika* poets of the Hindi area.[41] The notion of *bhakti-rasa*, which I will render as "spiritual-esthetic experience," is an esoteric concept limited only to the experiencer who meets with certain sectarian qualifications. However, the notion of *bhakti-kāvya-rasa* has its both esoteric as well as exoteric aspects. In its esoteric sense, it refers to the spiritual esthetic experience of love poetry and underlies the poetry of the various *rasika* sects of the Hindi area. In its exoteric aspect, it means esthetic experience of the spiritual love poetry and could be appreciated by any connoisseur well-versed in the tradition of the *rasika* genre. As I have said above, the notion of *bhakti-kāvya-rasa* in its esoteric aspect did not have a *bhakti* theorist as did the *bhakti-rasa* in the persons of Rupa Gosvami and Sanatana Gosvami, but it did have an exponent of its poetic theoretical aspect in the person of Keshavadasa. Keshavadasa's *Rasikapriyā* is primarily a text on poetic theory whereas, for instance, the *Bhakti-rasāmrita sindhu* and *Ujjvala nīlamani* of Rupa Gosvami are texts of *bhakti-rasa* theory. Just as we can find elements of *bhakti* in Keshava, so we can look for elements of poetic theory in Rupa Gosvami's works, though neither of them are probably intended to be read that way. However, the implications are unavoidable because of the nature of these texts.

The fusion of the spiritual experience of *bhakti* with the esthetic experience of *rasa* thus paved the way for elaboration of the notion of *bhakti-rasa* and *bhakti-kāvya-rasa* on the model of the *rasa* theory of Sanskrit poetics. Such an elaboration was carried out by Keshavadasa in the framework of the F-M category of love legends in contradistinction to the theorization in Sanskrit poetic theory which is based on the M-F category of love legends.[43] Thus the spiritual experience of *bhakti*, which also demands inborn love of the divine, came to be identified with the biological notion of *kāma* -- a development perfectly suitable to the requirement of the perpetuation of the love-union as an end in itself as depicted in the narratives based on F-M category of love-pairs forms the basis of the realization of the experience of *bhakti rasa* and *bhakti-kāvya-rasa*, the identification of the spiritual experience of *bhakti* with the biological notion of *kāma* -- an identification which gave rise to the reformulated notion of the esthetic experience of *sṛngāra rasa* -- was purely a literary, theoretical development. In other words, such an identification, though it is a logical extension of the requirements of the underlying model of the narratives based of F-M love legends, is only remotely connected (as a technical concept) with the intense, spontaneous and human love characteristic of the poetry of the New Indo-Aryan period.

5.3. Thus the technical conceptualization (see 3.1) of the notion of *sṛngāra rasa* involving the loving relationship between the *parakīyā* heroine, Radha, and Krisna on the one hand, and between the desexualized respect object, Sita (who is a *svakīyā* heroine), and Rama on the other, gave rise to the *rasika* genre of love poetry. Thus we have Krisna *bhakti rasika* poetry, as well as Rama *bhakti rasika* poetry.[44] Keshavadasa in his *Rasikapriyā* has systematically described the conventions of these two kinds of *rāsika* genre of love poetry by positing Radha as an archetypal heroine and Krisna as an archetypal hero. Radha as an archetypal heroine, who represents Radha, the beloved of the cowherd Krisna, makes love with him as a *parakīyā* heroine. This love affair takes place in non-familiar environments and is labelled by Keshavadasa as "hidden love." In her role as an archetypal heroine, Radha also symbolizes Sita as a *svakīyā* heroine whose public image is that of the outwardly restrained North Indian wife of Rama. Similarly, Keshavadasa's archetypal hero Krisna, who in his private life is the cowherd Krisna, also has the public image of Rama. This synthesis of the public and private images of a female (as a beloved and wife) and a male (as a lover and husband) by combining them respectively in the persons of Radha and Krisna at the conceptual level is an end product of the tradition of love narratives written during the New Indo-Aryan period in Northern India.[45] It epitomizes the idealistic solution between the two conflicting patterns of the mutual relationship between a male and female as present in the M-F and F-M categories of lovers at both the spiritual as well as mundane levels.

A description of the love affairs of a hero who is a lover and a husband at the same time with a heroine who is a beloved as well as a wife in terms of the conceptual framework of the *bhakti-kāvya-rasa*, was at the basis of the *rasika* genre of love poetry, though at the spiritual level Krisna *bhakti rasika* poetry concentrated on the beloved-lover aspect and Rama *bhakti rasika* poetry on the mother-father aspect. The mundane *rasika* poetry, which grew out of the spiritual poetry of this genre, however, did not maintain any such distinction.[46] This mundane *rasika* poetry minus the element of *bhakti* and became a major trend which is variously known as *rītimukta sṛngārika* poetry, *sṛngāraparaka* poetry and so on.[47] The translator of the *Rasikapriyā*, when he spoke of "poetry of love," should have referred, as he does, to the archetypal poems of the *Rasikapriyā*.

6.1. In sections (4) and (5) of this review I have tried to present an outline of the development of various literary trends in order to put the *rasika* genre of love poetry into its proper perspective. Keshavadasa's systematization of this genre in terms of the conceptual framework of the *Rasikapriyā* presupposes this background. In this section I will try to explicate some of the major concepts of this work as well as its character as a *laksaṇa-grantha* work.

While dealing with some of the key concepts of the *Rasikapriyā* I will presuppose a certain amount of familiarity on the part of the reader of this review regarding some of the exegetical conventions of the *lakṣaṇa-grantha* works in the sense that I will make use of such conventions as and when necessary to arrive at a particular interpretation of the key concepts; but it may not be possible for me to adduce any proof in this regard in this review.[48] In other words, the *laksaṇa-grantha* works of the *rīti* school, if read without any knowledge of their presuppositions as well as out of context of their exegetical conventions, as for instance is done by the translator of the *Rasikapriyā*, will yield readings or interpretations which will make sense, but such readings or interpretations may not be the ones intended by the author of a particular work.[49] With these preliminary observations made, I will now proceed to establish the character of the *Rasikapriyā*, as explained by Keshava himself (sub-section 6.2), then examine the key concepts of this work in the areas of (i) *sṛngāra rasa* (sub-section 6.3) and (ii) the archetypal heroine and hero in the persons of Radha and Krisna (sub-section 6.5).[50]

6.2. Keshavadasa, in the first chapter of his work, characterizes the poetry of the *rasika* genre as well as sets forth the manner and tone of his systematization of it by means of several steps. After preliminary invocation, etc he praises the cowherd Krisna in verse (2), which I reproduce below in the original in Roman transliteration:

> *Srīvriṣabhānu-kumāri-heta, srngāra-rupa bhaya* /
> *bāsa hāsa-rasa hāre, mātu-bandhana karunāmaya* /
> *kesī-prati ati raudra, vīra māro vatsāsura* /
> *bhaya dāvanala-pāna, piyo bībhatsa bakī-ura* /
> *ati adbhuta vanci viranci-mati, sānta santatai soca citta* /
> *kahi keśava sevahu rasikajana, navarasamaya brajarāja nita* //

The translator's rendering of this verse in English is as follows:

> Who did assume a form so that
> Shri Vrisabhanu's daughter, Radhaji,
> Could seek love in him; who begat
> Such merriment when he did steal
> The clothes of bathing cowherd girls:
> Who showed much winning tenderness
> Bound by his mother, and who was
> Fearful when Keshi he suppressed;
> And full of valour when he killed
> Vatsasura; and of dreadful shape
> When he the forest fire did swill,
> And loathesomeness who did create;

The breasts of Putana in death's hold
Who held - astounded Brahma too,
When the stolen calves restored;
The sentiment of wonder who
Brought forth; that very same Shri Krisna
Of Nature who is ever calm:
Of sentiments nine, O! lovers, him
You should e'er serve, says Keshavadasa.

Anyone who has some knowledge of the esoteric aspect of the notion of *bhakti-kāvya-rasa* as it occurs in the works of the various poets of the Hindi area of the period can easily tell that Keshavadasa has chosen words and expressions in this verse to the cowherd Krisna who: (i) is served by the *rasikajana* (a term referring to the members of the various *rasika* sects); (ii) assumes forms of the hero of the nine literary or esthetic sentiments or emotions (a fact which indicates that composing a Krisna *bhakti* poem or participating in the singing of one is performance of *bhakti*[51]); and (iii), above all, is *sṛngāra-rūpa* (i.e., of the form of *sṛngāra rasa*), a form he assumed for the sake of Vrisabhanu's virgin daughter (*kumāri*). Key expressions in this verse are: (i) *sṛngāra* (which I will discuss shortly), (ii) *rasikajana* (a term which contrasts with *rasikana* [occuring in verse(12) of this chapter] and consists of the noun *rasika*, "connoisseur," with the plural marker *jana*) referring to the various *kṛiṣṇa-bhakti* sects[52]; (iii) *sevahu*, referring to the performance of *bhakti;* and (iv) the epithets *brajarāja* for Krisna and *Vrisabhānu-kumāri* for Radha. The application of the epithet *brajarāja* to Kṛisna is self-explanatory, but a reference to Radha as *Vrisabhānu-kumāri* is not. The first line of the verse, i.e., *srīvṛisabhānu-kumāri heta, sṛngāra-rūpa bhaya*, "who assumed the *sṛngāra* form for the sake of the virgin daughter of Vrisabhanu," contains reference to two important sectarian principles. By referring to the voluntary assumption of the *sṛngāra* form by Krisna for the sake of Vrisabhanu's daughter, the poet is invoking a philosophical doctrinaire assumption central to all the *kriṣṇa-bhakti* sects, i.e., the notion of "grace." By the application of the epithet Vrisabhanu's daughter to Radha, he means a particular image of Radha who in her public life ever remained the virgin daughter of Vrisabhanu (i.e., a *parakīyā* heroine), but was secretly married to Krisna.[53]

In the next section, Keshavadasa mentions that his work was written by him at the instance of his patron, Indrajit Singh. I quote verses (10-14) from the original in Roman transliteration because they also employ certain terms and expressions as well as make reference to other matters, the import of which is again missed by the translator:

Tina kavi kesavadāsa soṁ kīnho dharma-sanahu /
saba sukha dai kari yoṁ kahyo, rasikapriyā kari dehu//10//
sambata soraha sai barasa bīte athatālīsa /
katiga sudi tithi saptami bāra barani rajanisa//11//
ati rati-gati mati eka kari, bibidha bibeka bilāsa/
rasikana koṁ rasikapriyā kīnī kesavadāsa//12//
jyoṁ binu dīthi na sobhijai locana lola bisāla /
tyoṁ hī keśava sakala kavi, binu bānī na rasāla//13//
tāteṁ ruci soṁ soci paci kijai sarasa kabitta /
kesava syāma sujāna ko, sunata hoi basa citta//14//

The translator's rendering of these verses in English is as follows:

> . . .; he took the guru mantra
> From Keshavadasa, whom giving much
> Of joy, he made him undertake
> The *Rasikapriyā*; thus in samvat
> Sixteen hundred and forty-eight
> On the seventh day of the bright half,
> Of Eighth, Monday, to be precise--
> With love and wisdom to the task
> Summoning, Keshavadasa did write
> The *Rasikapriyā*, with knowledge filled,
> For persons of the amorous kind.
> As big eyes splendour do not give
> If in beholding they be blind,
> E'en so without succulent words
> The poets elegance do not know.
> Therefore one should, considering well,
> Says Keshavadasa, such poems compose
> Which by their sweetness will the mind
> Of the dear dark beloved mate
> By their melodious music bind,
> And in a moment captivate.

Besides explaining his relationship with his patron and giving the date on which he began writing the *Rasikapriyā*, he informs that he has written this work for the *rasikas* and at the same time instructs the aspirant poet in the art of composing poetry of the *rasika* genre. The key terms in these verses are (i) *rati* (an obvious reference to the *Ratirahasyaṁ* of Kokkoka) and (ii) *rasikana* (another plural form of the noun *rasika* with the suffix *-na*) referring to connoisseurs of *rasika* poetry. Both of these terms occur in verse (12). Thus the occurrence of the term *rati* in verse (12) serves twofold purpose, i.e., (i) it makes reference to the *Ratirahasyaṁ* of Kokkoka, a work which influenced the love poetry of the *rasika* genre, and (ii) it supplies content to the notion of *srngāra rasa* as it occurs in verse (2) (quoted earlier). The term *rasikana*, as it occurs in verse (12), also has twofold interpretation due to the occurrence of the generic plural suffix *-na* (as opposed to the specific plural suffix *-jana*), i.e., it refers to the specific *rasikas* (as indicated by *rasikajana*) for whom the *rasika* poetry has symbolic sectarian meaning, as well as to the *rasikas* in general for whom it does not have any restricted sectarian connotations. Verse (12) thus establishes the twofold character, i.e., the spiritual as well as mundane aspects, of the notion of the *bhakti-kāvya-rasa*. Verse (13) defines the poetry of the *rasika* genre by invoking the analogy of the splendor of big eyes which, if blind, have no splendor at all because they would fail to attract a beholder (by extension a true connisseur). Verse (13) instructs the aspirant poet in the art of composing poetry by asking him to delve deeply into the fundamental concepts of the *rasika* poetry (as explained in the *Rasikapriyā*). Taken together the sections entitled "The exploits of Kriṣna" and "The writing of *Rasikapriyā*" (as they are rendered by the translator) define the poetry of the *rasika* genre in its spiritual as well as mundane aspects, set forth the *lakṣaṇa-grantha* character of the work, and finally instruct the literary connoisseur and the aspirant poet respectively in the art of appreciating and composing this kind of poetry.

6.3. Keshavadasa discusses his notion of *sṛngāra rasa* in chapters (1), (6) and (9-11). In chapter (1) he enumerates the nine *rasas* (i.e., the literary esthetic emotions) and establishes the supremacy of the *sṛngāra* (i.e., the literary esthetic emotion of love). The term *sṛngāra* occurs in this chapter in three different spellings: (i) the original *tatsama* spelling, i.e., *śṛngāra*, (ii) the *tadbhava* spelling, i.e., *singāra*, and (iii) *sṛngāra*, the semi-*tatsama* spelling, in this order. These three different spellings of the same term are very significant. The original *tatsama* spelling is employed only in section-headings and signifies the acceptance of the basic systematics of the *rasa* theory of Indian poetics. The second, i.e., the *tadbhava* spelling, has a twofold significance, i.e., (i) from the point of view of "love" as a literary theme, it denotes the New Indo-Aryan theme of love as opposed to its counterpart in Sanskrit; and (ii) from the point of view of the poetic theory, it refers to "love" as one of nine literary esthetic emotions. Finally, the semi-*tatsama* spelling, *sṛngāra*, denotes a notion of this *rasa* which (i) subsumes within itself all the rest of the emotions, and (ii) refers to this emotion in the specific sense of the *rasika* genre of love poetry (in terms of the implications discussed in sections [4] and [5] of this review). So *sṛngāra rasa* (in its semi-*tatsama* spelling) as a concept in poetic theory has a traditional systemic basis as an effect produced by the bringing together of *vibhāva, anubhāva* and *saṁcārī bhāvas* (discussed by Keshava in chapter (6) which convert the *sthāyī-bhāva* into *rasa*. However, with regard to its notional content, it differs considerably from its counterpart in Sanskrit literature as well as poetic theory. As a literary theme it is at once both biological as well as devotional, and as a concept having biological-cum-devotional content, it is a spiritual (i.e., esoteric) as well as mundane (i.e., exoteric) notion.

Keshava then accepts the usual two aspects of *sṛngāra rasa*, i.e., the love-in-union (referred to by the semi-*tatsama* spelling, *saṁjoga*, as distinct from the *tatsama* spelling, *saṁyoga*) and love-in-separation (indicated by the original *tatsama* spelling, *viyoga*). The significance of the use of semi-*tatsama* spelling *saṁjoga* in the definition (as opposed to the *tatsama* spelling, *saṁyoga*, which occurs only in the section heading) lies in the fact that the notion of love-in-union as propounded in the *Rasikapriyā* is quite distinct from its counterpart in Sanskrit poetic theory. However, in its love-in-separation, i.e., the *viyoga* aspect, it is an innovation of Keshavadasa. Both love-in-union and love-in-separation are further subdivided into *prachanna*, "concealed," and *prakāsa*, "open," (or "clear," as rendered by the translator.)

Apart from his notion of *viyoga sṛngāra*, "love-in-separation," Keshava discusses another kind of love-in-separation in chapters (6) and (9-11). He labels this other kind of love-in-separation *vipralambha sṛngāra*. The distinction between *viyoga sṛngāra* and *vipralambha sṛngara* as introduced by Keshava is a significant departure from Sanskrit poetic theory.[54] The *viyoga sṛngāra* of Keshava is a notion very much akin to the notion of *premavaicitya*, "a state of loving absent-mindedness," mentioned by Rupa Gosvami in his *Ujjvala nīlamani*.[55] Most authorities on the Hindi *Krisna-bhakti* tradition, as well as scholars of *rīti* poetics, as far as I know, do not seem to exhibit any familiarity with the notion of *viyoga srngāra* as a state of mind in which the lovers feel themselves as disunited mentally from each other in love-in-union.

Keshava distinguishes four kinds of *vipralambha srngāra*, i.e., (i) *pūrva-anurāga*, i.e., "affection arising before the lovers meet", (ii) *māna*, "indignation or arrogance," (iii) *karuna*, "sorrow of one who has no hope of a re-union which yet is destined to take place," and (iv) *pravāsa*, "the state of being abroad." In this categorization he follows Sanskrit poetic theory but replaces the usual notional content of these four kinds of *vipralambha srngāra* by the one developed specifically in the Hindi *krisna-bhakti* poetry.[56]

Before passing on to a discussion of heroes and heroines in the *Rasikapriyā*, I would like to point out that Keshava's notion of *pravāsa*, or *pravāsa-viraha* as he sometimes calls it (including that of the content of this notion as it occurs in *krisna-bhakti* poetry as, for instance, exemplified by the *bhramara-gīta* of Suradasa), should not be confused with the notion of *viraha*, "love-in-separation," which occurs in love narratives based on M-F legends. The best examples of the M-F notion of *viraha*, "love-in-separation," are found in *Sandesa-rāsaka*[57] and *Dholā-mārū rā dūhā*.[58] Also Kabira's notion of *viraha* is akin to and follows the conventions of M-F love legends.[59] It seems that most writers on the subject are not very clear in this respect and use the term *viraha* quite indiscriminately in their works.

6.4. The systematization of heroes and heroines by the scholar-poets of the *rīti* school differs from its counterpart in Sanskrit poetic theory in several important respects. Though M-F and F-M categories of love legends figure in the literature which came into being prior to the literature of the New Indo-Aryan period, the F-M love legends did not figure as a distinct and independent category. For instance, the various plays and poems written by Kalidasa clearly exhibit these two categories of love legends (as I have pointed out earlier), but the fact remains that the F-M category merely formed a kind of appendage to the M-F category in Sanskrit poetic theory under the guise of the distinction between *svakīyā*, "one's own," and *parakīyā*, "belonging to another," heroines. However, during the New Indo-Aryan period, and especially under the influence of the devotional love narrative tradition, the F-M category of love narratives were recognized as a distinct class. Therefore, it is appropriate to say that the sole emphasis of the Sanskrit poetic theoreticians is upon the heroes and heroines based on narratives involving M-F love legends. On the other hand, the scholar-poets of the *rīti* school, especially Keshavadasa in his *Rasikapriyā*, concentrate on the personalities of heroes and heroines as they were developed in the context of love narratives based on F-M legends. Such a fact is indicated by the almost universal acceptance of Radha and Krisna as the archetypal heroine and hero by the scholar-poets of the *rīti* school. With this general statement of the characteristic difference involved in the classification of heroes and heroines in works on Sanskrit poetic theory and the Hindi *rīti* school, I will now discuss a few instances of the specific differences between the two. Such a discussion, I believe, will also help dispel the belief that the systematization of heroes and heroines of the *rīti* school is merely a duplication of its counterpart in Sanskrit, a belief which rests solely on terminological similarities.

The first such point of difference between Sanskrit poetic theory and the Hindi *rīti* school is their conceptualization of the personality of the hero. This difference can be seen by comparing the generic definition of the hero as given in the *Sāhitya-darpana* of Visvanatha Kaviraja with that of the *Rasikapriyā* of Keshavadasa. Visvanatha Kaviraja gives the following generic definition of the hero:

> Liberal, learned, of good family, graceful with
> ardour of youth and beauty, clever, a general
> favorite, and possessed of spirit, wit, and virtue,-
> such is the leading character.[60]

On the other hand, Keshava's generic definition of the hero reads as follows:

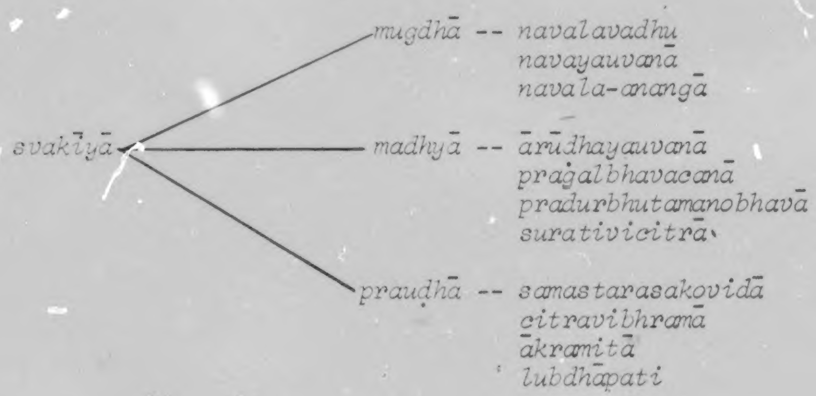
> Know him a *nāyaka*, says Keshava
> Renouncing, young, vigorous, vain,
> Forgiving, and adept in love,
> Handsome, wealthy, skilful, plain;

Visvanatha Kaviraja develops his generic definition of the hero further on the basis of his disposition and in relation to the heroine. Thus he classifies his hero into four categories on the basis of his dispositional traits, viz., (i) high-spirited but temperate and firm (*dhīrodātta*), (ii) firm and haughty (*dhīroddhata*), (iii) gay and thoughtless (*dhīralalita*) and (iv) firm and mild (*dhīrapraśānta*). Within each of these four kinds, there are further sub-divisions according to the hero's relationship with a heroine. They are: (i) impartial, (ii) saucy, (iii) faithful, and (iv) sly.[61] Keshava, on the other hand, does not develop his characterization of hero in the manner it is done by Visvanatha Kaviraja. Keshava's generic definition is at the same time a statement of the disposition of the hero who above all is *koka-kalānī pravīna*, "adept in (the art of) love."[62] However, Keshava adopts Visvanatha Kaviraja's basis of relationship between a hero and a heroine and categorizes his hero accordingly.

The major difference between Visvanatha Kaviraja on the one hand and Keshavadasa on the other is that the former is describing his generic hero as four different persons with four different dispositional traits. Also these four different persons are each conceived to be related to heroines in four different logical ways. Keshava is describing a single person who is "adept in (the art of) love" and assumes a fourfold personality as may be called for in terms of the interaction between him and his beloved. This subsumption of the multiple personalities into an archetypal hero in the person of Krisna who acts differently in different situations is an important characteristic of heroes in love narratives based on the F-M category of legends. I would even go as far as to say that Keshava's description of heroes (as well as of heroines) is not designed to restate or replace its counterpart in Sanskrit poetic theory. It is an innovation of the New Indo-Aryan period. It complements their Sanskritic description based on love narratives of the M-F category with a systematization of their counterpart based on F-M love legends. Sanskrit poetic theory is not even familiar with the New Indo-Aryan mode of systematization of heroes and heroines. Therefore, it is utterly absurd to say that the *rīti* poetics merely duplicated the principles of Sanskrit poetic theory.

Keshava describes his systematization of heroines in chapters (3) and (7). The systematization given in chapter (3) diverges quite significantly from the traditional Sanskritic classification and is fairly complicated. However, his eightfold classification of heroines as given in chapter (7) is adopted from *Nāṭya-śastra* of Bharata.[63]

In chapter (3) he recognizes four kinds of heroines on the basis of their genus as described in the *Ratirahasyaṁ* of Kokkoka, and then introduces the usual classification of them on the basis of their relationship with the hero into (i) *svakīyā*, "one's own," (ii) *parakīyā*, "belonging to another," and (iii) *sāmānyā*, "ordinary." Both *svakīyā* and *parakīyā* categories are developed further. For instance, the category of *svakīyā*, which is by far the better developed of the two, can be plotted as follows:



His *parakīyā* heroines are of only two kinds, i. e., *ūḍhā*, "married," and *anūḍhā*, "unmarried."

The above-noted classification of heroines is not a simple-minded categorization of women depicted in various situations. It is based on culturally-perceived, significant data put together in the form of category labels. These category labels refer to certain idealized configurations involving characteristic traits specifiable in terms of physiognomy, emotional make-up and body language. Keshava deals with the subject of physiognomy of heroines in a separate work entitled *Sikhanakha*.[64] The two, i.e., emotional make-up and body language, are described in chapter (6) respectively under the headings *"atha vyabhicārī-nāma-varṇana,"* "the description of accessories," and "*atha hāva laksana*," which I would like to render as "body language characteristics."[65] An aspirant poet, in order to be successful in the art of composing poetry of the *rasika* genre, must learn to express (i.e., suggest indirectly) on a single verbal band, these three characteristic traits of heroines as embodied in the configurational labels used by Keshava. The poet, while defining his notion of *bhāva*, "emotion," in chapter (6), makes an explicit reference to these three-fold configurational characteristics of heroines (and heroes) and in the manner they should be expressed:

> When what within the heart lay hid
> Is manifested through the eyes
> Or by face, or voice, that is
> Emotions known by poets wise.

Without going into a detailed analysis of Keshava's basis of classification of heroines and heroes, I would like to point out that there is an ascending scale of complexity involved in the above-noted threefold configurational characteristics as far as description of heroines is concerned. For instance, in the three sub-divisions of *svakīyā* into (i) *mugdhā*, "adolescent," (ii) *madhuy*, "middling," and (iii) *praudhā*, "mature," there is a representation of the three successive stages of the development of the personality of the heroine. At each of these three stages of the development, one of the three characteristics of the total configuration of her personality predominates and subsumes the other two. In the *mugdhā*, "adolescent," stage, physiognomy subsumes the emotional make-up and body language characteristics. In the *madhyā*, "middling," stage, emotional make-up overtakes the physiognomy and body language. And finally in the *praudhā*, "mature," stage, body language gains prominence over physiognomy and emotional make-up. The following archetypal verses given by the scholar-poet illustrate this mode of ascending scale of complexity of the configurational traits of a heroine:

Example of an adolescent *mugdhā*

> Her eyebrows dance with pleasure filled,
> Her hips her waist at last has robbed:
> Her voice now agitated is,
> And with shyness her eyes do pause;
> In movement now she knows no rest,
> You may demur to meet her, friend,
> But youth has met her ripening breasts
> And driven out her ignorance.

Example of an *ārūdhayauvanā madhyā*

> A goddess-like gopi I espied
> Today, Gopala, whose crescent brow
> As half-moon was, whose piercing eyes
> Where Kamadeva's arrows, and eyebrows
> As bows; and perfumed was her breath
> As scent of lotus flowers, her teeth
> As seeds of sweet pomegranate:
> Her laughter bright as lightning, feet

Like lotuses; her neck and arms,
As jars, and belly as betel-leaf:
As swan's her gait, and limbs that shone
And burnished gold -- and her smell sweet
As does from earthen vessel rise
When water first is poured inside.

Example of a *samastarasakovidā prauḍhā*

A cowherd maiden I have seen
Of form unequalled, Oh! Gopala!
Her hue more lovely than gold seemed
Her scent like newfilled earthen jar's
'Twas as though Splendour herself came
Upon the earth, or lightning took
A woman's form; no earthly dame,
Or goddess, or she-demon looked
With so much coquetry; 'twas if
Sarasvati on earth had stayed
So seemed that girl -- key of all bliss --
Or lovely child sprung from Kamadeva
Born of Menaka -- so I weened
That cowherd girl whom I had seen.

There are two important observations I would like to make about the contents of chapters (3) and (6) of the *Rasikapriyā*. First, it is interesting to note that Keshavadasa's systematization of the *vibhāva, anubhāva, stāyī bhāva*, and *vyabhicārī bhava* aspects of *rasa* theory does not go into a detailed description as well as illustration of them by means of archetypal verses (as one would normally expect) except naming them. Further, he does not recount all the twenty-eight graces of a heroine as given in standard texts on poetic theory.[66] He does not even use the traditional term *alaṁkāra*, "grace." Rather, he replaces this term by *hāva*, "bodily characteristics" (which, incidently, is the second of the twenty-eight traditional graces of a heroine), and recounts only ten *hāvas* with illustration of them in the heroine as well as hero. This systematization, I think, is a significant departure from the tradition. Another observation worth making here is that Keshava enumerates seven ways of making love, seven postures of sexual union and sixteen adornments for women in chapter (3) right after his description of the *surativicitrā madhyā* heroine (i.e., the heroine whose love-making takes various ways). I wish the translator, who certainly possesses a great deal of expertise on the Indian erotic tradition, could spell out the underlying basis of Keshava's systematization of seven ways of love-making as well as postures of sexual union, because a mere reference to them by category labels is by no means enough for a proper understanding of the poems in which the poet refers to these ways and postures.

6.5. As I have said earlier, almost all the scholar-poets of the Hindi *rīti* school follow the convention of writing archetypal verses to illustrate the various concepts of poetic theory in their *lakṣaṇa-grantha* works. I have also said earlier that these archetypal poems should not be confused with love poetry of the *rasika* genre. Now I will briefly try to explain the function of these archetypal poems in the *Rasikapriyā*.

I would like to hypothesize that the archetypal poems in the *Rasikapriyā* represent a poetic design involving actual life situations as may be consistent with a particular poetic concept. This design is intended to be acquired by a literary connoisseur or an aspirant poet on the basis of which he can learn to appreciate or compose poetry of the *rasika* genre. This design forms an intermediary link between a poetic concept and the poetry of the *rasika* genre and serves to orient the mind of the reader of the *Rasikapriyā* about, for instance, the concept of *sṛṅgāra rasa* on the one hand, and the actual life situations which form the basis of the *vibhāva* aspect of this *rasa* on the other.

6.5.1. In order to explain the manner in which the archetypal verses of the *Rasikapriyā* serve to orient the mind of the reader to the content of poetic concepts they illustrate by invoking a specific kind of experience, I reproduce below a Rajasthani couplet and discuss its meaning:

> *Mahimā bhārata desa rī, jaga meṁ bahu vikhyāta /*
> *jina meṁ rājasthāna kī, samatā karī na jāta //*[67]
>
> The glory of the land of Bharat is well known all the
> world over, but within it the land of Rajasthan is matchless.

The meaning of this couplet is quite straightforward except in one instance, i.e., the occurrence of the Hindi-Urdu postposition *kī*, "of," instead of the regular Rajasthani *rī*, "of" (which, however, does occur in the first line of the couplet). Ordinarily one would be tempted to regard the occurrence of the postposition *kī*, "of," as a device to avoid repetition, or one might posit the occurrence of this *kī* being a feature of a dialect in which both postpositions occur, and so on. All such explanations would be plausible if we did not know some of the poetic convention of Rajasthani poetry. I have come across a variety of Rajasthani texts in which all the characters belonging to the Muslim royalty of Northern India do not speak in first person in Rajasthani. Almost all such characters either speak a variety of Hindized Rajasthani or straightforward Hindi-Urdu. It seems to me that the composer of this couplet has deliberately used the Hindi-Urdu postposition *kī*, "of," in the second line to highlight an important historical and political fact. I take it that the composer of this couplet is himself a native speaker of Rajasthani, and by the use of the Hindi-Urdu postposition *kī*, he is reminding his reader that he is, as far as the second line of this couplet is concerned, quoting the Muslim royalty of Northern India. It is one thing to sing the glories of one's own native land, but it is quite another if somebody else does that. As far as a connoisseur of Rajasthani poetry is concerned, this insignificant-looking postposition *kī* is more than sufficient to trigger his memory about the bravery of the Rajput princes. The more he delves deeply into the history of Rajasthan, the more he will understand and appreciate the significance of the meaning of the above-noted couplet. In other words, this postposition *kī* is capable of triggering the memory of a connoisseur about the history of Rajasthan and would thus enable him to have hours of delight over this simple couplet by delving deeply into its meaning.[68]

The occurrence of the Hindi-Urdu postposition *kī* in the above couplet does two things, i.e., (i) it indicates that the second line is a quotation, and (ii) it serves to trigger the memory of a connoisseur about the history of Rajasthan. The archetypal verses of the *Rasikapriyā* also have similar functions.

6.5.2. Since I have already discussed the notion of *sṛngāra rasa* as it occurs in the *Rasikapriyā* in some detail, I will limit myself to an explication of the function of archetypal verses in this work by discussing Keshava's examples of "hidden love-in-union" and "open love-in-union." I have already quoted his example of "hidden love-in-union" earlier in subsection 3.2 of this review. Keshava's example of "open love-in-union" reads as follows:

> Once Shri Krisna sat with Radha near
> On the same couch, with pleasure swayed,
> And she in mirror held did peer
> To watch the splendour of her face.
> Her form reflected he did see
> In her red gem on forehead worn
> Which seemed as with her husband's leave
> Sitaji sat, in fire, adorned.

Before I try to explain the poetic design involved in these two archetypal poems, it is necessary to note the following points about them.

These poems occur in the very first chapter of the book, and thus they reveal the fact that Keshava's scheme in the *Rasikapriyā* is to present his systematization of the *rasika* genre of love poetry in reverse of the logical order in which it would be described by a poet. This can be easily confirmed by examining a text such as *Sūrasāgara* of Suradasa. In other words, Keshava starts with the end, i.e., the illustration of the love-in-union, and goes on to unfold systematically what leads to that end. Such an order is exactly the opposite of what a poet would adopt in a poem and is extremely significant in a *lakṣaṇa-grantha* work such as the *Rasikapriyā*.

It is also noteworthy that the female-superior, or inverse, position is the only coital posture which Keshavadasa cites is an example of "hidden love-in-union." The other example, which I have reproduced above, simply describes the two lovers sitting side by side. Radha is looking in the mirror and Krisna is looking at her image reflected from the mirror in the red gem she is wearing. These two examples of love-in-union do not say very much about the love sports of Radha and Krisna even if we suppose that they are love poems in the normal sense of the term. Furthermore, it is noteworthy that the inverse position is the last coital posture described in the *kāma-śāstra* works.

All these points are quite obvious but their significance may not be, especially to someone who is not familiar with the tradition of the *lakṣaṇa-grantha* genre of the Hindi *rīti* school. First of all, I would like to say that Keshava's examples of "hidden love-in-union" and "open love-in-union" represent two extremes or climatic episodes respectively in the Krisna and Rama legends. They not only serve to characterize the total personalities of the lover pairs, but also subsume within themselves whatever else can be imagined or presumed to occur in the lives of the two lover pairs which leads them to these two ends, i.e., the female-superior position of the coital posture in "hidden love-in-union," and Sita's *agni-parīkṣā*, which marks the climax of the story of Rama legend (as far as Sita's role in that legend is concerned) as described by Tulasidasa in his *Rāmacaritamānasa*. The mention of the female-superior position of coital posture in the example of "hidden love-in-union" and a reference to Sita sitting on the fire to prove her innocence as described in the example of "open love-in-union," are thus two important devices which serve to trigger the reader's memory about these two specific tradition in a very specific way. Further, because the archetypal lovers of Keshava, i.e., Radha and Krisna respectively represent both Radha and Sita, and Krisna and Rama, these two poems also instruct the reader that he must learn to synthesize these two traditions in his mind and in the manner typified by Keshava by means of these two poems if he wants to learn to appreciate or compose (mundane) poetry of the *rasika* genre. In this way they also serve to characterize and delimit the content of the notion of *sṛngāra rasa* as stipulated by Keshavadasa by the use of the semi-*tatsama* spellings, i.e., *sṛngāra rasa*. Therefore, it would be wrong to identify these archetypal poems with the examples of actual poetry cited in works on Sanskrit poetic theory. The exemplary verses cited in texts on Sanskrit poetic theory, generally speaking, are poems composed by various poets, including some written by the writer of that text. Whereas the exemplary verses cited in the *Rasikapriyā* are all composed by the author of this work and simply describe the poetic design behind a particular concept in a capsule form, if we closely examine these archetypal verses and the concepts they illustrate in the *Rasikapriyā* and compare them with their counterpart in texts on Sanskrit poetic theory, we will also find that the archetypal verses in the *Rasikapriyā* reflect a variety of social changes which the Indo-Aryan society in Northern India underwent during the period and form the basis of their idealization as configurations of heroes and heroines in the poetry of New Indo-Aryan languages.[69] The existence of this sort of situation sets the scholar-poets of the *rīti* school apart from their counterpart in Sanskrit. Moreover, as my discussion of the notion of *sṛngāra rasa* as it occurs in the *Rasikapriyā* indicated, I would like to say that Keshavadasa's major contribution in this work lies in his effort to develop the conceptual framework of Indian poetic theory to make it relevant to and consistent with the literature of the New Indo-Aryan period. The archetypal verses of the *Rasikapriyā* are thus embodiments of his poetic design of this content.

It, therefore, bears repeating that the Sanskrit poetic theoreticians described heroes and heroines in the context of narratives based on M-F legends. The scholar-poets of the Hindi *rīti* school developed their conceptualizations of heroes and heronines on the basis of the literary trends prevailing during their period, and Keshavadasa among others based his description of them in his *Rasikapriyā* on the conventions of the love narratives involving F-M love legends. Because of a great deal of terminological similarity between Sanskrit poetic theory and the Hindi *rīti* poetics (taking the *Rasikapriyā* as its example), as well as other reasons I have just discussed, the archetypal verses in the later are probably the only means of understanding the conceptual framework of the Hindi *rīti* school.

7.1. So far, I have dealt with those areas of the oral and literary traditions of Northern India which, in my view, are pertinent to a proper appreciation of the *Rasikapriyā* of Keshavadasa,but which are not described anywhere (i.e., either in the "Introduction" or in the translation of the text itself) by the translator. Now I will briefly comment about this translation.

7.2. First of all, I would like to say that the translator has performed a very valuable service by making this rather inaccessible text available to the scholarly world for the first time. The other good point about this translation is that the translator, due to his commitment to the *Rasikapriyā* as a "panegyric on love," has painstakingly assembled references and quotations from a wide variety of other works which have direct bearing on it.

However, there are a few problems about the text of the translation in its present form. The major problem, as I have said earlier, is the translator's lack of familiarity with either Sanskrit poetic theory or *rīti* poetics, as well as his misinterpretation of the contents of the *Rasikapriyā*. There is a great deal of similarity between Keshava's *Rasikapriyā* and Sanskrit poetic theory in the choice of terms for key concepts. A variety of texts on Sanskrit poetic theory have already been translated in English and other European languages. While choosing English terms for such concepts, I wish the translator had consulted some of these works. This would have helped him avoid some of the silly mistakes he has made in this work. For instance, in chapter (6) he translates the term *vyabhicāri bhāva*, "accessory" or "transient emotion," as *unchaste emotion*. Also Keshava's classification of heroes in relationship to a heroine is exactly the same as that of Visvanatha Kaviraja in his *Sāhitya-darpana*. The available English translation of this work which I have used in this review renders these terms pertaining to the hero as (i) impartial, (ii) saucy, (ii) faithful, and (iv) sly. The translator of the *Rasikapriyā* renders the same original terms respectively as (i) agreeable, (ii) deceitful, (iii) dexterous, and (iv) brazen. It is true that the similarity in the terminology sometimes suppresses the originality of these works, but at the same time an unguarded choice of a term in a translation can hamper a proper understanding of a concept. Such mistakes are, I am afraid, quite frequent in this translation. Therefore, I suggest the reader of this translation, if he knows modern standard Hindi, use Lakshminidhi Caturvedi's translation of the *Rasikapriyā* along with it.

The other major drawback of this work in its present form is an almost complete lack of any bibliographic information in it. The translator does not even tell us as to which text of the *Rasikapriya* he has used.

FOOTNOTES

1. I have used the term "Hindi literary tradition" to highlight the fact that most of what is known as Hindi literature prior to the modern period is not written in modern standard Hindi. It is written in Avadhi, Braja and Rajasthani, etc., which acted as standard literary languages in the Hindi area of Northern India for about a thousand years till they were replaced by modern standard Hindi by the end of the nineteenth century. For more information regarding these literary languages (or Hindi dialects as they are sometimes called), see Kellogg (1955), Ch. IV, "The Dialects of Hindi," pp. 65-80.

2. I must here admit that I fail to understand the reasons for the neglect of the *lakṣaṇa-grantha* character of the *Rasikapriyā* by the translator, who exhibits ample familiarity with the Hindi literary tradition in his "Introduction." Almost all histories of the Hindi literary tradition describe the work in these terms without exception.

3. The New Indo-Aryan period begins roughly around 1,000 A.D. when the local differences in Middle Indo-Aryan grew more and more pronounced. See Chatterji (1963), Section A, for further discussion on the subject.

4. See, for instance, Chaudhari (1971), "Introduction," pp. 48ff. Similar views are also expressed in Chaudhari (1959), Ch. I, pp. 11-44, and Nagendra (1960), pp. 289-292.

5. See Chaudhari (1971), pp. 48ff.

6. For a partial list of authors who follow this scheme in their works see Chaudhari (1971), Appendix 3, entitled "*Rītikālīna rasagranthoṁ kā paricaya aura vivaraṇa*" (An Introduction and Description of *rasa* Works of the *rīti* Period).

7. Representative example of this category of works in Keshavadasa's *Kavipriyā* published in Misra (1954).

8. Nandadasa's *Rasamanjarī* published in Brajaratanadasa (1959) can be cited as a representative example of this category of works, though strictly speaking Nandadasa was not a *rīti* scholar-poet.

9. Keshavadasa's *Rasikapriyā* and several other authors listed in Chaudhari (1971), Appendix 3, represent this trend.

10. Keshavadasa's *Chandamālā* published in Misra (1955) is such a work. There are several other works on metrics like Kharaida (1942) and Lalas (1967) dealing with specific conventions within *dingaḷa* poetry of Rajasthan.

11. The *varṇaka* works are probably the least known category of works. The only work I have seen in this category is Nahata (1964), which also has an excellent introduction on the subject.

12. Nandadasa's *Anekārtha-dhvani manjarī* and *Nāmamālā*, published in Brajaratnadasa (1959) are two such works written in Braja. Several such Rajasthani works published under the collective title *Dingaḷa-kosa* are contained in Bhati (1956-57).

13. I am assuming here that the sixfold classification of *rīti* works does not exhaust the possibility of inclusion of other works like *barahamāsasas, nakha-sikha varananas*, etc., Many of these works were written by way of illustration of a particular genre and thus ought to be included in the category of *rīti* poetics that they have altogether ignored the study of various literary genres of the period, with the result that a proper appreciation of what could broadly be called the Hindi *rīti* tradition is still a matter of discussion. Further, most of the discussion on the Hindi *rīti* poetics does not include a wide variety of works written in Rajasthani (or *dingaḷa* as it was called earlier). I believe a thorough investigation of these Rajasthani works is likely to reveal more divergence between Sanskrit poetics on the one hand and *rīti* poetics on the other.

14. For an English translation of the *Sāhitya-darpana* of Visvanatha Kaviraja, see Mitra (1875)

15. For a further discussion of this matter see Diksita (1956), p. 256.

16. Most modern scholars of *rīti* poetics engage in such pursuits because of the apparent terminological similarities between these two schools in the limited areas of *srngāra rasa* and *nāyaka-nāyika bheda*. While I do not want to deny the worthwhileness of such pursuits, I feel that all the categories of the *lakṣana-grantha* works of the *rīti* school should primarily be examined as a product of the intellectual activity of the New Indo-Aryan period

17 It seems that most historians of the Hindi literary tradition have failed to account systematically for a variety of works which have come to light since Ramchandra Shukla wrote his famous history of Hindi literature For instance, there are a variety of works like *Pravīnasāgara* (which was originally published in 1867) which are not even mentioned in any discussion on the subject. I understand that his work was extremely popular in Rajasthan. The importance of a work like *Pravīnāsāgara* lies in the fact that it covers almost every possible topic in *rīti* poetics in a single volume. My other example of works not discussed by scholars of Hindi is Maharaja Budhasingh's *Nehataranga* written in 1729 reported in Menaria (1958), p. 124.

18. I am using the term "love" in this review specifically to refer to the Indian notion of love which I believe is significantly different from its Western counterpart Therefore, unless otherwise specified, the occurence of the term "love" throughout this review should be interpreted as "Indian notion of love"

19 For a description of some of these lesser known narratives see Bhati (1961), Bhati (1963), Menaria (1969), Prasad (1960), Singh (1965),

Menaria (1958), Sharma (1972), Bhanavata (1965), Harish (1966), Nahata (1962), Daiya (1969), Goyal (1969), Sharma (1961), and Vijaya (1971), and Temple (1962) and (1963).

20. For a discussion on this matter, see Williams (1972) "Introduction", section V, pp. 13-18.

21. For a description of some of the generic characteristics of these works, see Nahata (1962).

22. See Goyal (1969), pp. 143-164, as well as several other available sources on the history of the Hindi literary tradition, for further information in this regard.

23. See in this connection the "General Introduction" in Ingalls (1968), particularly the remarks on p. 6 that "Sanskrit was, therefore, divorced from an area of life whence the poetry of what I would call the natural languages derives much of its strength." I must, however, say that I am not in agreement with Ingalls on some of his other conclusions in his "General Introduction."

24. This problem has been discussed to some extent in Williams (1972), especially in section VIII, pp. 33ff.

25. In spite of the immense popularity of some Sanskrit works like the *Bhāgavata purāṇa*, etc., among the various *vaiṣṇava* sects, I am inclined to believe that the various trends within the Hindi *bhakti* poetry of the New Indo-Aryan period originated in the regional languages of the area independently of such works. Such a statement can be made about the Krisnaite poetry with more certainty than about the Ramaite poetry. Both the dramatic form and the continuous growth of the Krisna legend during the New Indo-Aryan period are such factors which clearly point to the oral tradition as the primary source of this legend. Hein (1972), especially Chapter 9 entitled "The History of Kṛishna Drama in Mathura," has some very convincing arguments in this regard.

    Dimock (no date) after discussing the importance of the *Bhagavata purāṇa* among the Gaudiya Vaisnavas of Bengal rightly observes that "This however was not the doctrine preached by Caitanya: this was the interpretation of Caitanya's life by his later followers." See also the section on "Masculinity/feminity and some problems of sectarianism" in Dimock (no date).

26. This may sound like a strange assertion to some who always insist on the primacy of Sanskrit over the New Indo-Aryan traditions. See van Vuitenen (1966) for some interesting discussion on this problem.

27. I have excluded from consideration a variety of narratives in the M-F category where legendary heroes or heroines confront certain villains. For instance, in *Dholā-Mārū*, Malavani, the other wife of Dhola, figures as a prominent character. Similarly in *Kriṣṇa-rukamiṇi rī belī*, Shishupala wants to marry Rukamini who, in turn, intends to marry Krisna. In some

cases it may not be clear from a poem as to which of the two legendary patterns is intended by a poet. Jayasi's *Padmāvata* can be cited as an example of such a narrative in which Nagamati and Padmavati figure as co-wives of Ratanasena. Off hand I can say that the story of *Padmāvati* involves patterns of both kinds of love legends, i.e., the relationship between Ratanasena and Nagamati proceeds on the lines of M-F, legends whereas that between Padmavati and Ratanasena along the lines of F-M legends. All such problems need to be properly discussed and explored further. Also, in addition to the conventions regarding the leading characters, there are a variety of other conventions which I have deliberately left out of consideration in this review. For a brief discussion about some of these conventions see Williams (1972).

28. The notion of "illicit love" is discussed in Dasgupta (1962), "Introduction."

29. The expression "winning their loves" is intended here as a broadest possible characterization of the loving relationship between a male and a female in the M-F love legends.

30. The description of the beauty of the leading characters in the F-M poems is largely a matter of poetic improvisation and imagination. Significant differences exist between the F-M poems on the one hand and the M-F poems on the other in this matter, especially in the attention paid by the poets of the F-M poems to the description of the beauty of their heroes. See Agravala (1972) for further discussion on this matter.

31. I am inclined to say that Radha, the well-known beloved of Krisna, is a product of the poetic imagination. For views concerning the development of the personality of Radha, see Mitala (1970), Dasgupta (1956), and Upadhyaya (1963). Various versions of the Hira-Ranjha legend as mentioned in Hasan (1973) also bear this statement out.

32. It may be worthwhile to point out here that the marriage between a hero and a heroine is not the sole criterion for interpreting a given pair as an M-F or F-M pair. For instance, in *Mālavikāgnimitra* of Kalidasa, Malavika ultimately gets married to the king Agnimitra and thus becomes a *svakīyā* heroine in the usual sense of the term. However, it is the first wife of Agnimitra, Dharini, whose son has legal inheritance rights alone, who is the M-F heroine from the point of view of the distinction I have made. On the other hand, Malavika, though she is married to Agnimitra, is merely an object of "love," and consequently the criteria of M-F legends to not apply in her case.

33. I am indebted to Roy (1973) for the notion of "mother as a desexualized respect object."

34. Vaisnava poets of Bengal expressly regard Radha as a *parakīyā* heroine who is married to another man. However, the Radha of the Hindi poets is secretly married to Krisna, and this fact is known only to a selected few female friends of her. As far as her public image is concerned, Radha is always depicted as the virgin daughter of Vrisabhanu.

I am indebted to Edward C. Dimock, Jr. for information regarding the status of Radha in Bengali Vaisnava poetry. The marriage of Radha to Krisna is described in *Sūrasāgara* of Surdasa. See Vajapeyi (1966), I, 629-636.

35. I have already mentioned some of these complexities in footnote 27. There are some additional matters which need satisfactory explanation. For instance, most Sufi love poems are tragedies, only some lover pairs acquire a legendary status but others do not. I hope to discuss some of these matters in my review of Hasan (1973), forthcoming.

36. While maintaining that there is no fundamental difference between mundane and spiritual love narratives, I do not mean to deny the distinction between a myth and a legend in the context of the Indo-Aryan oral tradition. There are a variety of ways in which the oral tradition recognizes such a distinction. However, a discussion of these ways is outside the scope of this review.

37. See Caturvedi (1966) for a description of the *Santa bhakti* school of Hindi poetry.

38. See Gupta (1968) and Menaria (1969) for a description of Krisna *bhakti* school of Hindi poetry.

39. Tulasidasa is probably the best known among the *Rāma bhakti* poets. For a discussion of the *bhakti* aspects of his poetry, see Misra (1967).

40. See Swami Bhakti Hrdaya (1965), "Introduction," for further discussion on the notion of *bhakti-rasa*.

41. I am indebted to Premasvarupa (1969) for the notion of *bhakti-kāvya-rasa*. See p. 262 of this work for a discussion of this notion.

42. The term *rasika* as employed here has two different meanings. In one sense it refers to the *sṛngāra rasa* poetry, and in the other to a connoisseur of this poetry. In the latter sense it replaces the usual term *sahṛdaya*, "connoisseur," in this context.

43. I will discuss this matter in some detail in the next section. Here I would like to point out that the fusion between the spiritual notion of *prema* and the biological notion of *kāma* was carried out by the *bhakti* poets of the Hindi area. Scholar-poets of the *rīti* school elaborated their classification of heroes and heroines on the basis of the leads provided by these *bhakti* poets. An excellent discussion on the subject occurs in Mittala (1967).

44. Both Krisna *bhakti* and Rama *bhakti rasika* sects, as well as their poetic traditions, are discussed in a variety of works. Most important among them are Snataka (1959) and Singh (1959). However, there are others like Tiwari (1966), Kanti (1962), Gupta (1972), Nalina (1966), Jhari (1970) and Bhardvaja (1972) which also have a bearing on the subject.

45. The two functions of a female, i.e., as a wife and a beloved, and the two functions of a male, i.e., as a husband and a lover, are generally kept apart in the love narratives of Northern India by having two female partners of a male -- one as a wife and the other to make love with. *Dholā-mārū rā dūhā* and *Padmāvata* illustrate this situation very well. I believe Keshavadasa's *Rasikapriyā* is probably the only work which posits a synthesis between these two functions on a conceptual level for the first time.

46. For a description of the mundane *rasika* poets of the period, see Shukla (1960), pp. 297-369.

47. For further discussion on this matter, see Nagendra (1960), Pt. II, Ch. 1, pp. 159-164.

48. A discussion of exegetical conventions of the *lakṣaṇa-grantha* works and other related matters is an independent topic which cannot be discussed in this review. However, a brief account of some of these conventions may be found in Visnusvarupa (1963).

49. I am particularly interested here in two sorts of conventions, i.e., (i) pertaining to the genre of a particular work, and (ii) intentional, i.e., the ones used by a poet with a particular intention. I will invoke some of these conventions as they pertain to the *Rasikapriyā* in the rest of this section.

50. There are in all sixteen chapters in the *Rasikapriyā*. Their titles are (1) Invocation and Blessing, (2) The Nāyaka, (3) The Nāyikā, (4) The Meeting of Lovers, (5) Where Lovers Meet, and How? (6) The Emotions, (7) More Nāyikās, (8) Love and the Ten States, (9) Arrogance, (10) Ways to Remove Arrogance, (11) The Separation of Lovers, (12) Love's Messenger, (13) The Acts of Bosom Friends, (14) Laughter, and Other Sentiments, (15) The Kinds of Poetry, and (16) The Defects of Poetry.

51. A *bhakti* lyric, being a means of evoking the spiritual-esthetic experience of *bhakti rasa* and *bhakti-kāvya-rasa* (in its esoteric sense), is thus a special kind of speech act. I am stressing this notion here to distinguish the *bhakti* lyric from a "prayer." For a description of the notion of speech-act, see Searle (1970).

52. For a systematic account of the various Krisna *bhakti* sects, see Mital (no date) and Gosvami (1966).

53. This distinction between the public and private images of Radha sets the Krisna *bhakti* in the Hindi area apart from the tradition of the Gaudiya Vaisnavas of Bengal. It has some important philosophical implications also.

54. For instance, Visvanatha Kaviraja discusses four kinds of love-in-separation as described by Keshava in chapter (6) and (9-11) without making any distinction between *viyoga* any *vipralambha*.

55. For a discussion of this notion see Premasvarupa (1969), p. 200. The notion of *premavaicitya* in *Ujjvala nīlamaṇi* of Rupa Gosvami or *viyoga sṛṅgāra* in *Rasikapriyā*, if I may conjecture, is a product of love narratives based on F-M legends.

56. For a discussion of these conventions in the *Sūrasāgara* of Suradasa, see Tiwari (1966), pp. 80-227.

57. *Sandesa-rāsaka* is a mundane love narrative dealing with love-in-separation. For an excellent discussion as well as a Hindi translation of the work, see Dvivedi and Tripathi (1965).

58. See Williams (1972) for an English translation of this segment of the poem.

59. I hope to deal with this matter in detail elsewhere, but the point I am trying to make here about the distinction between *pravāsa* and *viraha* is obvious.

60. See Mitra (1875), Ch. 3, section 64, p. 56.

61. See Mitra (1875), Ch. 3, section 65, p. 56.

62. The occurrence of the term *koka-kalāni-pravīna*, "expert in the arts described by Koka," here signifies a reference to the *Koka-śāstra* of Pandita Kokkoka, an English translation of which is Comfort (1966). I may also point out that *Koka-śāstra* is probably the only work of its kind which influenced the *bhakti* poets of Northern India.

63. This information is based on Diksita (1967), p. 29.

64. This work is published in the collective works of Keshavadasa in Misra (1955).

65. The translator of the *Rasikapriyā* avoids the technical aspect of the notion of *hāva* by rendering the title of this section as "Emotions Arising from Love of Rādhā and Kriṣna." For a discussion on the subject of body language, see Fast (1970).

66. A list of these twenty-eight graces of a heroine is given in *Sāhitya-darpaṇa* of Visvanatha Kaviraja, Ch. 3, Section 124b, p. 81.

67. This couplet is cited from Sharma (1954), p. 1.

68. "Delightfully musing over something" is one of the ways in which the notion of *rasa* is explained as "the inward experience of refined appreciator" by Bhattanayaka. See Mukherji (1966) pp. 284ff for a discussion of Bhattanayaka's theory of *bhoga*, "esthetic enjoyment."

69. The synthesis of the conflicting paris of Radha-Krisna and Sita-Rama in the archetypal persons of Radha and Krisna in the *Rasikapriyā* is an important instance of such a social change. A number of other such changes can be easily inferred by comparing the *Rasikapriyā* with a suitable text on Sanskrit poetic theory.

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Gajanan Madhav Muktibodh

THREE POEMS

THE ERROR

Translated from
the Hindi by Arvind
Krishna Mehrotra

Weapon-clad
sits Error
upon the heart's throne,
eyes burning like rock
an armory alert and glittering.
The ranks stand in the thousand-pillared
              arch-supported
                    Durbar-e-Aam
heads bent
         in dumb salute.
Before them
is a gnashed, bruised and strangely restless
face,
those who see it, shiver.
The man himself is tall and shackled,
his body covered with rags
and marks of blood.
He is the captured Faith
looking straight into the royal eyes
with eyes that crack like lightning.
He's silent.

          All are silent
governors, poets, sufis
Al-Ghazali, Ibn Sinna, Alberuni
the wise, warriors, generals all
          are silent.

If then someone had thought:
Dense black shadows cover the land
The royal armor is only clay
He -- that heap of sand -- is the King of Kings
Of royal decrees a hush remains . . .
(But no,
the times we live in are viper-bitten.)

Error,
whose coat of mail is your apathy, my impotence,
turns ferocious; yes, the tyrranical lord

Durbar-e-Aam: Hall of Public Audience

gouging out truth's eyes
burning down the heart's settlements
surrounding, uprooting, imprisoning us;
we're part of the king's paraphernalia.

Just then from amongst us
someone escapes like a groan
and with the packed Durbar-e-Aam,
I too am shaken.
The standing columns
of armored compromises
are still with suspicion,
and grave bearded generals
who hide in their hearts a second jaw
a second beard
wise from a hundred experiences
of double-facedness
cringe.

But someone has reached
the other side of the watchtowers
is lost in the thick forest
among dark dome-like hills
and it seems that in the unknown
unnamed mountain passes
in truth's sharp undefined reflections
is gathering an army
whose bloodheavy voice of determination
shall avenge the defeat
and our anguished hope
once revealed become unconquerable.

THE ZERO

There is a jaw
in the void inside,
the jaw has carnivorous teeth;
they shall be eaten,
you shall be eaten.
The habitual need
of our angered insides
is our temper,
and the jaw's innermost dark gorge
has a blood-pond.
Such is this space
totally black, barbarous, naked,
dispossessed, small,
self-immersed.
I excite it
with word and deed,
scatter
and distribute it.
Those who cross my path
will from the wounds I strike
get the same void.
They'll spread
and distribute it among people
generate the children of nothingness.
Durable
and fertile void.
Everywhere hell-saws, daggers, sickles
sowing and reaping
of meat-eating teeth.
So wherever you look
to a carnival of dance and music
death is giving birth to fresh children.
Seeing everywhere serrated mistakes,
armored faults,
the earth, rubbing its hands,
moves on.

AT EVERY STEP

Crossroads
arms outstretched
meet me

at every step
leap a hundred directions
I want to explore
their experiences and dreams
all seem real;
I want to go deeper
a restless curiosity within me
I don't know what I'll discover.

I imagine in every stone
a burning diamond,
in every breast an impatient soul,
the transparent river in gentle faces;
that each voice has an epic-*angst*.
I wish to embark upon every journey
swim through every heart,
this is how I give myself away -- fragment.
It's much too strange.
I keep wandering
am often deceived,
I delight in seeing
myself cheated.
Even in me
sits a happy fool
drunk upon sadness and mad laughter,
the world is its own nemesis.

These advancing crossroads
where I stand and gossip
take away my stories
give me others . . .
. . . I find a novel

tales of distress, grievances,
ego-analysis, yarns,
I listen to the spirited verses and psalms
of our times.

Poems make love
vie with one another,
are sacrificed upon the fire-steps
of living/dying.

When I return
carrying frightened symbols
or grinning images
metaphors meet me at the threshold
and say, "You have to live
another hundred years."

Even at home
crossroads at every corner
a hundred directions with outstretched arms,
alleys, lanes, thoroughfares branching;
everyday I encounter
a hundred untravelled experiences
and I think
the writer's predicament
is not having too little
but too much to say,
his anxiety, the choice he must make.

Mulk Raj Anand

TRADITION AND MODERNITY IN LITERATURE

Observations by one of India's leading novelists

There is much talk about the terms traditional, modern and contemporary, which confuses the issues in Art and Literature. Thus in talking about traditional, modern and contemporary literature one has to ask: What is traditional? What is modern? And what is contemporary in literature? Tradition is commonly supposed to be everything ancient, something orthodox and obsolete. Actually, what is today called tradition was once modern and contemporary. Modern and contemporary seem to mean, in newspaper talk or loose conversation, something fashionable. If a man wears a European suit, with a necktie, he is considered to be modern, which only implies that he is not wearing the old tunic and *dhoti* or *kurta-pyjama*, but new clothes. This kind of talk is superficial, because, underneath the clothes, words or apparel, remains the human being, who is more or less unchanged or changed very slightly in the evolutionary process. Surely, every age could have used the word modern in regard to its literature. But it must be admitted that there is always something new in the "modern-modern" and contemporary, which is not in the "ancient-modern." For instance, the play of Kalidas, *Vikram-Urvashi*, must have seemed very modern to the fifth-century audiences of the classical renaissance. Certainly, it was different from the original ancient legend of Urvashi, which first appears in the *Satapatha Brahmana* and in the *Rigveda*. Kalidas spins out the story of the nymph Urvashi, who is in love with King Pururavas, in greater detail. He adapts it to a play with a happy ending. The original Vedic story was mainly a dialogue between the two principle characters, an intrusion into the *Rigveda*, highlighting the tragic moment when the hero pleads with the heroine to stay with him, but she refuses to do so. So while the dialogue in the *Rigveda* suggests the background of a society where the nymph must return to heaven, to the gods, the play of Kalidas was written in the Gupta period, when human beings, though subject to the sanctions of the gods, were beginning to live in a world where men and women were emerging into a commercial society, opening up trade routes in all directions, and piling up enormous reserves of gold. In fact, the Gupta Golden Age may be called "golden" because it was, literally, golden.

If we mean by modernity the difference in historical time, then perhaps we can talk of a modern literature and even a contemporary stream. But we must be careful in separating the ancient, the modern, and the contemporary literatures. Because, while men may create new social orders in the technical advance from one age to the other (say from the pastoral to the agrarian and from the agrarian to the industrial society), the evolution of the body-soul is not so mechanical, if the familiar phrase "human nature does not change very much" is permissible. And if "human nature does not change very much" then the content of literature cannot change very much: love, hatred, cruelty, pain, hunger, terror, wonder and mystery have remained the main problems of man in his relation with other man and nature throughout known time.

The form of literature may, and does often, change. The dialogue between Urvashi and her lover in the *Rigveda* changed to a full-length play with a complex plot in the Gupta period. The bardic recital in the *Tale of Ten Princes* by Dandin yielded to the novel, a dramatic construction about the crisis of character worked out in intimate human relations by the imagination in a particular time and place in such a book as *The Home and the World* by Rabindranath Tagore. The problem of choice before Arjun to fight or not to fight against his cousins in the *Mahabharata* war was not repeated in the life of my hero, Lal Singh, in *Across the Black Waters*, because while Arjun could choose as a prince subject only to the will of the gods, the contemporary sepoy of the British-Indian army was a mercenary soldier with no choice and no belief either in God or man, but only the pressure of some confusion in his soul urging him to join the army through which he found himself in the hell of the World War I.

So, in this sense of form, literature does tend to change. But as form is ultimately the expression of content, and as the content embodies human relations, and as human relations do not change as mechanically as do changes in time, there can be no strict parallelism between literature and the historical process. The hangovers of the previous periods continue. The emotions remain relevant. Sophocles invokes the gods to help man in time of war. Shakespeare asks youth to love before smallpox destroys the world. Thomas Hardy fears that the betrayal of maid-servants may become more frequent in the changing world. And Steinbeck shuddered at the poverty which had suddenly come to decimate sharecroppers through the crises of 1931. The social changes have, therefore, led to this situation: if the gods determine man's destiny in the ancient world and are the "unknown fates," evil in nature and in man is the "unknown fate" of the Renaissance world, and cash-nexus is the dominant determining agency, the "unknown fate," of the modern and the contemporary world. But the "unknown fates" of the past remain, adding themselves on to new unknown fates. If we did not inherit all the passions, fears and obsessions of the past, we would not read the classics as we do; Homer and Dante and Shakespeare and Kalidas and Tolstoy would just bore us. Therefore, we must ask: what is this "something new" in modernity and which part of this "something new" has entered contemporary literature? In order to avoid the confusion which arises from the association of the word "modern" with "fashionableness," and also to get away from the neat little categories of the critics, "romantic," "realist," "naturalist," etc., may I for a moment ask what happens in the creative moment, what makes a writer begin to write at all, and what are the constituents of the act of composition?

I would like to answer these questions in terms of my own crude experiments. Through the sudden passing away of a young cousin of mine I had early become aware of the challenge of death. She was so innocent and lovely and playful that I wondered why she should die at the age of nine.

I could not accept at that stage the religious explanation that God had taken her and she should go to another life. One day, however, I went to a fair with my mother. She was talking to an old woman gossiping about the brotherhood, while I was dragging at her skirt to come and take me to the roundboat. After a lot of impatient tugging at her skirt, I did manage to drag her away. She was angry and said: "You naughty boy? Why did you interrupt my talk with Auntie Kesaro? Couldn't you see her dead son in her eyes?" The words "Couldn't you see her dead son in her eyes?" went into me. And my dead cousin entered my eyes and I have always thought that my mother's metaphorical phrase on that day made me into a writer.

I did not know this until long after. I became aware of the compulsion to write about the human beings I had known when I turned away from my study of philosophical systems in London, where I had been doing research in modern Western philosophy. But I found after a few years of battling with Kant and Hegel and Bertrand Russell that system-making, ordering one's thoughts merely intellectually, and logic-chopping, would not answer the many questions about life, death, choice, etc., which I was posing before myself out of the genuine curiosity of youth and adolescent restlessness, confusion and panic. Significantly enough, my first published story is called "The Lost Child"; the second is called "The Eternal Why"; and the third is ambitiously called "The Conqueror." These tales begin a creative process during which I have dealt with many miscellaneous human beings whom I had known, with the situations and the crises of their lives in our time, badly or well, or indifferently well, as the readers may decide; but with the "sincerity" which I learned in my revolt against academic philosophy in favor of lived, felt experience from Rousseau, Tolstoy and Gandhi.

But the point I want to make is that I began to write from the compulsion of conscience, by repudiating our own inherited philosophical systems of the past, the medieval solutions, and modernist ventures like those of Professor Alexander's *Space, Time and Deity*. Perhaps the wisdom of the heart of my mother's remark "Couldn't you see the dead son of that woman in her eyes?" was my method of perception, apperception and insight. And, if I can go into the history of the days and nights of white heat during which each of my novels was written, I find I was obsessed by sheer creativeness, the release it offered from many pent-up tensions. My main impulse was to rely on my imagination as the only way to integrate myself as a human being in the midst of great unhappiness, confusion, division of mind frustration and difficulty at having lost my way. The essence of the situation for the writer, then, may lie in the creative imagination. Perhaps, by the use of the creative imagination, the author tries to perfect his own personality.

And, I feel, that the creative imagination has something to do with creative evolution. The nerves, tendons and muscles, as well as the heart and soul in the human personality, certainly achieve some kind of satisfaction through the creative act. This satisfaction may be similar to *bhakti*, devotion or love. Anyway, the relief or catharsis, or "negative capability" inside one makes man more integral. And if a person, an artist, or writer, loves people and interprets them by submitting himself to them, it is likely that he may be able to communicate something of his tenderness to other men and women, to the reader, and also give him some relief from the pressures of life. Also, the reader, may absorb some of the sufferings, the joys and the aspirations of the characters and expiate them in his own being. And, in this way, his underlying awareness of other people's existence may enter his centralized consciousness, intensify the grooves of his faculty and experience. And he may achieve some equilibrium in the constant chaos and disequilibrium of the world. And by intensifying his own awareness, he may arouse consciousness in others.

Of course, the writer receives most of what he gives. He receives from heredity and he receives from education. But he cannot give what he receives unless he has absorbed the gifts of knowledge in himself as a human being and unless his imagination is highly charged and can transform what has been received. If he has received in this way, one can say that a writer does gain from didactic knowledge, or philosophical systems, or from science and other experiences, in the act of composition. Rationality helps a good deal. Some sediments of information sink down into his subconscious, and everything comes out through the rhythmic, kinetic energy of the hand. But, as the writer's concern is with the apprehension of intangibles, like hatred, contempt, hunger, repulsion and love, he can only receive knowledge as wisdom from the recognition of quality in a mass of quantitive experience. All the characters, situations and crises are transformed by the imagination into some form, the up-rush of exuberant energies which come often from the world of unknowing of the kinetic energies. And the result may be a work of art, or half a work of art, or a quarter work of art.

Now, if this is the process of literature, what is the meaning of associating this perennial "wisdom of the heart" with modernity or contemporaneousness? All I can say in answer to this question is that there has been, perhaps, a change in the pressures which compel the coming to be of modern literatures since the medieval literatures. The "unknown fates" have changed. And it is likely that the compulsions behind contemporary literature are not more intense, but different. There is no doubt that, during the change from the agrarian civilization to the industrial society, we have built up, mainly through the sciences, physical explorations, mental and moral discoveries of the European renaissance, more knowledge in 200 years than humanity amassed in the previous 2000 years. Forced by the percolation of some of this information, man is more confused today, as the very knowledge which has been built up in the service of life, to increase man's control over his environment, and to make him happier, has now led to the creation of weapons of mass destruction and other incidences which could wipe out life from the earth altogether. The awareness of this doom may not be ever-present before all men and women, but there is a dim, underlying current of fear in the whole world. Also, the feudal barbarians were bad enough because single tyrants could control the destinies of many peoples; but today the distribution systems of civilization are governed by the tyranny of stock exchanges, which means plenty in one part of the world and abject poverty in the others, without people knowing whom to blame for the curse of unequal wages and prices. Again, all the questions which were answered by philosophy and religion and faith are now sought to be answered by the sciences. And the young do not, as human innocents, seem to find satisfaction in most of the answers.

The most courageous modern men, therefore, seek to confront the whole of life, both vertically and horizontally. They ask for the complete man. And they are compelled, by the search for sincerity, to face unpleasant facts, even the crude lumps of experience, because even in the rubbish dump there may be broken bits of colored glass, as well as the peacock on top. Thus it may be possible by showing the negative tragic situation to expiate the miseries and indicate splendors, to bring insight, to raise the qualities of man. One can present possible paradises out of our seasons in the various hells.

Is it likely that the rebellion, misery and discontent which are in much modern literature reflect the urge of the most talented modern men and women of our time to ask for a new confrontation of human destiny on a new plane different from the ancient? On a plane which is more comprehensive as well as more intense, and on a plane of universality, to create a wider solidarity?

The transition from the first industrial revolution of the modern period to the second and third industrial revolution of the contemporary period has intensified the will of the young to confront their destiny more honestly, more rigorously, and the bravest men have turned away from the cash-nexus, consumer goods and luxury-oriented civilization. The purview has changed. We accept this civilization, but with the will to change it so that qualities may arise above quantities and men may evolve higher consciousness. But this transition is tragic, if not desperate.

I believe that the writer should not worry about "romanticism" or "naturalism" or "symbolism," about the left, or the right, or the other slogans. We contradict ourselves. We contain multitudes. I pray that the poet might penetrate into the creative process where he can recall all that is relevant to him from the past and from the feeling, knowledge and experience of the modern period, so that he can seek to transform it by the magic of his creative imagination in the contemporary period. If the writer receives in this way, humbly, he might also be in a position to give to those willing to receive. It is no use romanticizing the critics or the audiences. Said Dhananjaya: "It requires almost as much imagination in the audience to receive a play as in the dramatist to give it."

I recall that the students of Paris asked for "Happiness and Imagination" when they fought in the Sorbornne in the summer of 1968. I think they are asking us to give them gifts of the creative imagination, the wisdom of the heart, the tenderness so necessary in a world of the new babarism, cruelty, terror and pain, which have come through the alienation of man from man, of nation from nation, where the individual has tended to be either crushed, or suppressed, or forgotten, by forces far more comprehensive than we realize, perhaps by contemporary civilization itself, by the new fate of the power state based on money and money and more money, and the rivalry of one power state with another.

I do not wish to give any catchpenny answer to the question of "Modernity in Contemporary Literature." But may I simply say that literature, which deals with human beings sincerely, is the only perennial philosophy, and its main instrument, always, is the creative imagination, which itself is the instrument of creative evolution, of the possible perfection of man. But by saying this, I have already implied that there is a purpose in literature. I cannot define this purpose, but I do think that, in its own subtle way, literature makes a man more human, not as though a dictionary may fall on one's head and make one wise, but by the permeation of the spirit, which is like the coming of illumination in the darkest dark. And, perhaps, it may, by showing that human beings are more or less like each other, good, bad and indifferent, makes us avoid war and tolerate each other even with an intolerant tolerance.

This last aim is important if the twenty-first century is to be born, in spite of the hatred, violence, the suspicions of our present cold war and the little hot wars. Our children must survive, in spite of the politicians, so that they can have the opportunity to gain insight and evolve beyond their locale into the shrinking universe, as citizens of the world, with grace, knowledge and love.

Panna Naik

THREE POEMS

Translated from the
Gujarati by the author

In the evening's hazy light
obstructing my dreams
stand

those

maked

trees

sterile deserts and broken pieces of the sky

to get past them,
to thread through
the narrow winding trail of life.

Let's forget your death and mine
there are other things to remember --

places where there are no
air-conditioned houses
air-conditioned offices
air-conditioned banks
air-conditioned supermarkets
and air-conditioned impalas.

death is nothing to lament
when the constant company
of this cold controlled air
has made
our body and soul air-conditioned

let's open the window facing East
and allow the sun to ride in
turning inner spaces
tropical.

A cow hungry for grass
peers into the space that surrounds her;
Her feeble cry creates the only breath of air;
At a distance appears a field of grass
     Green as love;
A lake of tears spreads before her;
Herds of cattle graze the dream pasture;
Her eyes grow into heavy hills
And remain shut despite her will.

Y. J. Dayananda

THE NOVELIST AS HISTORIAN

Manohar Malgonkar's
The Devil's Wind *and*
the 1857 Rebellion

When a literary critic comes across a book of history that he wants to condemn, he will simply ask "It is history, but is it literature?" To him the historian is a pedestrian sort of chap, crawling laboriously through the welter and litter of documented facts. History is nothing but a bald dry-as-dust recitation of facts. "It may be good history, but it is bad prose," he says. To the historian, on the other hand, a novel dealing with history appears as "pure fiction," "a fairy tale," "legend." He will ask, "It is literature, but is it history?" To him a historical novelist is a strange sort of chap, a bird with wings flying away from documented fact. He says, "It may be good prose, but it is bad history." These observations, I am persuaded, do not tell the whole truth about the relationship between history and fiction. There are ways in which history and fiction have a close kinship. The tasks of the historian and the historical novelist are, I would suggest, kindred tasks. The historian and the novelist have much in common. There are professional historians and historical novelists whose works are at once good history and good prose, historians whose works have literary merit -- Gibbon, Macaulay, Mommsen, and Churchill and others. On the other hand there are novelists whose works reveal extensive research and careful attention to factual accuracy -- Scott, Tolstoy, Mitchell, Michener, Warren, Styron and others. Manohar Malgonkar, I am persuaded, belongs to this latter group of writers who have enlarged our understanding of the past, reducing history to a well-told tale without compromising it for the sake of the story at hand. The picture of Indian life and of India's past he constructs in *The Devil's Wind* (New York: Viking Press, 1972) is not inconsistent with anything historians know.

Churchill once said that he learned his history of England from Shakespeare's chronicle plays. Most of us know what little we do of major historical events not from history books, but from imaginative literature. Novels and plays often give us more enlightenment about what was happening to the world, to men and women and children one by one at an identifiable time and place than statistical tables and summarizing general statements of history books. We get our knowledge of English history from the history plays of Shakespeare; of Scottish history from the historical novels of Scott; of the Napoleonic wars from Tolstoy's *War and Peace*; of the American Civil War from Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* and Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*; of the Spanish Civil War from Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*; of the Russian Revolution from Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago*; and of World War II from Michener's *Tales from the South Pacific* and Hershey's *Hiroshima*. We could get our knowledge of the Sepoy Rebellion of 1857 from *The Devil's Wind*.

Certain significant moments of history or periods of national crisis have always been powerfully attractive to the novelists. Two periods of Indian history have powerfully appealed to Mr. Malgonkar's novelistic imagination. It is these two periods of tremendous stress that he dramatizes and revivifies in his novels. First, 1857-58. In this period an explosion occurred which led to savage acts on both sides and brought about the end of East India Company's rule of India. "The Sepoy Mutiny," as the British called it, or "The First War of Independence," as the Indians called it, is the first effort by the new India to shake off British rule. The rebellion caused the British to make India a Crown Colony and assume direct responsibility for India through the British Parliament. *The Devil's Wind* is the fictional treatment of this period. Second, 1937-1948. In this period, a bloodier and crueler period from before World War II to the independence of India, occurred the great independence movement of Gandhi which succeeded in putting British policy and British conscience to a test. The British Labor Government decided to withdraw from India. But the advent of Independence was celebrated against a backdrop of violent riots and burning villages in India and Pakistan. *The Princes* and *A Bend in the Ganges* chronicle this fatal decade of contemporary history, a decade of hope and misery, of terror and slaughter of thousands of Indians and Pakistanis. A detailed consideration of these two novels falls outside the scope of this article.

These two periods offered Mr. Malgonkar the usable past for fictional treatment, the past that will help us to understand our present world in all its complexity — political, economic, social, intellectual. When one looks more closely at the *two* periods and the *three* novels, one can see that Malgonkar's subject really is the wide-ranging portrait of a nation moving through time from the 1850s to the 1950s. Nana Sahab, the Indian prince from whose points of view the novel is narrated, says:

> How often, during the months that followed, did we sense the nearness of victory? And yet the pattern remained unbroken: at the last moment, something would happen and victory would slip out of our grasp. Slowly I began to think to myself that we were just not fated to win; that it was in pursuance of some divine purpose unfathomable to us that Mother India would go on being prostituted by an alien breed; that her sons and daughters, for some forgotten sins, would go on remaining slaves. (p. 229)

Suppose that in some freak disaster of the future, all conventional historical records were destroyed and only these three novels survived. How much would it be possible to learn about Indian history for the novels? A great deal. There is in these novels a unique kind of imagination, the historical imagination. Malgonkar shows man in time and place, shows him as both maker and product of history, shows him in his full and complex historical context, and above all, depicts him as part of society in process. His characters, even the imaginary characters, pass over into history as they are usually embodiments of forces or trends in Indian history. General Hugh Wheeler and Nana to some extent dramatize the tensions and conflicts of the times:

> "I was hoping you'd tell me something about June twenty-third. No one does."
>
> And suddenly my heart was beating faster. I had to take a deep breath to control my agitation. "Twenty-third of June?" I said. "What happens on the twenty-third of June?"
>
> "That's what I'd like to know. And remember you are speaking in the hearing of Mother Ganges."
>
> I laughed, almost in relief. How many lies had I not told in the hearing of *Ganga-mayi*, Mother Ganges; I, a fourth-degree brahmin who had studied all the Vedas, had long ago ceased to consider myself on oath just because the mother of rivers bore witness to what I was saying. I would have told a thousand lies rather than reveal to a British general what the twenty-third of June 1857 meant to us.
>
> "It's the anniversary of Plassey," Wheeler prompted, "the hundredth anniversary."
>
> Who did not know that? In our minds, the date was emblazoned in scarlet letters that stood higher than the Himalayas. Plassey!
>
> The period of mourning was to last for a hundred years. We knew it in our bones; . . . (p. 103)

Malongkar is preeminently equipped to handle these historical themes. Even before the appearance of these works of historical fiction he had indicated his scholarly and heuristic interests in Indian history. His first book, *Kanhoji Angrey* (1959), is a work of history, straight and formal history. He has written two more works on history: *Puars of Dewas Senior* (1962), and *Chhtrapatis of Kolhapur* (1971). These books, scholarly and exhaustive in research, deal with an important chapter of Indian history -- the rise and fall of Marathas. It is clear Malgonkar is not only a spinner of tales, but also a grubber for facts; he does his homework and is not too lazy to work in the library.

The essential nature of Malgonkar's historical fiction and the primary characteristics of his method can be best appreciated through a close examination of *The Devil's Wind*, a novel in which he shores up his fantasy with sturdy beams of believable and documented facts. *The Devil's Wind* is informed by a respect for history, a sure feeling for the period, and a deep and precise sense of place and time.

Like many historical novels, *The Devil's Wind* is part fact and part fiction, part history and part novel. It is a historical document and a work of conscious literary art. On one level the novel presents the course of the Rebellion of 1857, especially the rebellion in Kanpur. This is the historical narrative, or the public line of action. On another level it is is the story of Nana Saheb, the young nineteenth-century prince who grows, ceases to be a spoiled prince and emerges as one of the leaders of the revolt. This is the personal narrative or the private line of action. The two lines, public and private, are skillfully interwoven and their convergence becomes clear from a glance at the appendix -- "An Approximate Chronology of the Sepoy Mutiny." The historical narrative, it is clear, is superimposed upon and parallels the personal one which adds a personal dimension to a period of violent change. The sense of history is derived not merely from the gallery of historical figures (The Wheelers, the Hillersdons, Nana Saheb and Tantya Topi), but from the close relationship of characters of their social and political background so that the reader feels that they could not have existed at any other moment or place of history.

Malgonkar has successfully integrated history and fiction emphasizing the relation between the course of public and private events. He never fails to date happenings or mention Nana's age at the time of this or that event, or to place incidents in his personal life in relation to events of national history. He skillfully scatters historical background information and explanation throughout the novel while at the same time letting Nana Saheb tell us in his autobiographical memoir a good deal about his life, "inward life": his ambitions, lives, friendships and motivations. Malgonkar has solved the problem of how much knowledge he can assume on the part of the reader: if he gives too much the reader will be bored; if too little he will be confused. He passes information in a manner that at the same time does not in the least prettify or falsify Nana Saheb's life that historians know. The picture of Nana's life that he constructs is not inconsistent with anything historians know.

There are, then, two stories. First, a candid factual narrative of the events. Second, underlying these events, a fictional narrative, a kind of emotional history of the people of India, their hopes, fears and desires: more specifically, the "inward life" of Nana Saheb, an account of what went on inside Nana, a nineteenth-century prince who, in one fashion or another, expresses what the revolt was in essence all about. The appendix cannot do justice to this private world of Nana All that is done is to show Nana's private world's links with the public world: his age, his assumption of leadership, escape, etc The first story is already set and cannot be tampered with. The second story permits imaginative speculation to the novelist; it allows him to speculate -- with a freedom not accorded to the historian, who is a slave of the documented fact, the most imperious of all historical masters -- upon all the intermingled miseries, ambitions, frustrations, hopes, rages and desires of men involved in the great Rebellion of 1857. Malgonkar deals with the intimate undercurrent of Nana's life, the "inward life," stripping him of the external facade of personality, showing him in all his shivering, moral nakedness and helplessness, in his secret world of instincts, lives, fears and feelings. From all this private world the historian is usually barred. But the novelist's chief strength lies in creating it. Nana describes his own predicament:

> What happened in Meerut frightened me and made me realize that, for me, the issues were not altogether clear cut. I could not, in my own mind, separate the national struggle

> from personal involvements. I was on intimate terms with many British and Eurasian families; and it was well known that I had more friends among the whites than among my own kinds. This was because, owing to my princely lineage, my own people tended to treat me with excessive formality; the British, with certain reservations, treated me as one of themselves. Could I now stand by and watch the men and women who had sung and danced and laughed in my house slaughtered by howling mobs? They had done no harm to me, or indeed to India. Why should they have to be sacrificed for all the wrongs piled up by the East India Company over a hundred years? (p. 115)

The Devil's Wind as History

It will perhaps help us in understanding *The Devil's Wind* if a concise historical sketch of the Rebellion of 1857 is given here. The appendix gives a brief summary of the major events. The important point here is that Malgonkar does not depart from the factuality of history.

As he says in the "Author's Note":

> This ambiguous man and his fate has always fascinated me. I discovered that the stories of Nana and the revolt have never been told from the Indian point of view. This, then, is Nana's story as I believe he might have written it himself. It is fiction; but it takes no liberties with verifiable facts or even probabilities. (p. x)

The Devil's Wind represents the most scholarly and complex use of history. An incalculable amount of scholarly research lurks underneath its surface. In an interview Malgonkar said that he spent two years on research reading over 150 books by both Britishers and Indians on this event of 1857. The book bears witness to the range and depth of his historical reading, to his sharp eye for vivid or significant detail. But he lets practically nothing of this research show in the novel. That is the secret of his success. Indeed, the successful historical novels are like icebergs. There is more to them than meets the eye. You see only a bit of the tip of the ice.

To Turn to the Historical Sketch of the Rebellion of 1857

On Sunday, 10 May 1857, Indian soldiers called sepoys stationed at Meerut killed their British officers, their women, and their children and marched to New Delhi, fifty miles away, captured the city without much difficulty and proclaimed the Mughal Emperor, a helpless, bent old man of eighty-two, as their leader. The East India Company was a flaming wreck and the British were fleeing to the fields and jungles as fugitives. So "The Sepoy Mutiny" had begun. The rebellion swept across India from May 1857 to July 1858 -- a period in which terrible atrocities were committed by both sides; men, women and children, both British and Indian, were massacred. About half a million people were dead -- about 3,000 Britishers and the rest

Indians. By the end of the year the Company's authority was restored, but the relations between the British and the Indians were never the same.

Delhi passed into the hands of the rebels in a few hours. In his palace, Bahadur Shah was proclaimed Emperor of India against his will. A fresh crop of military risings and civil disorder swept over North India. The mutineers received popular support in areas of Uttar Pradesh and Bihar. Fortunately for the British, the mutiny later spread slowly. By the end of June 1857 Kanpur was taken by the mutineers. In *The Devil's Wind* Malgonkar turns his spotlight on the Kanpur revolt, which was led by Nana Saheb. In Bundelkand the mutineers were led by the Rani (Queen) of Jhansi. Delhi was recaptured by the British in September, but the rebels controlled the entire Ganges Valley.

October marked the high point of the mutineers' success. From that point on the British recaptured the rebel-held area bit by bit. In December at the Second Battle of Kanpur, the armies of the Rao Saheb and Tantya Topi were defeated by Sir Colin Campbell. Lucknow was recaptured in March and Jhansi fell in April. The rebellion was substantially over by May 1858. All individual revolts were suppressed and the British won out because the mutiny was not a concerted movement against the British.

Malgonkar's Nana Saheb is not a monster of evil as the British historians had often portrayed him to be, but a mixed-up, recognizable human being with all the human frailities all of us possess. Malgonkar does not hold him guilty of the two infamous massacres of Kanpur at Satichaura and Bibighar. In the interview, Malgonkar said that he found no evidence whatever to make Nana guilty of these crimes. This is not to say that he whitewashed history -- he condemns these crimes as "monuments to Indian brutality." Recent Indian historians such as R. C. Majumdar and S. N. Sen too do not put the blame for these crimes on Nana Saheb. Malgonkar in this context is a positive contributor to history; he has set the record straight on these savage massacres. Nana speaks of these massacres looking at a plaque:

> I was not responsible for this slaughter and had never condoned it. . . .
>
> . . . A slow anger built up as I stared at my own name on the cold marble. In its sly, indirect way, it pointed an accusing finger. Even assuming that those who had murdered the women and children were my followers, was that enough reason to link my name with their crime?
>
> And the British knew that they were not my followers. If they had been, they would have obeyed my orders that women and children were not to be harmed. That I had given such orders was, I believe, established beyond doubt in the inquiry they had instituted after their return to Kanpur.
>
> It was a mean, spiteful thing to have put my name on this plaque, implying that I was somehow at the back of it all. On the same principle, should not Queen Victoria's name be

> inscribed on a thousand monuments in India to suggest that she instigated the atrocities perpetrated by her subjects? . . .
>
> . . . It hurts because it is not true. Despite the most exhaustive inquiries, no one has been able to establish that I was anywhere near the Bibighar or even that anyone had seen me in Kanpur when the slaughter occured, as hundreds had seen Hodson shooting the heirs of the Mogul emperor or as thousands had witnessed the public hangings of the remaining princes by Metcalfe and Boyd. (pp. 286-287)

Malgonkar, the historian, is preeminently a narrative rather than an analytical historian. He has not, as many other professional historians, "repudiated the ancient allegiance of their craft to the narrative mode." Among professional historians today narrative has increasingly come to be regarded as superficial, an inadequate means of making the past intelligible. It has given way before the analytical urge. Not so with Malgonkar. In his historical novels he has successfully combined narrative and analysis in a manner in which analysis does not interrupt or violate the texture of narrative, nor narrative overwhelm or drive out analysis. The marvelous and sufficient thing about history for him was that it really happened. Narrative in itself is the lifeblood of history. The important thing was the story, the long narrative line and the wonder of how and what and when and who. The why, the analysis that seeks to explain, he assumes, would come out in the telling of that story. He has, of course, placed lumps of analysis in the story to help the reader understand why, but these analytical digressions do not obstruct the flow of narrative.

He has also placed a page of quotations at the beginning, a list of the principal characters at the end, and has inserted two footnotes in pages 244 and 292, which also do not interrupt the flow of narrative. In *The Devil's Wind* Malgonkar not only describes what happened but also analyzes and explains why and how. He gives us a sense of what the past felt like, what it looked like, and what emotions drove people to decisions and actions. Here was history as "heritage," hallowed with nostalgia, sustaining national pride.

The Devil's Wind as Art

The Devil's Wind is a first-rate novel, one of the best that Malgonkar has written. He has got hold of a substantial theme central to the national experience -- the most written about even in Indian history -- and adapted it to his imaginative purposes without political or national bluster. Malgonkar had lived for a time in the former Maratha princely state of Indore where he first heard from his grandfather, the state's prime minister, of Nana Saheb, the rightful heir to the leadership of Maratha confederacy of North India. In the interview Malgonkar said that it was William Styron's best-seller, *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, that suggested to him not only the subject for a historical novel, but also its first-person point of view. The story is told entirely in the first person by Nana Saheb himself; the terrible events of 1857-58 are seen through his eyes. We are, in effect, being asked to spend a short lifetime in the head of this nineteenth-century prince. The author has been careful to equip his hero with a complete 1857 sensibility and to expunge the twentieth century. He maintains throughout his narrative a consistent and highly imaginative realism not only on the objective plane (the politics of the dispossessed princes and landlords in 1857, the cartridges greased with pig and beef fat upsetting to Moslem and Hindu sepoys, the cruel massacres of Satichaura, Bibighar, Kanpur, Benares and Allahabad), the Indian rebels and their British masters. Malgonkar is here scrupulously true, true to his period, true to the nature of human beings.

Although little is actually known about the historical Nana, his background and early life, Malgonkar thinks of this paucity of material as an advantage to him as a novelist. He mostly invented Nana's feelings, thoughts and experiences. No doubt Malgonkar has benefited from the perspective that historical distance of a 115 years provides and the resulting ability to see the whole event clear and whole. Nana comes richly alive both marvelously "observed" and "loved," created from a sense of withinness, from the "inner" vantage point.

Nana's thoughts and memories as he sits in Constantinople sixteen years after the event comprise a kind of interior monologue:

> Once you have seen men struck down by modern weapons of war and reduced to mounds of torn, blackening flesh, horses disembowelled and fleeing in violent protest, such sights are branded with fire upon your brain. Your vision is crowded by the dead or dying: fingers clawing the stone-hard earth in a shudder of death, as though to drown pain by greater pain; the mouths of men and animals forced open by unbearable agony and the blood flowing in spasmodic gouts from holes in contorting bodies. . . .
>
> Added to these was the torment of a defeat inflicted by an enemy inferior in numbers. . . .
>
> . . . I thought my head would burst. In the loneliness of my room I wanted to scream at the walls and to tear down the curtains and bedclothes with my hands. Was I going mad? Shame, remorse, self-reproach were like demons taunting; I could not escape them. Against my tightly shut lids, I saw circles of hot light which grew and grew as from a stone cast in water. If only I could, with some miracle of prayer, undo what had been done that day -- the anniversary of Plassey.
>
> *Satyam-eva-jayate*, I told myself. Truth alone triumphs. We could not lose. But would even an ultimate victory -- the headlong flight of the British -- mitigate the torment of my mind? . . . (pp. 176-177)

The Devil's Wind can be summarized briefly. The scene is Bithoor, a small village twelve miles from Kanpur in central India to which the British had banished Baji Rao II, the Peshwa (the head of the Maratha Confederacy) after his defeat at Poona in 1818. Nana, his adopted heir, grew up in Bithoor with no responsibilities, but only limitless leisure to enjoy life and the money to buy anything he wanted. His father, whose two obsessions were sex and religion, was receiving from the British a pension of a hundred thousand pounds. The first part of the novel recaptures the splendor and the pagentry of India before 1857. Nana writes vividly of his father's sexual excesses, the beautiful women of the palace and of his own fabulous parties and dinners given to the British. We are also told of the changing condition of India, of the discontent and unrest among large sections of the Indian population produced by the British rule. The British refusal to continue the pension to Nana after his father's death made him conspire with other discontented rulers in a vengeful revolt planned for 23 June 1857 -- the centenary of the Company's tyrannical rule and the day all Indians believed "The Devil's Wind would rise and unshackle Mother India." At the end of the first part of the novel Nana has reached the right age for a revolutionary; he is thirty-three years old and dispossessed. And the year is 1857. The whole of North India was ablaze.

The second part deals not only with the courage and endurance of the Indians and the British, but also with their demonical fury of hate. Mass murder was answered with massacres, hate with hate, and barbarism with barbarism. Indian and British history show nothing remotely like this. Satichaura and Bibighar where nearly 750 Britishers -- men, women and children -- were massacred and monuments of Indian brutality; Allahabad, Benares and Kanpur where Neill and Renaud speared hundreds of Indians like hogs are monuments to British brutality. The atrocities were not confined to one side.

The final third part, called "Gone Away," tells of the British supression of the revolt and Nana's escape first to Nepal where he spends fourteen years, and then to Mecca and Constantinople where he spends the rest of his life writing his memoirs. For the British he became the "Villain of the Century," replacing Napoleon Bonaparte as the hate object. Nana was never captured by the British even through they had offered 100,000 rupees for his head.

One of the remarkable things about this novel is its accurate and convincing portrayal of mid-nineteenth-century British India. Malgonkar has an historian's eye for facts, statistics, trivia, or minutia. He makes the dead bones of the period live by making them move. He mentioned in the interview that even the weather on a particular day in 1857 -- rainy or cloudy -- he had checked out before writing about the day in *The Devil's Wind*. He makes every effort to reconstruct the feeling, the emotional and moral atmosphere of an earlier period with the deliberate patience and care of an archaelogist. This is how Lucknow appeared to Nana:

> Lucknow to me was a revelation. It was like looking at a women raped. Admittedly, what had happened to Lucknow had happened to other places, to Allahabad and Delhi and to my ancestral Poona. But I had not seen those cities and, in any case, there it had happened long ago and the scars had been covered over with new tissue. Here I was witnessing the process of a British takeover in the raw, the deliberate and methodical tearing down of what had taken centuries to grow, and replacing it with something that had been concocted by

> alien minds to conform to some mercantile dream and dicated by utility. Everything that was familiar, the good and the bad, the cherished, despised, sheltered, nursed, honoured, and venerated, was dug out and left to die; old arts, crafts, old customs, an entire social structure had been hacked down. The crudest of unlettered British tradesmen were elevated above the grandees and intellectuals of Lucknow. It was not the spectacle of one rule being replaced by another so much as the uprooting of a civilization. (p. 108)

Malgonkar's searching use of the first-person point of view and the resultant architecture of the novel merit special consideration. As we noted before, Malgonkar stated in the interview that it was William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner* that suggested to him both the point of view and the method of shaping the memoirs into a retrospective narrative. The general structure of the novel is intimately bound up with the first-person point of view. Like Abhay in *The Princes*, Nana is the central figure in *The Devil's Wind*; not only has he played a role in the past events. He is seen both as an actor and as a narrator. He writes about himself when younger. Nana the older narrator and Nana the younger "I" about whom he writes both evolve before our eyes during the course of the novel. We see him first as a naive and spoiled prince and later as a mature and politically conscious rebel who refuses to surrender to the British. It is through Nana's eyes that we see the Rebellion of 1857, through his developing consciousness that we are made to feel the impact of those tremendous events. Malgonkar has varied his point of view sufficiently to give us not only the psychological closeness to the subjective world of Nana, but also a psychological distance to prevent us from being fully immersed in the life of Nana. This juxtaposition of the two points of view creates tension between the two poles of adulthood and youth. We get the impression of a growing, complex and fluid personality as it is defined in the interpenetration of its past and present self-awareness:

> I walked round the empty space enclosed by spiked railings where once the Bibighar had stood. Now the tablet pronounced it to have been the House of Massacre. Whether you were British or Indian, this was a shrine that could not fail to make you burn with hatred for the other race. To the British, this was a place where the women and children held prisoners in Kanpur had been done to death only a few hours before they retook the city. . . .
>
> . . . To Indians, the House of Massacre will always remain a shrine to offer prayers of anger and swear oaths of vengence, for it was a memorial as much to British atrocities as to our own. In our minds, Bibighar can never be separated from its causes or its consequences; to us, Bibighar, Fattepur, Dayaganj are interrelated, and the massacre of July 15 is only a part of its gruesome backlash. The monument to this crime is a denunciation not only of the butchers who hacked the British women and children to pieces but also of Neill and his subordinates who avenged the crime with matching ferocity.

The master stroke in the design of the novel is the self-characterization of Nana But *The Devil's Wind* is excellent in the portrayal of other characters also -- the Wheelers, the Hillersdons, Tantya Topi and others. As a novelist Malgonkar is deeply interested in characters. Characters living in a period of momentous change presented the greatest challenge to his powers as a novelist. He was, of course, free to conjecture about private passions and motivations of both British and Indian characters. But he was careful to see that imaginative speculation was hedged about by close historical scholarship He recreated Nana Saheb, General Wheeler, Tantya Topi, Todd, the Hillersdons and others with the aid of historical imagination, vivid, and yet controlled by study and research. Under his pen the black-and-white picture of some British historians dissolves; saints and sinners regain some measure of humanity. This is especially true of Nana Saheb, who was often portrayed as a monster of evil by British writers. In *The Devil's Wind* he is simply a pampered prince. He is presented neither as a villainous monster nor as the forerunner of Gandhi and Nehru, who brought freedom to India less than a century later. In Malgonkar's view, then, the Rebellion of 1857 was more than "The Sepoy Mutiny," but less than "The First War of Indian Independence."

This novel is the most profound fictional treatment of the Rebellion of 1857 from an Indian point of view (*The Nightrunners of Bengal* by John Masters presents the British view.) The rebellion and its massacre -- it is all here, put down word for word, pain for pain, agony for agony, with the precision of a surgeon, the exactitude of a mathematician, and with the deep understanding of human behavior of a skilled and experienced novelist with other achievements to attest his qualifications. The novel could also be viewed as an historical monograph (one involuntarily looks for the footnotes.) "This is the way it probably was," one says to himself, "this is the way the great rebellion appeared to one of its leaders; this is the way it appeared to the anvil, not to the hammer."

APPENDIX

1857-58 India

An Approximate Chronology of the Sepoy Mutiny or the First War of Indian Independence

(N.B. Page numbers in parentheses refer to *The Devil's Wind)*

January 1857	Rumor of "greased cartridges" starts in Dum Dum (*D.W.* 97).
March 1857	Nana thirty-three years old (*D.W.* 105).
10 May 1857	Mutiny and massacre at Meerut (*D.W.* 114).
14 May 1857	News of Meerut reaches Kanpur (*D.W.* 112).
May 1857	Meerut mutiny followed by outbreaks in Delhi, Ferozepore, Bombay, Bareilley and other places.
22 May 1857	Nana trusted by the British to take care of the treasury (*D.W.* 199, 125-127); disarming of sepoys in Lahore, Agra, Lucknow and Marden.
June 1857	Mutinies at Allahabad, Lucknow, Benares. Throughout June the revolt spreads through the Ganges plain. The British population in the entrenchment of Kanpur (*D.W.* 125-127).
4 June 1857	Mutiny at Kanpur and siege of European survivors (*D.W.* 147).
5 June 1857	Nana joins the mutinous forces who return from Kalyanpur.
6 June 1857	Nana assumes leadership of troops (*D.W.* 148).
23 June 1857	Day of centenary of the Battle of Plassey when Lord Clive's victory had begun British rule (*D.W.* 60, 169-174).
26 June 1857	Nana's letter addressed "to the Subjects of her most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria."
27 June 1857	Surrender of Europeans. Satichaura Ghat massacre of Europeans (*D.W.* 184-189, 288).
30 June 1857	Ceremony to install Nana as Peshwa (*D.W.* 194); news of Kanpur reachs Havelock at Allahabad.
12 July 1857	The first battle at Kanpur (*D.W.* 202).

16 July 1857	Bibighar massacre of Europeans (*D.W.* 206-207, 286).
17 July 1857	Havelock enters Kanpur at the head of a victorious army advancing from Allahabad and defeats Nana (*D.W.* 205).
18 July 1857	Nana evacuates Bithoor under cover of night.
20 July 1857	Neill arrives at Kanpur and is left in charge of Kanpur with an avenging British force. Mutinies at Indore, Agra, Mhow and other places.
August 1857	Mutinies at Kolhapur, Jubbulpore and other places.
September 1857	Delhi assaulted and recaptured by the British (September 14-20) (*D.W.* 232). Lucknow relieved by Havelock and Outram (25 September).
October 1857	Mutiny at Bhogalpur.
17 November 1857	Lucknow relieved by Campbell.
6 December 1857	Decisive battle of Kanpur; armies of the Rao Sahib and Tantya Topi routed by Campbell (*D.W.* 235).
January 1858	Campbell's campaign to recapture Lucknow.
March 1858	Lucknow recaptured.
3 April 1858	Jhansi stormed.
6 April 1858	Final capture of Jhansi.
27 May 1858	Tantya Topi and Rani of Jhansi at gates of Gwalior (*D.W.* 250).
3 June 1858	Rani of Jhansi and Tanty Topi proclaim the rebirth of Maratha Confederacy (*D.W.* 250).
6 June 1858	Tantya Topi and Rani of Jhansi seize Gwalior by surprise.
1 November 1858	Queen's Proclamation (*D.W.* 253).
January 1859	Nana excapes to Nepal (*D.W.* 254).
18 April 1859	Tantya Topi executed (*D.W.* 268).

Shakti Chattopadhyay

THREE POEMS

NOT AN OCCASION OF PARTICULAR DELIGHT, NOT REALLY A TIME OF ABOUNDING JOY

Translated from the Bengali
by Aditi Nath Sarkar

Quaking from head to foot, wall impinging on wall, cornice
on cornice, the changing of sidewalks at midnight.
At the time to return home, home within home, leg within
leg, chest within chest
And nothing more -- (or much more besides?) -- and even
before that
Quaking from head to foot, wall impinging upon wall, cornice
on cornice, the changing of sidewalks at midnight
Time to return home, home within home, leg within leg,
chest within chest
And nothing more.

"Hands up!" -- put up your hands -- till someone comes
around to pick you up
Inside the black wagon again a black wagon, inside that again
a black wagon
Captive files of door, window, graveyard -- tumbled skeleton
Within the skeleton, white termite; within the termite, life;
within life, death -- ergo
Death within death
And nothing more!
"Hands up!" -- put up your hands -- till someone comes around
to pick you up
Picks you up and throws you out of this wagon, but into another
Where someone always waits -- like a banyan sapling, plaster
clenched in fist
Someone or the other, whom you do not know
Waits like the hard bud behind the leaf
Golden spider-noose in hand -- a garland
For you -- your wedding at midnight, at the changing of
sidewalks -- quaking from head to foot
Wall impinging on wall, cornice on cornice.

Suppose, the train station racing away leaves the train behind,
next to the spent light bulb the brilliance of stars
Suppose, the shoe walks, the foot is still -- sky and abyss
topsy-turvy
Suppose, the dead man's litter sped on the shoulder of infants
to the burning-field on the river, the distant shore
The prostrate connubial jig of the ancients --

It is not an occasion of particular delight, it is not really
a time of abounding joy
Only then
It quakes from head to foot, wall impinging on wall, cornice
on cornice, the changing of sidewalks at midnight
Time to return home, home within home, leg within leg,
chest within chest
And nothing more.

THE DONKEY AND THE MOON

Once I had only to lift my eyes
To see Donkey and Moon go walking
Silently through the woods
Neither even
Turning to see the other.
And this, this going together, you
All call Love. As for me,
I see no meaningfulness in such
Relationships. I have so often
Walked with so many, just that
way,
On parallel courses, like that Donkey
And the Moon. Silent,
Without words.
None of them ever touched
Me.

Even now I shut my eyes
And see, across the flat sky
A plodding donkey,
And the moon inside the forest . . .
In short, for me the news
Of their switching places
Is alone meaningful.

IN THE FOREST OF LATE AUTUMN

In the forest of late autumn I have seen many postmen
wandering
Their yellow bags grown full like sheeps' bellies
swollen with grass
What timeless old new letters have they picked up, these
postmen of the woods
I have watched how ceaselessly they go picking like herons
secretly at fish
Such impossible mysterious alert hurry is theirs
They are not like our own postmen
From whose fingers our endless indulgent love letters
keep getting away

We are steadily moving far away from each other
In our greed for receiving letters, constantly moving farther
away
We are moving far away from you and tossing letters full of
love into postmen's hands
And thus we are moving far away from the kind of people
that we are
And in this way we are trying to express all our own errant
weakness and intention
We do not see ourselves when we stand before the mirror any
more
We keep drifting in the unpeopled emptiness of balconies
in the afternoon
In this way really we strip our own backs and drift away
in the moonlight
It is many days that we do not embrace each other
It is many days that we do not enjoy the kisses of people
It is many days that we do not hear people singing
It is many days that we have not seen babbling children
We are drifting into a land of such unnatural
coincidences

In the forest of late autumn I have seen many wandering postmen
Their yellow bags full like the full bellies of sheep
swollen with grass
What timeless old new letters have they picked up
Those postmen in the forest of late autumn
The distance of one letter from another letter increase
steadily
I have not seen the distance of one tree from another
increase

Suzanne Henig

THE BLOOMSBURY GROUP AND NON-WESTERN LITERATURE

An English literary group reacts to Oriental literature

In the nineteenth century a great interest in Japanese art, oriental botany and ceramics was developed by the English. In fact, many botanists were leaving Albion's shores for Nepal, Sikkim and the foothills of the Himalayas seeking exotic plants and flowers. The azaleas and rhododendrons much prized by the English in their gardens today returned with these early amateur botanists via the standard trade routes of the century. Expeditions were constantly being arranged. Unfortunately, this great English interest in the art, plant life, china and pottery of the Orient did not extend to the literature.

The situation today is an entirely different matter as non-Western literature is in a fairly healthy condition in all English-speaking countries. Some of the finest publishing houses in England and America are printing English translations not only of Asian classical works, but of contemporary non-Western writers as well; UNESCO also has been active in such publication and distribution. Earlier in the century, however, this was not the case at all. Whether because a certain nationalism existed in the English-speaking countries that regarded the languages of all colonial nations or former colonial powers as less marvelous than English, or because of an incipient jingoist insularity, English-speaking peoples were not ready to admit the merits of any literatures other than their own and other European literatures which might be as good or might even be greater in some instances. It was of their own oriental interests in such literature during the early decades of this century, that a wider interest in non-Western literature began to emerge.

The Bloomsbury group was a loosely allied band of friends with Cambridge origins who lived in the squares and streets of Holborn known as Bloomsbury.[1] On Thursday nights they met in each other's homes; and after 1907, in the apartment of Adrian Stephen and his sister Virginia, who later married Leonard Woolf. Members included Clive and Vanessa Bell (Virginia's sister and brother-in-law), Leonard Woolf, Virginia and her brother Adrian, Duncan Grant, Maynard Keynes, Lytton Strachey and Desmond MacCarthy. All were destined to become famous with the ensuing years. In fact, it can be said that the most important intellects in England between the two world wars either were members of the Bloomsbury group or had close friendships and associations with members. Bloomsbury membership grew out of the Apostles' Society, a secret and old group of Cambridge students and dons who originally met for the purpose of intellectual discussion in each other's rooms at Cambridge. Lord Tennyson and Sir Leslie Stephen, Virginia Woolf's father, were early members. The Apostles can be said to be the direct ancestor of the later Bloomsbury group.[2]

Other friends of the group who floated in and out of meetings were E. M. Forster, G. E. Moore, and Saxon Sydney-Turner. Occasionally included were T. S. Eliot, Arthur Waley, Lord Bertrand Russell, Lady Ottoline Morrel, Roger Fry and in later years David Garnett, Charles Mauron and Victoria Sackville-West. John Lehmann, who was early associated with the descendants of Old Bloomsbury through his friendship with Julian Bell (son of Clive and Vanessa Bell and nephew of Virginia Woolf), later became more closely allied with Bloomsbury through his affiliation with the Woolfs at their Hogarth Press after 1931.

Perhaps it was *Letters from John Chinaman* (1901) by Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, the kindly and gentle Cambridge don, that first aroused Bloomsbury interest actively in the Orient. In Dickinson's "An Essay on the Civilization of India, China and Japan," from this book, there is the observation that:

> The West has invented, if not science, the applied sciences and in so doing made the externals of life, for the well-to-do at any rate and perhaps also, when all is said, for the poor, immensely more comfortable than they have ever been before. It has made it possible for a much greater number of people to live in a given area; but at the same time it has almost destroyed the beauty of life and the faculty of disinterested contemplation. (p. 70)

This may be said to represent accurately the attitude of E. M. Forster as well (*England's Pleasant Land*). There were other connections, nonetheless, some more easily traceable, which might have acted as catalyst for such interest. Virginia Woolf's ancestors had been associated with the Colonial Office in India. Her husband, Leonard, was for several years with the Civil Service in Ceylon. Lytton Strachey's parents were long involved in Anglo-Indian affairs also, with Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Strachey, his father, having served first with the East India Company, then as secretary to Sir Henry Yule in India during the 1857 Rebellion for thirty years before Lytton's birth. It was to Sir Richard that India "owed the intiation of her policy of the systematic extension of railways and canals which increased, to an incalcuable extent, the wealth of the country . . . ."[3] He was an amateur botanist as well and before 1874 had published with a collaborator named Winterbottom a *Catalogue of the Plants of Kumaon and of Adjacent Portions of Garhwal and Tibet*. For this work he was elected to the Royal Asiatic Society. Lytton himself had spent a memorable visit in Egypt and had written an early essay on the Chinese diplomat Li-Hung Chang. One of his aunts, in fact, was Indian. Arthur Waley was immersed in the translation and publication of non-Western literature. Much later, Clive and Vanessa Bell's son Julian tried with difficulty to go to the Orient; no jobs were offered him. He applied unsuccessfully for positions in Siam, Japan and China until on 16 July 1935 he became Professor of English at the National University of Wuhan. He delighted in the differences of China and in the similarities of the topography to places like he knew well in France and

England. In fact, he described his new friends among the English and Chinese at Wuhan in a letter to John Lehmann as "very much a Chinese Bloomsbury." The courses he taught in literature at Wuhan University consisted solely of the writers of Bloomsbury whom he knew personally and to whom he was related. Julian Bell left China at the end of January 1937. Objects sent by him could be seen in the homes of Bloomsbury as daily reminders of other cultures. Virginia Woolf herself early reviewed non-Western work (unappreciatively, it should be added) when she wrote critical evaluations for the London *Times Literary Supplement*.[4] E. M. Forster, long interested in India and Alexandria, set his most important novel, *A Passage to India*, in the subcontinent. It is a truism that the deep interest of Bloomsbury in non-Western literature and affairs resulted in the popularization in this century of oriental literature.

The actual contribution of Bloomsbury to non-Western literature was fourfold in origin: 1. translation of non-Western works; 2. elements of non-Western literature found in their own work; 3. publication and support of unknown non-Western writers; and 4. the impact of Bloomsbury's oriental interest on young writers. These four vital activities are in part responsible for the resurgent interest of the English-speaking world today in Asian literature.

Translation of Non-Western Works

Dr. Arthur Waley (1899-1966) has been the supreme translator of Chinese and Japanese works into English. Waley, it must be remembered, was an alumnus of Cambridge and always on the fringes of Bloomsbury. His first published translation, thirty-seven poems of pre-T'ang poetry, was published in 1917.[5] None of these poems had ever been translated into English before. This was followed in the same year by Waley's publication of thirty-eight poems by Po-Chu-i.[6] Only three of these poems had been previously translated. He added in a "note on the metre of the Translations" that "I have . . . tried to produce regular rhythmic effects similar to those of the original. Each character in the Chinese is represented by a stress in the English. . . ." This marked the first time so scrupulous a metric translation had ever been observed in translating Chinese. By the end of his first year of translation, Waley had published more than twenty-five additional poems in two additional popular magazines (*The New Statesman* and *The Little Review*) and his real life's work had been launched.

Waley's contribution was, of course, the most important and pivotal. Without it all the good will in the world on the part of Bloomsbury would not have achieved any measure of success. Therefore, this achievement is all the more extraordinary when one considers that the greatest translator of Chinese literature, the most erudite and chief Orientalist of our century, had never been to the Far East and had no formal training in oriental languages. He was the translator nonetheless of the six-volume *Tale of Genji*, the world's first psychological novel of the Heian period (tenth century) by Lady Murasaki Shikibu, the *Analects of Confucius*, *Monkey*, a number of *Nō* plays from Japan (which were important in the work of Yeats and Pound) and a plethora of full-length books and hundreds of articles and reviews in all. During this time he earned his living as Assistant Keeper of Prints and Drawings for eighteen years in the British Museum.

Often the skill of the translator is not equal to the work he is translating. This was not the case here. In Arthur Waley, a sensitive poetic genius and aptitude for scholarly precision was wedded to an extraordinary comprehension and sympathy for oriental culture that manifested itself in his masterful translations; many native speakers of the languages he worked in suggest they are superb recreations rather than precise word-for-word renderings. Waley was interested in every aspect of oriental existence. In 1929 he wrote a monograph for a British group attending the Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations at Kyoto. He called it "The Originality of Japanese Civilization" and it dealt with the early poetry, *Nō* plays, fiction, *Uki yo* art, and literature.[7] Several years later he prepared a 328-page "Catalogue of Paintings Recovered from Tun-Huang by Sir Aurel Stein, K.C.I.E. . . ."[8] There was no aspect relating to the Orient upon which Waley was not consulted, and his works today remain the most significant link between the oriental and occidental. Curiously, in a more personal way, Waley was responsible for changing substantially the views of Virginia Woolf toward oriental literature. In an article published some years ago in *Literature East-West*,[9] I showed how Virginia Woolf was not at first sympathetic in any way to the literary expressions of non-Western culture. This attitude was totally reversed, however, after the publication of Waley's translation of *Tale of Genji*, which she reviewed.[10] At last she was made to realize how the differences between Japanese and Anglo cultures did not make the Anglo superior. In fact, she came to the contrary conclusion. I quote from my article:

> . . . [Virginia Woolf's review] of Arthur Waley's translation of *Tale of Genji* marks the change in her former attitude. It is significant that the transition occurs as a result of the voice of a woman of sensitivity of the tenth century speaking to a woman of similar sensitivities in the twentieth which bridges the cultural and epochal lacunae. Virginia Woolf paints vividly the unsophisticated Anglo-Saxon culture which produced religious homilies and perpetual fighting. At the same time in history, she shows how the more sophisticated Eastern culture of the Japanese nobility was mindful of the beauty of nature and wrote poetry about flowers. It is a love of nature and this type of sophistication which Virginia Woolf could intimately understand, particularly so when the problem of being an intelligent and sensitive woman in the tenth century Japan is little different from being a twentieth-century counterpart. At last she is able to say, "All comparisons between Murasaki and the great Western writers serve but to bring out her perfection and their force."[11]

This change in attitude in one of the major writers of twentieth-century English letters was to be reflected in the years to come in her own work which will be discussed later in this paper. There is no doubt that English literature has been immeasurably enriched by the work of Arthur Waley. In fact, all European literature was enriched also since it is a well known fact that French and German translations of oriental works are rendered from English rather than from the originals. Waley's signal contribution remains the central and most important of any member of the Bloomsbury group of their friends.

Elements of Non-Western Literature in the Work of the Bloomsburg Group

More than any other member or friend of the Bloomsbury group, the work of E. M. Forster (1879-1969) represents a life-long and consuming passion for non-Western literature, in particular Indian, and that aspect of Egyptian literature relating to Greek and Coptic culture. Forster matriculated at King's College, Cambridge, where he studied under and gained the friendship of both Glodsworthy Lowes Dickinson (whose biography he published years later) and Roger Fry (1897-1901). His first visit to India occurred between October 1911 and March 1912 and he was accompanied by Dickinson and R. C. Trevelyan. This sojourn included a visit to the Maharajah of Dewas Senior State, a man Forster was later to describe as a saint. The following year he began on his masterpiece, *A Passage to India*. (Obviously there is additional significance to the title, which was also the title of a poem by Whitman. In his poem, Whitman implores America to surpass material achievements and reach the realm of the spiritual "seas of God." Forster had a similar plea for England in mind.) Between 1915-1919 he served as a volunteer officer with the Red Cross in Egypt and recorded his impressions of Alexandria. These appeared later in his book *Alexandria: A History and a Guide* (1922) and in *Pharos and Pharillon* (1923). His second trip to India in 1921 inspired him to complete *A Passage to India*. At this time he became private secretary to the Maharajah of Dewas Senior State, whom he had visited earlier, and in 1924 his novel was published. Forster's understanding of Hinduism is superb. It is embodied in *A Passage to India* in his characterization of the passive Professor Godbole, who is immersed in an understanding of the cosmos; he is preoccupied by the visible or sensory rather than the actual. He is the persona groping toward enlightenment found in the belief about which Forster has written:

> The Hindu is concerned not with conduct, but with vision. To realize what God is seems more important than to do what God wants. He has a constant sense of the unseen -- of the powers around if he is a peasant, of the power behind if he is a philosopher, and he feels that this tangible world, with its chatter of right and wrong, subserves the intangible.[12]

Mrs. Moore, the Anglo counterpart to Professor Godbole in the novel, journeys to India and misinterprets the Marabar vision but, ironically, becomes a Hindu deity after her death, part of that mythology she could not comprehend in life. Although Forster himself was life-long agnostic and humanist, he persisted in attempting to bring an understanding of the Eastern forms of religion, Hinduism and Islam, to the West.[13]

In *Hill of Devi* (1953) he salutes Islam for its order and criticizes Hinduism for its chaos. But at the end of his life, he criticizes Islam for the very orderliness which earlier caused his admiration.[14] In this work Forster describes his earlier two visits to India, while sensitively delineating the crises precipitated by India and Anglo-India. He approaches with psychological insight the advocates of both modes of existence. Christianity, Hinduism and Islam are juxtaposed within the Indian landscape. Differences of belief are melted together and blurred with his pen. Only the individual uniqueness remains.

A good indication of Forster's consuming Indian sympathies in his warm dedication to *A Passage to India* and essays which mention the Indian educator Sir Syed Ross Masood, who "woke me up out of my suburban and academic life, showed me new horizons and a new civilization and helped me towards the understanding of a continent."

In 1945 Forster paid his third and last visit to India to attend the PEN conference at Jaipur. During his lifetime, he produced six books or pamphlets inspired by India and Egypt and 102 articles and reviews,[15] certainly a most substantial portion of his canon. It may be said in considering the impact of India and Egypt (Coptic and Greek) on Forster's life and work that it was the philosophy, vision of life and its harmony with nature, that predominantly attracted his interest rather than any scholarly curiosity about eastern history, anthropology or culture. If one is to understand Forster and his high place in modern English letters, it is necessary to be acquainted first with the literature, philosophy, and religions of India and Egypt. Western humanism was tempered in Forster with Eastern enlightenment. His very life of retreat in his maturity (precipitated actually by the loss of the lease on his home) into the intellectual milieu of Cambridge reflects more a commitment to Eastern philosophy and withdrawal from the life of action than any escapism from Western civilization itself.

Virginia Woolf, whose attitude toward oriental literature was completely reversed by Waley's translation of *Tale of Genji*, as was shown earlier, mirrors this reversal in her fanciful fictionalized portrait of Victoria Sackville-West (poet and novelist) in *Orlando: A Biography* (1928). She acknowledges her "debt" to Waley by mentioning him along with all her friends, relatives and obscure acquaintances in the amusing preface to the book. This is the first and only of her works, however, to utilize non-western elements, not only in its landscape symbols, garish and bizarre costumes of its protagonists, but even in the central concept which results in the sex transformation of its hero-heroine, Orlando. Could Virginia Woolf have been familiar with the Buddhist tradition of the goddess Kwannon, who performs a similar feat with every harvest?

Virginia's husband, Leonard, produced a first novel, *The Village in the Jungle* (1913), which preceded the publication of her own first novel, *The Voyage Out*, by two years. Leonard's work was an anti-imperialist thinly disguised semi-autobiographical novel which went through four editions in twelve years. Its great significance was its distinct tone of anti-colonialism at a time when the English temperament was still marching to the martial strains of Kipling. In the last decade of Leonard's life, when he returned to Ceylon on a final visit to the country he had known over forty years before, he was greeted with fetes and jubilation because of the visionary views of his novel.

Non-western interests were not confined to the literary works of Bloomsbury, however. Duncan Grant (with Vanessa Bell and Roger Fry, the practicing artists of Bloomsbury) was enlisted in drawing the title page for an English edition of Waley's translation of the longest Chinese fictional work, *Monkey* (1942). Seven impressions had been published by 1965. Roger Fry, the art critic of Bloomsbury, in his *Last Lectures* (p. 63), was concerned with an Egyptian portrait head of the Saiti period. He further compared in his esthetic theories the unity of literature, "successive unity" as he designated it, to Chinese paintings on long rolls of silk.

T. S. Eliot, the great literary dictator and taste-maker of this century who influenced intellectuals in a new appreciation of Donne and the meditative (metaphysical) poets, studied oriental philosophy and religion when he was an undergraduate at Harvard (1911-1914). The study of Patanjali's metaphysics was undertaken with a lecturer, James Woods, and the study of Sanskrit under Charles Lanman, one of the greatest authorities on the subject in modern times.[16]

This intellectual absorption was to find expression in *The Waste Land* (1922), which named an era and deciphered a world of doubt, failure, unrest and sterility to itself. The voice of thunder which expounds the three keys to grace presents the command of the *Bhagavad Gita* "Give. Sympathize. Control." *Shantih*, which completes the poem, means "peace" in Sanskrit, the peace that surpasses understanding and is the only hope, at this time, for the inhabitants of *The Waste Land*.

The impact of the Upanishads with their similar yet very different triad of admonitions, "Birth and copulation, and death," is found in "Sweeney Agonistes" (1925-1927). Curiously, after Eliot's religious conversion in 1927, his absorption with oriental philosophy is replaced by Christian theology. The earlier troubled, uncertain Eliot sought an answer in Hindu philosophy which he ultimately found in Anglo-Catholic tenets.[17]

Publications and Support of Unknown Non-Western Writers

E. M. Forster was pre-eminent in helping to publish and support non-Western writers. Raja Rao and Santha Rama Rau, who subsequently dramatized Forster's *A Passage to India*, both credit him with their early publications. Because he was unable to publish his novels, Mulk Raj Anand was contemplating suicide in 1935 when Forster wrote a preface to his work, *Untouchable*, which had been rejected by no less than seventeen publishers. Forster's preface resulted in its publication by the eighteenth publisher. Forster also wrote a preface to Huthi Singh's *Maura* (1951). Other Indian writers for whom he wrote prefaces were G. V. Desani's *Hali* (1950) for which T. S. Eliot also wrote one and Zeenuth Futehally's *Zohra* (1951). It is no wonder that one writer observed the Indian novel "grew up in the shade, literal as well as metaphysical, of Edward Morgan Forster."[18]

His commendation of R. K. Narayan, G. V. Desani and Narayan Menon helped make these writers better known internationally. In return, Indian writers were devoted to Forster and he was eventually to become the only Englishman ever to be honored with a *Festchrift* presented to him by Indian authors upon the occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday.

Increasingly, like Russell, Forster became more politically aware with advancing age. During World War II as president of the National Council of Civil Liberties, he joined the other intellectuals in demanding the release of Jaya Prakash Narayan, who was being tortured in a Lahore jail. In 1962 he supported India against Chinese aggression[19] and later condemned United States involvement in Vietnam publicly.

Multitudes of manuscripts sent by Indian hopefuls crossed Forster's desk each week and he reviewed, whenever possible, the published work of

Indian and other writers on India and Egypt as subject. He was devoted to the Greek poet Cavafy, who made his home in Alexandria. Because of Forster's early attentions to Cavafy's poetry, the latter's reputation and fame were quickly known in English literary circles.

Leonard and Virginia Woolf in their capacity of owner-publishers of Hogarth Press from 1917 until the forties had the greatest opportunity of all members of Bloomsbury to popularize non-Western literature, but regrettably did not do so. They published Forster's *Alexandri* and *Pharos and Pharillon* and William Plomer's *Sadō*, and *Paper Houses*, but published only one work by an Asian author during the twenty-one years Virginia and the thirty years Leonard ran the press. This was Ahmed Ali's *Twilight in Delhi* (1940) which was brought to them by John Lehmann as a result of Forster's recommendation. In 1953, after ownership of Hogarth Press had long since passed to Chatto & Windus (in 1946),[20] after Virginia's death, Leonard's retirement, and the departure of partner John Lehmann to commence his own publishing firm, John Lehmann Ltd., Hogarth published its second oriental author. This was the work of a Chinese woman friend of Julian Bell's, Su Hua.[21]

Although principally interested in American and European literature, John Lehmann had a much better record in the seven years in which he had his own firm in regard to the publication of oriental literature. He published *Glue and Lacquer: From Cautionary Tales* (1941) by Harold Action and Lee Yi-hseh. These tales were taken from a collection called *Hsing shih heng yein* published in 1627 by Feng Meng-lang. Lehmann also published Forster's discovery, Mulk Raj Anand, and some other oriental writers in *New Writing*, the most important book-magazine he founded for new and experimental writers to be published in Europe during this century.

The impact of Forster and Waley and their immersion in the great literatures of Asia were profound upon the younger English and American writers: William Empson, William Plomer, and Francis King at various times conformed to the established English tradition of younger writers accepting an academic post for a time at a Japanese university. Plomer produced a record of that journey with *Sadō*. Christopher Isherwood and Wystan Auden traveled to China, as Julian Bell had done a little before them. *Journey to a War* (1939) was the joint effort that was born of that journey. Isherwood, who admits to being greatly influenced by Forster, has become involved since his coming to America with Vedanta and Yoga. He has translated the *Bhagavad Gita* (with Swami Prabhavananda, the *Yogic Aphorisms* of Patanjali, and Shankara's *Crest Jewel of Discrimination*. He wrote, in addition, a biographical study of Rama Krishna and his disciples. In America, the Beat Poets became interested in Zen Buddhism, with Allen Ginsburg as the *guru* of the new poetic reaction journeying to India in order to find enlightenment and answers to the problems of the fifties. Pound, an early expatriate, had always evinced an interest in Sanskrit, Chinese, and Japanese literature, though recent research seems to indicate he is not the scholar of these tongues he was formerly thought to be. Yet the most profound impact has been on the translation not of classical oriental works, but on the translation of contemporary oriental literature. Today a novel written in Japan or India or Egypt by an established writer will easily have every expectation of being published in English and subsequently by other Western languages.[22] No longer must non-Western literature wait in the obscure corridors of history to become a classic before it is rendered into English and read by English-speaking people. Perhaps a new recognition of the growing internationalization of the world is transmuting the consciousness of the former Anglo-American community which has been responsible for this state of affairs. The entry of England into the Common Market and of the People's Republic of China into the United Nations point to the signposts being there already, or perhaps it was the appreciations of Forster, Eliot, Virginia Woolf and John Lehmann that are largely responsible for the acceptance of non-Western literature, without question, in the last decades of the twentieth century.

NOTES

1. Virginia and Adrian Stephen, the children of Sir Leslie, lived in Brunswick Square after Sir Leslie's death; Maynard Keynes, Duncan Grant and Gerald Shove took rooms in their house. Adrian married and moved to No. 41 Gordon Square; Maynard Keynes married and took over a lease of No. 46 Gordon Square; Clive Bell took a flat at the top of Adrian's house. Vanessa (Adrian and Virginia's sister) took a lease on No. 37 Gordon Square. Roger Fry lived in Bernard Street and E. M. Forster had a pied-a-terre in David Garnett's mother-in-law's house at No. 17 Brunswick Square.

2. For other lists of members and various alternate accounts with wide discrepancies, see Clive Bell, *Old Friends*, 1956; Johnstone, *The Bloomsbury Group*, 1954; David Garnett, *Flowers of the Forest*, 1955; Maynard Keynes, *Two Memoirs*, 1949; Quentin Bell, *Bloomsbury*, 1968; Leonard Woolf, *Beginning Again*, 1964; Irma Rantavaara, *Virginia Woolf and Bloomsbury*, 1953.

3. Michael Holroyd, *Lytton Strachey* (London: Heinemann, 1969), p. 15.

4. Virginia Woolf, "Review of *The History of the Indian Mutiny* by Forrest," *The Guardian* (London), 22 February 1905, p. 311; "Review of *The Inward Light* by H. Fielding Hael, *Times Literary Supplement* (London), 27 February 1908, p. 68; "Review of Chinese Stories trans. by George Soulie, "*Times Literary Supplement*, 1 May 1913, p. 184.

5. "Pre-T'ang Poetry," *Bulletin of the School of Oriental Studies*, I, Pt. 1 (1917), 34-52.

6. "Thirty-Eight Poems by Po-Chu-i," *Bulletin of the School of Oriental Studies*, I, Pt. 1 (1917), 53-78.

7. Oxford University Press (London: Humphrey Milford, 1929), 15 pp.

8. British Museum and Government of India, Oxford University Press, 1931.

9. "Virginia Woolf and Lady Murasaki," *Literature East-West (LEW)*, IX, 4 (1967), pp. 421-427.

10. *Vogue* (London), 21 April 1925.

11. "Virginia Woolf . . . ," *LEW*, p. 422.

12. "The Gods of India," *New Weekly*, I (30 May 1914), p. 338.

13. *Abinger Harvest* (1936, 1954) contains an entire section called "The East."

14. K. Natwar Singh, ed., *E. M. Forster: A Tribute* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1964), p. xii.

15. Cf. B. J. Kirkpatrick, *A Bibliography of E. M. Forster* (The Soho Bibliographies) 2nd ed. (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1968).

16. See Eliot, *After Strange Gods*, London, 1934.

17. If Bloomsbury and its friends popularized non-Western literature, the cross-fertilization was two-fold. Choi Jae-su (1908-1964) and Kim Ki-rim (b. 1909), two Korean poets, introduced T. S. Eliot's poetry and criticism to Korean literary circles in the early thirties. (V. Kim Jong Gil, "T. S. Eliot's Influence on Modern Korean Poetry," *LEW*, XIII, 3-4 [December 1969], 359ff). Later a younger poet Min Jae-skik (b. 1932) wrote his M. A. thesis on Eliot's *Four Quartets* and also wrote four long and important distinctly Eliotic poems.

18. Surjit Mukherjee, "The Indo-Anglo Novelist as Best Seller," *LEW* XIII, 1-2 (June 1969), pp. 83-93.

19. Letter by E. M. Forster, *et al.* in *The Spectator*, CCIX (30 November 1962), p. 856.

20. For a complete picture of Hogarth Press, please see my forthcoming book, *The Hogarth Press: A History*, to be published by Indiana University Press next year.

21. Su Hua, *Ancient Melodies* (London: Hogarth Press, 1953).

22. This statement may not be as true today as it was several years ago before the current economic recession. According to recent publishing sources in New York, serious literature has little chance of being published at all in English, whether of foreign or native origin. Publishers today will only undertake the printing of the certain *commercial* success. Hopefully, as the economic picture ameliorates, this condition will change as well.

Maki Kureishi

FIVE POEMS

GRACIOUS LADY

No one leaves her house unimpressed.
The food is excellent. The guests go home
surfeited, and think of her in soft, bright
clothes, flitting among goodbyes,
or settling briefly in a chair in her
decorated universe. Chandeliers,
like opulent earrings, light
the elegant geometry of her
furniture, and the Persian carpet where
flowers in a choral discipline
sing to the eye.

Like her room, she lives
in subtle tones, skillfully
juggling the obstinate to grace. The antique
silverware and modern art,
her well-chosen husband, the children in
polished shoes and stiff white socks, are artifacts
of her taste. She wears her household
as the bracelet at her wrist, which we all admire.

Year after year the seasons
blossom in her garden, well-kept,
like cocktail party guests. The successful husband
may retire, but servants keep
the silver shining and the food is perfect,
though year by year the party drags.

In dreams guests turn their backs on her, she finds
in corners an ambiguous dust;
each day is an awkward pause that follows
the wrong thing said. Her decor seems
to tarnish slowly. The good children marry;
and leave her the servants to shout at.

DEATH OF AN INFANT

Attended by the best doctors
he died easily as a kitten.
We put him in this wicker bier--
wasted like unripe fruit;

Pile flowers around, read chapters
from the Holy Book, give alms.
But not for him. To exorcise
the doubts that nag at us.

All our children are suddenly
not safe, and we grope among
prayers for a talisman against
the outrage of God's Will.

Let him go unprayed for
as the grasshopper's funeral
is a summer day. Find in his death
a windfall out of season,

a kite's plunge. Small things die every day
and the mind falters briefly.
Tomorrow his brothers will play games,
and where a twig snapped

axil leaves grow. Lay him in the warm,
unholy earth. And may he sleep
casually as a kitten
curled in his basket.

CRIPPLE

She is just eighteen. A pretty girl
if you look at her face.
Fair skin, a point in favor. Nice smile.
Talented too -- she sings.
She could have married well with these looks.

But the fine map of her face misleads.
Beyond it no one ventures.
Eyes turn back embarrassed by this wrong address.
Her body is a country
uprooted by earthquake. A landscape of stumps.

Who will volunteer joy to this ruined
bequest, or risk his neck
in a noose of those dwarf and twisted arms?
Waiting for visitors
she sits, tied to a chair by rag-doll legs.

She always smiles. Her face wears bright uniforms --
a government in exile
without courage to advertize despair.
Negotiating self-deceit
we speak cheerfully of recovery

as if she had a cold. Tied to its chair,
her smiling image waits
every day for what cannot happen.
Nagged by an odd discomfort
we resolve not to visit her again.

LOCUSTS

They fly low across the city
in a cloud
like an eye-patch over the sun.
Startled by the instant
dusk, crows settle into branches.
Stragglers dip and wheel
marking time. The shadow hesitates
then clenches overhead.

On the road boys armed with swatters
wait with the birds,
as the swarm avalanches
down over the roofs.
Translucent imps, savage and delicate
drift through the air,
blundering into hand, beak, eyes. Their wings
splinter the light.

The crows attack. Plunge headlong. Swoop
from the pole and trees;
switchback like skiers
into the drift; and flailing
with gusto, the boys compete; show off their strings
of corpses; uncertain
like the sniping birds, if appetite
can stomach so much death.

How fragile each insect is.
Yet the air
rattles scraped by countless jaws.
Light fires, bang cans, shout --
as if for help; till the great swarm rising,
spreadeagle like Satan
darkening the city, moves off; and the sun
may focus again.

AIR RAID

Outside my blacked-out windows morning
waits to be let in
with the newspaper and the cat.
The bombs fell close last night. The dead
children are laid out in
a photograph, blurred by the sunlight that spills
like honey over my hands.

I watch a mynah dive like a fighter plane
into bushes that sag
with unclassified berries
only birds and children can digest.
A lazy kite
plays the winds against each other. The average
day suddenly hurts.

Now if a motor backfires we jump, although the sky
is only flying kites.
A car accelerating
sounds like a siren. Impaled
on barbed-wire nerves we watch
our children play as those children played
before they were photographed.

And if morning opens with chrysanthemums
we know how it will end.
We must black out the sun and hide.
Let the guns, our spokesman, shatter the birds.
Let the winged nightmare explode
our childish stories of compassion,
sit blind and plug our ears.

Joan F. Adkins

KAMALA MARKANDAYA: INDO-ANGLIAN CONFLICT AS UNITY

Indian perspectives on
the British in three
English-language novels

Although India has many personalities and many approaches to life, the ancient civilization is a synthesis of two major elements, one Hindu and one Muslim. The Muslim spirit has been generally reluctant to yield to external forces, while the Hindu factor, with its flexible and absorptive propensities, has retained an unbroken cultural unity -- ruled by many, conquered by none. In the relatively short period of British rule (1757-1947), duration and impact are not synonymous. Upon the termination of British colonialism in India, the power was divided between two independent dominions, Hindustan and Pakistan; the long struggle for self-rule finally resolved, India thus emerged a nation divided against itself. British rule and the events leading to independence, together with the bitter fruit of partition, have produced manifold reflections and interpretations by writers involved with the current of history. In order to discern the perspective of Kamala Markandaya, Indo-Anglian novelist, and to grasp the complexity of problems which she treats, a few of these views warrant attention.

Sir Percival Griffiths, retired colonial civil servant, notes the major contributions of the British toward the unification and development of India. The establishment of a uniform system of law, the introduction of the English school system, and the institution of the press -- all served to develop group, class, and national consciousness. While common ideas and a common medium of expression -- the English language -- made possible and the dissemination of knowledge, the press encouraged freedom of expression which, in turn, developed high political aspirations among India. The absorptive process thus reveals a double-edged iron; for while Indian writers are prone to denounce British materialism, it was from the realm of ideas that the Indians borrowed most.[1] Further, the same British ideas which sparked Indian consciousness provided the nation with a means to free itself from alien rule.

W. H. Morris-Jones, British political scientist and constitutional advisor to the Viceroy of India in 1947, states, ". . .while intending to reject all of the West, they [the Indians] rejected only liberal values; their passionate nationalism was as Western as anything could be. One could add that even their discovery of India's past glories and spiritual and other greatness owed much to the research of Western scholars."[2] The complexity of post-independence India, according to Morris-Jones, may be attributed to its conglomerate Marxism, democratic liberalism, and Gandhism, none of which exists in isolation; and he concludes: "For every 'ism' there is a god that seems to have failed."[3] Nehru's philosophy is an example *par excellence* of

India's capacity to absorb and reject, as the author summarizes, "He was a marxist without the logic of marxism, a Fabian without the faith in administration, a Gandhian without the acceptance of anarchy for morality's sake."[4] The ramifications of foreign rule, however, are not confined to the realm of politics and philosophy.

An American cultural historian, Beatrice Pitney Lamb, views England's acquisition of an empire in India as one of the most profoundly disturbing cultural confrontations in the history of India. The conflict inherent in British colonialism may be defined graphically:

> An old engraving now hanging in the museum of Fort St. George in Madras depicts an early landing there of a group of British traders. The square riggers in which they have arrived are anchored far off the sandy beach, and the passengers have been transferred to rowboats, two of which are having trouble with the surf. An Indian woman, with a baby astride her hip, gravely watches the landing. A group of Indian fishermen sit on their own tiny boats made of hollowed logs (like the boats that Madras fisherman still use skillfully in that same surf.) From one rowboat, several Britishers in waistcoats, cutaway coats, and high black silk hats are wading to shore, unhappily lifting their trousers in the vain hope of keeping them dry. A lady in a long dress with ruffles, a feathered hat on her head and a parasol in her hand, is being carried over the waves by two coolies, naked except for their loincloths and the rich brown of their skins.[5]

According to Ms. Lamb, "Nothing could more vividly suggest how alien to the land were the newcombers -- two cultures meeting in the midst of salt spray!"[6] What began as a tireless dedication to carrying the "white man's burden gradually transformed to disapproval of "all things India."[7]

In his book entitled *Discovery of India*, written in 1943, Nehru defines the general humiliation evoked in railway carriages, waiting rooms, and other public places, by the inevitable sign of distinction: "For Europeans Only." He adds:

> The idea of a master race is inherent in imperialism. There was no subterfuge about it; it was proclaimed in unambiguous language by those in authority. More powerful than words was the practice that accompanied them, and generation after generation, and year after year, India as a nation and Indians as individuals were subjected to insult, humuliation, and contemptuous treatment. . . . The memory of it hurts, and what hurts still more is the fact that we submitted for so long to this degradation.[8]

Although today most Indians harbor little resentment against their former rulers, emotions associated with colonialism are compelling, ". . . the past pursues us," writes Nehru. "It is not easy to forget repeated affronts to the dignity of a proud race."[9]

From the point of view of Indo-Anglian writers, British "contributions" to Indian civilization were indeed costly, for the Indians suffered a great loss of material and spiritual resources. For this reason, the Indo-Anglian conflict emerges as a predominant theme in post-independence fiction. The British element appears in various forms: the British government official; the British industrialist and his workers; the British missionary; the British doctor; the British nobility; and the British-educated Indian, with his new ideas of nationalism, democracy, and socialism. Representative of this vein of writing is Kamala Markandaya, an Indian writing in English about Indian problems. Three of her novels illustrate the East-West conflict on three distinct social and economic levels of Indian life: *Nectar in a Sieve* (1954), the peasant class; *Some Inner Fury* (1956), the middle class, and *Possession* (1963), the upper class.[10] With the progression of class distinction in the three novels, the author's attitude varies accordingly.

In each of the novels, the narrator is an Indian woman. Rukmani, the wife and mother figure of *Nectar in a Sieve*, narrates in retrospect; however, her point of view is ultimately that of a compassionate observer of the external (British) forces which profoundly affect the lives of the villagers. She is acutely aware of the impending disintegration of this simply structured social system. Ms. Markandaya reveals a great degree of sympathy and admiration for the weak and oppressed Indian peasants, as well as the British physician who identifies with them. But the author strikes hard at the British industrialists who exploit the villagers and disrupt the traditional ways of life.

The perspective of the second novel, *Some Inner Fury*, is that of a young Hindu girl, Mira, who is directly involved in the changing cultural patterns. Although at the beginning of the novel Mira is only sixteen years old (hence a somewhat naive point of view), with the passing of time and her subsequent love for a British official, her attitudes mature. The dual vision makes this novel a carefully balanced portrayal of both the British and the Indians. *Some Inner Fury* reveals Ms. Markandaya's ability to manage both the ideals and the base realities of the Indo-Anglian cultural impact. The inevitable cleavage between individuals who are committed to opposing ways of life provides the major theme. The tone is one of calm understanding and deep regret, since the East-West opposition seems an insoluble human predicament.

Finally, the 1963 novel, *Possession* (the author's fourth), emerges as a cynical expression of the negative aspects of British imperialism. Anasuya, the narrator of this novel, is an acquaintance of both the major characters, one British and one Indian. Her movements from one country to the other serve ostensibly to bind the action together; but, unlike Rukmani and Mira, Anasuya's role as narrator seems contrived and mechanical. Thus, what Ms. Markandaya previously related as "felt" understanding now unfolds in the form of an intellectualized story; and if the story is intended to foster Indian folkways -- at the expense of the British --

Possession misses the mark. Although the narrative structure is based on the Pygmalion theme, the possessive urge of human beings in their relations to each other ultimately enlarges into an allegory of Britain's staunchly arrogant manipulation of India. This embittered interpretation of British rule falls dangerously close to propagandistic literature.

In sum, from 1954 to 1963, a pronounced change evolves in Ms. Markandaya's treatment of the Indo-Anglian conflict. Whether the passage of time, and a subsequent re-evaluation of the British influence on India, or the author's later residence in England provoked this change in attitude, can be only a matter of conjecture at this point. However, two controlling factors of Ms. Markandaya and her work are worth emphasizing: first, since the narrator in each of the novels surveyed is an Indian woman, the Western reader is obliged to view both the British and the Indians through Indian eyes; and, secondly, the author has elsewhere made her political position clear, stating that she is admittedly "'anti-colonialist, anti-imperialist.'"[11]

This position is adequately supported in Ms. Markandaya's first novel, *Nectar in a Sieve*; for the Indo-Anglian clash represents a fairly clear-cut division in values.[12] The story unfolds through the vision of the central figure Rukmani, a simple peasant woman. Her portrayal of life in a primitive Indian village includes the ravages of land, from which she and her husband, Nathan, must seek their livelihood; but, to the perpetual fight against hunger and poverty may be added the disasters resulting from external forces. Rukmani's daughter, Irawaddy, is forced to return to the home of her parents because she is unable to bear her husband a child. She becomes a prostitute for the purpose of saving her young brother's life. Ironically, the child dies from starvation, but Irawaddy, whose name means "River of Life," later gives birth to a child whose father is British. Gradually, Rukmani sadly watches her sons leave the land for positions which she distrusts -- and justifiably so.

In general, the British symbolize a dynamic force: the Western concept of progress, inevitable change, materialism, and individualism. The Indians, conversely, represent a cohesive and static social structure, based on centuries of communal agrarian existence; hence, any deviation from this pattern is interpreted by Rukmani as a manifestation of evil. Clearly, the basis of this static society resists any impulse toward change, particularly in the guise of Western "progress." A contributing factor to the East-West conflict is the characteristic Indian attitude of submission to the hardships of life as opposed to the British instinct toward rebellion. For example, after a season of drought and subsequent loss of all crops, Rukmani resignedly comments to Kenny, the British physician of the village, "'Times will be better.'" Her easy acceptance of impending starvation and virtually perpetual suffering elicits severe criticism from Kenny, whose rebellious attitude represents an essentially Western response:

> 'Times are better, times are better,' he shouts. 'Times will not be better for many months. Meanwhile you will suffer and die, you meek suffering fools. Why do you keep this ghastly silence? Why do you not demand -- cry out for help -- do something? There is nothing in this country, oh God, there is nothing!'

Rukmani possesses an infinite faith in the doctor, for she intuits his identification with the villagers, hence his intense desire to help them. Yet the two sharply defined and divided world views remain a thematic constant. She interprets Kenny's reaction to the prevailing conditions of village life as the violent words of a raving man. Rukmani's thoughts, by contrast, exemplify an attitude of stoic acceptance:

> . . . what if we gave in to our troubles at every step! We would be pitiable creatures indeed to be so weak, for is not a man's spirit given to him to rise above his misfortunes? As for our wants, they are many and unfilled. . . . Want is our companion from birth to death, familiar as the seasons or the earth, varying only in degree. What profit to bewail that which has always been and cannot change?

Nevertheless, from the author's point of view, change is inevitable; and the construction of a tannery, under British supervision, serves as the demarcation between tradition and change. Rukmani is cognizant of this tangible force of westerization which threatens to alter irrevocably the relatively peaceful and harmonious life of the Indian village. Before the impingement of the tannery upon the village, the people existed in the innocence of an open society; that is, there was a basic harmony within family and community; and, although existence was assuredly not ideal, there was a sense of relative comfort and happiness. However, as Ms. Markandaya portrays the advent of industrialization, the tannery becomes a symbol of evil -- the evil of materialism. The self-contained agriconomy is transformed to a competitive, monetary culture -- from tilling to bargaining -- with the concomitant effects of selfishness, deception, and greed. Moreover, the family, traditionally the spiritual representation of unity and preservation of life, ultimately disintegrates, as sons leave the toil of the land for easy money in the factory. Women, too, whether seeking the preservation of life or fulfilling the base motives of self-indulgence and greed, turn to the British overseers, as well as the ten Muslim families brought into the village for the tannery project, the Muslim wives are obliged to remain in seclusion. In effect, with the single exception of the British doctor, all white men remain aloof from the villagers, creating barriers of a material, spiritual, and emotional nature. Conclusively, little cells emerge, transforming the village into a closed society.

It is through the imagery of creative evolution that the effect of industrialization is most compelling. The initial fertility of the land is transmuted into an image of strangulation of the life forces. Rukmani's small garden yields a harvest which parallels her own fertility -- her expected first child. She repeatedly examines the seeds and later the lush pumpkin vines, and marvels at the process of creation itself:

> And their growth to me was constant wonder -- from the time the seed split and the first green shoots broke through, to the time when the young buds and fruit began to form . . . it seemed to me not that they grew as I did, unconsciously, but that each of the dry, hard pellets I held in my palm had within it the very secret of life itself. . . . With each tender seedling that

> unfurled its small green leaf to my eager gaze, my
> excitement would rise and mount; winged, wondrous.

Although people who live by the soil realize that the land provides no certainty of fruitful production year by year, still while there is land, there is hope. As the tannery absorbs more and more land, the hope of survival through traditional means is virtually obliterated. For this reason, the imagery of strangulation is particularly forceful: clear, soft, green fields are replaced by loads of bricks; and the cool silences of village life are now filled with noisy, dusty men and the clamor of their work. Rukmani observes that since the construction of the tannery,

> . . . it had spread like weeds in an untended garden, strangling whatever life grew in its way. It changed whatever life grew in its way. It changed the face of our village beyond recognition and altered the lives of its inhabitants in a myriad ways. Some -- a few -- had been raised up; many others cast down, lost in its clutches.

The author implies that, although the transition from a primitive agricultural society to industrialization and technology will be a painful process, the villagers must ultimately yield; there can be no turning back. Both the loss implied in the title (*Nectar in a Sieve*) and the full quotation from which the title was taken support this theme:

> Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
> And hope without an object cannot live.
> --Coleridge, "Work Without Hope" (1825)

From this nadir of existence, however, a positive note -- an element of hope -- emerges faintly toward the conclusion of the novel. Kenny, the dedicated physician, undertakes the leadership in the construction of a hospital, a mission which offsets the effects of the tannery and establishes the ideal of the future. Just as the tannery symbolizes the destruction of life impulses, so the hospital promises to preserve life. Unlike the imposition of the tannery upon the village under British supervision, the villagers must now become involved in a creative and constructive manner, giving of themselves in both labor and money.

Thus, the tenable solution to the Indo-Anglian situation necessitates a cooperative effort among the villagers and the British. This solution may seem a somewhat naive concept on the part of Ms. Markandaya; essentially, the hospital, like the tannery, is a manifestation of British thought and design. The irony inherent in this method of transition is subtle, and virtually evades the reader, overwhelmed as he is at this point by the tragic consequences of the British tannery. That cooperation among the British and the Indians is necessary seems an obvious factor; that the ideal will indeed become a reality remains an obscure hope. In Kenny's attempts to aid the villagers in a vital way, he experiences multifarious frustrations; thus, while the hope survives for an ultimate solution to the transitional problems, the ideal remains far from fruition. Such is the position of Kamala Markandaya in 1954: *Nectar in a Sieve*.

However, the ideal is not manifestly developed in the next novel, *Some Inner Fury* (1956). Structurally, this novel presents a double plot line. The first concerns the love affair of Mira, the daughter of a middle-class Hindu family, with Richard, a British government official and friend of Mira's brothers. Kit is thoroughly westernized through his British education, which establishes him as a member of the governing class in his country. By contrast, an adopted brother, Govind, is a violent revolutionary. Serving as a backdrop for the dual conflict are both the turmoil of Europe and the impending war in India. Therefore, the action of the 1940s represented in *Some Inner Fury* provides a focus on events of world significance; and, in the midst of political chaos emerges the resolution: Govind kills his brother. In the ensuing action and amid intense hatred, Indians come to feel, generally, that they are living in an enemy-occupied country. As a consequence, Mira must ultimately choose between Richard, hence England, and India. Inexorable, she remains with India. The relationship between Mira and Richard thus portrays, in microscopic perspective, the racial-political disparity of the two cultures. For this reason, Ms. Markandaya's faintly optimistic conclusion to *Nectar in a Sieve* does not develop in *Some Inner Fury*.

In her representation of the cultural conflict among the middle class in this novel, the pervasive theme is alienation. Three major factors represent the British: Kit's British education, Kit's British friend, Richard; and Kit's affinity with the Government House. As a result of his British education, Kit loses sight of traditional Indian values. Ms. Markandaya's portrait of Richard, however, is idealized; he represents the best of England, or what England might have meant to the people of India, as his identification with the Indians is not only intellectual, but spiritual. The Government House, a central symbol of the novel, is a tangible reminder of the basic race-class distinction. Contrapuntally, the Indian element, represented by three major figures, is an annunciation of the changing cultural and political mode. Kit's Indian wife, Premala (reminiscent of Rukmani), symbolizes the ideal of young Indian womanhood: stability, permanence, and tradition. By contrast, Kit's brother, Govind, represents violence motivated solely by personal grievances, primarily the jealousy of Kit. Although Govind's nihilistic impulses are devoid of any idealistic or nationalistic orientation, he functions under this facade. Ironically, Govind inadvertently kills Premala, whom he has loved for several years; nihilism thus replaces stability. Mira, both observer and participant in the cultural transition, signifies change, but change evolved through understanding. Summarily, while the British-Indian theme is predominant, variations on the major theme of alienation are evincible among the Indians themselves; and, while resistance, rebellion, and death provide the thematic structure of the novel, the ideal of England and the ideal of India survive, not in spite of, but because of "some inner fury" -- a wisdom gained through suffering.

Emanating from the novel is one of the most pronounced effects of westernization on Indian life: the breakdown of the traditionally arranged marriages, with the concomitant disintegration of the family. Kit's opposition to the marriage custom initiates the theme of alienation in *Some Inner Fury*. According to Mira, Kit "knew England, which was the next best thing to being English . . . and somehow any connection with England, however small, reflected credit on you and inclined people . . . in your favor." Mira's perspective, at sixteen, is somewhat immature; she has been trained to believe that Indians filtered through an English education or association deserve admiration and esteem.

Ms. Markandaya's position concerning the marriage of Kit and Premala, which is arranged by their mothers, is decidedly pro-Western. This attitude is revealed not only in the idealized portrait of Kit's wife, but in his estimation of her. Premala is quiet and innocent, possessing a purity of heart which, according to Mira, is the "sum of perfection." But Kit evaluates Premala in terms of social graces -- or the lack thereof. He is intolerant of her awkward attempts to entertain his friends; and in his debonair display of his British training, he fails utterly to understand the silent suffering of his young wife. Further, Kit's insistence upon Western decor in their home implies a total lack of concern for Premala's singularly Indian orientation; and his external display of a large staff of servants reveals a basic insensitivity to Premala's needs as woman and as a wife. She becomes an alien in her own home and is consequently left with nothing to do -- nothing to justify her existence. Kit's subsequent involvement with functions of government transforms their relationship into a model of the marriage of separate ways. While he attends the British-Indian functions alone, Premala becomes involved with a missionary project in a neighboring village. At the same time, she develops a spiritual attachment for the British missionary, a relationship recalling that of Rukmani and Kenny in *Nector in a Sieve*. Although Kit opposes Premala's preoccupation with Mr. Hickey and the mission school, Mira understands completely:

> To her goodness of heart was almost the sum of perfection, and little else of consequence: for there are many keys that unlock the gates of men's liking, and each is differently fashioned. And so, with Kit, if you were light and bright and gay, and saw there was laughter in living, he was yours; and if you said to Govind, 'I am of my country -- it is my father and my mother,' thenceforth he was your bond slave; and to Premala, if you were good, it was all in all, and she asked for no more.

Premala discovers in Mr. Hickey a "goodness of heart" which identifies with her own "sum of perfection." In this work, too, Premala preserves a measure of her own worth and dignity, fulfilling as well her maternal instinct, as she later adopts an orphaned child.

From the author's point of view, marriage cannot be built upon the inflexibility of partners, one representing British rationalism and the other Indian religious faith. Kit, to be sure, would rise to the defense of his Hindu tradition, if the occasion so demanded; but, as Mira observes, "Premala's faith was too deep-rooted to fear such pale winds as might play over it." Although Kit and Premala represent extreme forms of change and tradition, Ms. Markandaya suggests the necessity of a basic change in marriage customs. Apart from tradition lies the real issue of compatibility. From Kit's point of view, his wife is a failure, for she is unable to adjust to his life style. From Mira's point of view, Premala is supremely good, supremely Indian. In the final analysis, two basically good human beings are doomed to suffer. Kit's love for an English girl, known only to Mira, remains a vital part of his inner life and serves to foreshadow the developing love between Mira and Richard.

The theme of alienation develops further in the Government House, a basic symbol of *Some Inner Fury*. It serves to separate the elite from the commoners, and brother from brother. To be omitted from the invitation list from any of the special functions -- the three annual Government House balls and the Birthday Honors Lists -- is to be consigned to social limbo. Although these functions form the nucleus of Kit's life, Govind shares no part of its codes and customs. As Mira, the maturing narrator, defines the distinction:

> Govind was not and had never been a part of it. To him it was the product of a culture which was not his own -- the culture of an aloof and alien race twisted in the process of transplantation from its homeland, and so divorced from the people of the country as to be no longer real. For those who participated in it he had a savage, harsh contempt. But Kit did not merely participate in it: he was a part of it; his feelings for the West was no cheap flirtation, to be enjoyed so long, no longer, to be put aside thereafter and forgotten, or at best remembered with a faint nostalgia. It went deeper: it was understanding, and love.

The role of dual citizenship, as portrayed through Kit's life, may be envied by many Indians, but the author depicts the end result as alienation -- alienation from home, from family, from oneself.

But for different reasons, Govind is an alienated human being, and he would be, with or without the Government House. Orphaned, silent, and sullen as a child, he appears on the adult scene in a violent manner, and he later becomes his own worst betrayer. As a member of the Independent Party of India, Govind becomes estranged from his family; he is later involved with several acts of violence, including the burning of the village missionary school which causes, at the same time, the death of Premala; and minutes later, he kills Kit. Govind's subsequent arrest inevitably pits Indians against British; the eye-witness testimony of the British missionary, Mr. Hickey, means for Govind certain conviction. However, in order to avert this possibility, a mob of Indians violently disrupts the proceedings of court and manages to rescue Govind. Irrespective of guilt and trial by law, the mob justifies its action as the rescue of an Indian from the throes of British forces. Thus, while the actions of Govind and the mob may be interpreted as incipient nationalism, the professed fight for independence is transmuted into a travesty of freedom. Mira compassionately and appropriately summarizes her brother's destiny:

> Life had orphaned him not once but twice. Link by link, he had forged his own chains. Whatever the crowd might sing, he would never be free. He knew it, and I knew it. . . .

Completing the theme of alienation is Mira herself, whose defiance of the traditional mode of Hindu family life draws her toward the new "freedoms" of a culture in transition. Initially, against the wishes of her family, she leaves her home unchaperoned; she obtains a position as journalist in the city; she loses all form of communication with her mother and, in time, falls in love with the Englishman, Richard. Although the love relationship between Mira and Richard progresses almost to the point of perfection, the fact of racial inheritance amid the current disturbances cannot be ignored. On a brief holiday in the hills of South India, Mira expresses her desire to suspend the moment, "'I could live like this forever!' . . . I know I'd be perfectly happy.'" Countering Mira's romanticism, however, is Richard's realism.

> Richard said, 'I feel I could too; at this moment I'm certain I could. But you know, I don't think one can keep the world at bay for a lifetime!'
>
> 'People do,' I said.
>
> 'Not people like us,' he said, 'and not in times like these.'

Although this British official is kind, gracious, generous, and understanding, he remains for the Indians a symbol of England. In time, Mira assumes the stereotyped attitude of her countrymen toward the British. Amid the mob violence of the court scene, Mira must choose a course of action; but, she questions:

> Did it mean something then -- all this 'your people' and 'my people'? Or did it have its being and gain its strength from ceaseless repetition? . . . I knew I would follow these people even as I knew Richard must stay. For us there was no other way, the forces that pulled us apart were too strong.

In this novel, Ms. Markandaya's point of view is controlled by a realistic and detached evaluation of both the British and the Indians. The complexity of attitudes accounts largely for the power of *Some Inner Fury*. However, if a single point needs to be reinforced, it is Ms. Markandaya's adamant opposition to stereotyped attitudes: the time has passed for old antagonisms; re-evaluation is the order of the day. The ideal of the future points toward some assimilation of the old with the new. The author states this ideal in a passage which is lyrical, perceptive, and elemental:

> In front of us the land stretched away endlessly in the hot colors of summer. Bleached yellow of maize and millet

> stubble; the brownish-red of turned earth; the scrub, withered and whitened; the fields of golden sugar cane, thriving in the heat, stiff and bristling like sabers, the liquid sugar rising in them like sap. Soon the colors would change: the stubble would be lifted, the cane out, the earth sown, the fields would be green once more, the gold mohur shed its flaming petals. This was the permanent pattern, changing only within its set frame; this was the world, this was living, not the other of parties and factions and prison and rioting. . . .

Ms. Markandaya's depiction of the pace of change in Indian life reveals the complexities of a dual existence; and as many Indians straddle two worlds -- individualism and the antique established order -- underneath the surface, there must surely be troubled, tortured, and profound contradictions.

Between 1956 and 1963, Ms. Markandaya evinces a drastic change in perspective. The idealism of synthesis has vanished; the old antagonisms are renewed. Although the motivations remain mystifying, the 1963 novel, *Possession*, is negative, bitter, and cynical. The narrative structure is quite simple. Valmiki, a fourteen-year-old goatherd, lives in the hills of India, removed from his large impoverished family, particularly removed from his father who believes this son is utterly worthless. The illiterate but artistically gifted Valmiki paints Indian gods and goddesses in the cave-dwelling of a swami, who nurtures not only the boy's talent, but cares as well for his body and soul. Quite by accident, Val's talent is discovered by Caroline Bell, who takes him to England as her protege. Caroline's credentials are worth noting: she is a member of the British nobility, immensely wealthy, divorced, and in her mid-thirties -- in that order, according to the descriptions of her provided by Indians. In London, the setting for the greater part of the novel, the ensuing years bring to Val, by means of his art exhibitions, fame, fortune, and a series of love affairs. Ms. Markandaya's treatment of Val's rise in the materialistic Western world reveals a concomitant spiritual decline; and, through a series of betrayals of his Eastern heritage, Val leaves the Western world, returns to India and to the cave paintings inspired initially by the swami.

The theme of the novel, as provided by the title, *Possession*, is developed through the interplay of these two characters: explicitly, Caroline's domination and possession of Val. However, since this novel states and implies more concerning the East-West conflict than it does with individuals participating in realistic situations, *Possession*, in the final analysis, is but thinly-disguised propaganda. Whether she is on Indian soil or English soil, Caroline exemplifies the British Empire as revealed through Indian eyes. Although she is unpredictable at times, she is indifferent to what other people say; she is proud, powerful, confident, and decisive. In the handling of money, she is shrewd and knowledgeable. Like the British, she epitomizes great patience, skill, and finesse in achieving her own purposes. In due time, Val acquires some of Caroline's social, emotional, and materialistic traits. Thus, the characters serve as a convenient peg on which to hang an allegory -- and not a very convincing allegory, at that.

The narrator, Anasuya, an acquaintance of both Caroline's and Val's, serves as a link between India and England; since she is a script writer for motion pictures, Anasuya moves easily from one country to the other, as her career dictates. However, Anasuya is an Indian, and her remarks thus betray her genuine feelings toward Caroline, hence England. Repeatedly, and in deprecating tones, Anasuya equates Caroline with the British Empire. Caroline receives royal treatment in India, which she takes for granted, for "wherever the British go, as the whole East knows, they live on the fat of the land." Further, Caroline's attitude, like that of her servant, Mrs. Peabody's, is "the knowledge that she was British, and that being British is best." Again, the narrator notes that, in an Indian village, the headman is responsible for Caroline's safety, "at a time when the rate of exchange ratified by legend was ten natives for every British one." The classic ailment, in general, is the "lack of understanding between England and India."

For these reasons, the narrator attributes the gradual and inevitable decadence of Val to Caroline's tutelage. Under Caroline's intense training, as she allows him no formal education, Val loses "most of his uncouthness and some of his honesty." As he becomes materialistically successful, he then becomes more acceptable to the "Polished Western World." Anasuya continues to philosophize the basic situation:

> Undilute East had always been too much for the West: and soulful East always came lapdog fashion to the West, mutely asking to be not too little and not too much, but just right.

Although Caroline never comes to understand Val, she nevertheless wants to possess him, "Caroline thinks Valmiki belongs to her. . . . She won't let go. People don't give up what they think are their possessions. The English never have." Thus, Caroline's attempt to possess a human being expands, allegorically, to embrace societies and empires:

> Possession, I thought appalled: attenuated form of powerful craving and menacing a part of Caroline: which such as, horribly swollen but not unrecognizable, one saw stumbling in the wake of power societies and empires.

Caroline refers to the British-Indian syndrome as a "love-hate relationship." The narrator, however, asserts her belief that there can be no reasonable relationship through "a forcible possessing . . . merely a straddling of one stranger by another with little out of it for either."

Impartiality -- to understate the obvious -- is not one of the major virtures of *Possession.* Through the exigencies of plot, Val betrays a young girl and also his mother, with "brutal realism, bereft of the gentler obliquities of his race." He causes, to be sure, the ultimate destruction of a girl who loved him; and, he refuses to return to India to see his dying mother. However, his return to India, hence to the swami's cave, is a result of Caroline's attempt to possess him. He observes, ". . . it is not an uncommon iniquity." But Caroline's attempt to bring him back to England evokes this comment from the narrator, "Caroline came of a breed that never admitted defeat." The theme of possession, nevertheless, requires a dual role: the possessor and the possessed. In one of the few instances wherein Val articulates an insight truly his own, rather than the result of Caroline's training, he notes the necessity of compliance in domination, "'People do not have power unless you allow them to have it.'"

In conclusion, Kamaly Markandaya's unifying theme is that of the Indo-Anglian conflict as it appears on different class levels. In *Nectar in a Sieve*, her treatment of the peasant class is sympathetic and compassionate; although the author is often lyrical in her portrayal of the suffering and privation of the villagers, she is never sentimental. The poetry is not transmuted into pity, but into nobility and dignity. *Some Inner Fury* reveals the complexities of problems which are timeless in nature. The perspective of the middle class, rooted in a traditional way of life, transcends the racial-politico issue in India. The questions posed in this novel preclude any easy answers, if indeed there are answers at all. Finally, the representation of the upper class, first through Caroline, then Val, unveils the evil inherent in power and possession; although the author sets the stage for human actions, *Possession* is ultimately an embittered interpretation of British imperialism. In viewing the totality of her country, the author implies that India must change, but at its own pace and through its own initiative. Perhaps an effective summary of Kamala Markandaya's vision is best voiced by E. M. Forster, who once remarked to an Indian friend, "'Strange that things should survive under neglect and perish under attention.'"[13]

NOTES

1. Sir Percival Griffiths, *The British Impact on India* (London: Macdonald & Co., Ltd., 1952), pp. 480-481.

2. W.H. Morris-Jones, *The Government and Politics of India* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1967), p. 15.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 200.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 202.

5. Beatrice P. Lamb, *India: A World in Transition* (New York: Frederick A. Praeger, 1963), p. 53.

6. *Ibid.*

7. *Ibid.*, p. 68.

8. Quoted in *ibid.*, pp. 68-69.

9. Jawaharlal Nehru, *The Discovery of India*, ed. Robert I. Crane (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1960), p. 414.

10. Significant publications include: *Nectar in a Sieve* (New York: Putnam, 1954; Toronto: Longmans; and London: The John Day Company, 1955); *Some Inner Fury* (Putnam, 1955; Day and Longmans, 1956); *A Silence of Desire* (Putnam and Day, 1960); *Possession* (Day, 1963); *A Handful of Rice* (Day, 1965).

11. Ruth Montgomery, "Biography," *Wilson Library Bulletin*, XXXVIII, no. 3 (November 1963), 296.

12. Dr. Shiv K. Kumar, Visiting Professor English, Marshall University, Lecture: *Nectar in a Sieve*, February 1968.

13. *E. M. Forster: A Tribute*, ed. K. Natwar Singh (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1964), p. xiv, Introduction. Forster's remark is a reference to the distressing reports concerning the Ajanta and Ellora caves, supposedly under the "expert" care of the Archaeology Department.

P. S. Rege

SHAHNAZ

Translated from the
Marathi by Gauri Deshpande.

You aren't this song
yet it is yours.
Was mine, too, once.
For this I was, am, and you are,
Their song is song.

1.
Shahnaz.
First glimpsed in the afternoon
yesterday
(an image she fancied)
-- a little turned away
the gossamer allowed to slip
at her hip,
a raffish pierglass by her side.

And when again at dawn
she came and said:
I am the same, archaic, noble,
see -- for you I am
Daksha's proud daughter
ascetic Uma
tune-tossed Radha
Panchali of the opulent flesh.

That moment was I marked
not mine.
Where now? Who knows
what will have to be squandered
For she will come again
again, and enclose.

2.

Impossible, I asked for.

Warriors littered the way
a footpath along the spine
the only way up.
What clogged my mind then, I cannot tell.
Me -- helpless
and you -- somewhere
up, along the battlements, balconied.

Suddenly a hand pulling
me up --
the stones softened for my feet
into piled rugs -- to you,

In the melee, serene
beside the parapet
a picture lost in herself.

All this to bring me to you?
Or don't you really care?
I yearned then, for whom?
For what counted your lashes
one by one
the breath stopping in my throat?
Why did these itinerant lips
slip then from the tips
of you ascetic fingers, Shahnaz,
Shahnaz?

3.

Thus am I imprisoned in day

and your captive of nights.

The slanting rays from the skylight
are sharpened by the moon

away, there's the clamorous, timelost cuckoo.

I keep the nightwatch
crossing a heartbeat now and then

No one has lived here for years:
is that why you chose
this place?
Convenient, Shahnaz,
so I could count the days
by night's measure?

4.

When I scrambled up the fortress
your eyes' sole call
enwrapped me
and now unseen from every rampart
it must be flying its flag.

Every stone in its setting more alert
Not barred from light
it must be cradling the scrub
the sudden-twining creepers.

Thus my day,
Shahnaz,
in the shelter of night.

5.

There is room
for improvement in this cell.
The corner at right
Sprouts a lace of leaves
which will grow on a mouthful
of water.
And the gilt-frame mirror you gave
so I shouldn't be alone
can catch and reflect the sun
at it, in afternoons.

Tell the birds, patience.
The garden grows
for Shahnaz, the queen of verdure.
Pick your notes from her limbs
carefully.

6.

Ask, you said.
So I did.
For your open swinging breasts.

How was I to know
they'd tire untutored hands,
give suck to unwary lips?

Difficult to ask,
Shahnaz.

7.

You bring the saffron sun
when night is hours gone.
You say nothing.
The wafting breath alone
tells that you are.

You don't have to be opened.
How cool to the touch
The pale lotus-woman
in the embrace of dark

And why these lips
indivisible, tight?

That there should be no ward
or that they cannot
unclose
by themselves, Shahnaz?

8.

When my lips closed with a bite
on the two-petalled taut flower
of you, last night
I saw you not --
you, in-turned with eyes
and arms closed.

But I will tonight
if, Shahnaz, you will not
entirely drown my face
and stop my breath
again, in the deluge
of your odor
thus, there.

9.

Who can resolve between love and death
for love is death
and death, love.

The notes
cherished unknown
from afar
find their target once again.

You might say:
the singer is prisoner
totally captured
in staunchless notes.
beyond all meaning

But the listener, Shahnaz,
beyond notes --
at the door of benevolent destiny,
is beyond death.
Alone, timeless, here,

There . . .
only Shahnaz.

10.

Every foot falls the same
alike the phrasing of a creaking hinge.
Only the air of breath differs --

And that is all
that makes bearable,
Shahnaz, life
in the accelerating beatwhorls.

11.

The heavy layers
of ancient-burdened walls
suddenly take on the glory
of a vast, enchanting picture
surround-splashing
in their self-made gilt frame.

Next it
my stone slab
also blossoms into a bed of down.

I see myself there, drooped over your breast
like that tree entranced
in the picture.

You the replete jasmine
ever in bloom, white.

and beyond all memory
your snowy hair.

And Shahnaz, when, after eons
I arise, cleansed
in the garden of your eyes
in your left side, under that same
entranced overhanging tree;
with your quiet hand's touch alone
and pleat and stiffen the folds
of my mantle,
you -- still supine, aware.

12.

Days pass and you don't come
. . . don't come

and I have to ask myself if reality
would ever know the truth of dreams.

It is bound by its own
haphazard bonds.

But dream is one,
Shahnaz,
continuously enlivening
awareness of limitless
possibilities.

Promises thrive on indrawn breath, even,
and you had squandered a whole treasure.

Then why this, Shahnaz?
Or is misfortune, too, a dream
reality cannot afford?

13.

What had I wanted, really?
Deliverance?
Its distorted stirs?
Challenges to time anew?
End of memory?
Unbidden blessings of unknown?

And above it all,
indomitable, pure comment
of your sculpted limbs?

If my crime is knowing
you before I began to know
then, Shahnaz, I want
the first lack
which held you certainly, but
different, yet
thus known.

14.

But I must not thus despair

Your promise reached
not only the mantle but
the twelve-petalled lotus
within the heart
and within it the
special Swan
I shall have you, a companion
ever, Shahnaz.

Now you desire
a throbbing freedom
of whistling winds in the sky
(that Tamerlaine in Samarkand gave his daughter's tomb)
and want the dew-drenched days
and moon-lapped nights
insistent flattery of the sun
and clamorous camaraderie of birds.

And all this,
and yes,
and me, Shahnaz.

15.

You were that new sentry
who knew the secret tunnel
in the wall of my cell
leading me out to the dark square.
This I knew when your helmet slipped
as you pulled
me behind you on the impatient mount.

How easily you had taken on the warrior's habit.

And I knew there is only one
real path in the dark --
on the battlefield of time.
This knows even the blazing steed beneath your thigh.

He is not recalcitrant,
snorting only in understanding,
controlling totally his breath.

I do not wish for the reins
and become only body in the whirling dark
careful merely to see the gallop
is not stumbled by my arms
around you.

Careful of you, my sav[illegible]

16.

This tree
This first gift of the light
this blossoming air, unbidden
the birds' oblique call
the squirrel loitering, hesitant
flower-struck moths, grass-skimming
and lazy brook nearby
-- I drink in all, but quietly
so you may not mind.

You have left the night
behind, the garment
of your body, is new.

Shahnaz, I treasure the mark
that you find,
only having lost all.

17.

There are many ways
of coping with the heart;
Yet all stop at you, Shahnaz.

And me not even started
on the journey
in the burning light of knowledge.

Will you on that journey
be thus near,
all-being?

Seeing you thus
even time would miss
his dreamless beat, forget impotence

and the tethered horse
toss his head in assent, heady
with the coming gallop.

18.

From now, asylum
only to him who asks nothing.

To him who measures life in love
without witness.

To him who has borne
the tear beyond suffering.

To him who knows
the eternity of evanascence.

To him whose heart
is a cocoon of fragrance
with the gift
of your compassion.

Avadhesh K. Srivastava
and Sumita Sinha

THE SHORT FICTION OF R. K. NARAYAN*

The content and context of Narayan's short stories

Almost every Indo-Anglian writer of fiction has tried his hand at short stories in addition to novels, and none perhaps quite so successfully as R. K. Narayan. Mulk Raj Anand, Raja Rao and Narayan form the "Big Three" of Indian English writing. Santha Rama Rau has gone so far as to assert that Narayan is "the best novelist that India has produced and probably among the most entertaining and distinguished of contemporary writers anywhere."[1] Narayan himself records in *A Dateless Diary* that in America some people place him with Hemingway and Faulkner as one of the three greatest modern writers of the world.[2] And Graham Greene, probably Narayan's most enthusiastic champion and admirer in the West, holds him up as a model for other writers when he says: "if he [an author] allows himself to take sides, moralise, propagandise, he can easily achieve an extra-literary interest, but if he follows Mr. Narayan's methods, he stakes all on his creative power."[3] Apparently, it would appear that the critical estimates of R. K. Narayan, the writer, are made only on the evidence of his novels. Such an estimate can at best be one-sided. R. K. Narayan's short stories are artistically as distinguished as his novels, and in any general estimate of his writings they cannot be ignored. In fact, one might go so far as to say that Narayan is essentially a short story teller and the one element that stands out even in his novels is the story element.

Narayan's complete dependence on a purely artistic approach to literature sets him apart from other Indian writers in English. For instance, Mulk Raj Anand's avowed purpose in his novels and short stories is to teach men "to recognize the fundamental principles of human living and exercise vigilance in regard to the real enemies of freedom and socialism."[4] He is ever conscious of the need ". . . to help raise the untouchables, the peasants, the serfs, the coolies and the other supressed members of society, to human dignity and self-awareness in view of the abjectness, apathy and despair in which they are sunk."[5] But Anand's heavy emphasis on the didactic quality of art stands in the way of his attainment as a novelist; for obtrusive propaganda makes his novels suffer from an inability to visualize clearly the objective situations of his characters. Anand, Bhabani Bhattacharya and Kamala Markandaya have dealt quite forcibly with the theme of hunger and the concomitant theme of human degradation in some of their works.

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*These include *Malgudi Days*, *Dodu and Other Stories*, *Cyclone and Other Stories* (all Mysore, 1943); *An Astrologer's Day and Other Stories* (London, 1947); *Lawley Road* (Mysore, 1956); *Gods, Demons and Others* (London, 1965); and *A Horse and Two Goats* (Mysore, 1970).

Narayan, however, presents social evils without any emotional involvement and with no overt aim to reform or change existing conditions. Khushwant Singh's chief concern as a writer is sociological. As Chirantan Kulshrestha has pointed out:

> His socio-cultural preoccupations define the nature of his fiction: clash of sensibilities and life styles in modern India, tensions in families on account of the conflict between tradition and modernism, emotional responses to the Partition by different communities -- these are some of the elements which form the matrix of his plots.[6]

Narayan's themes likewise are also mostly sociological, but he is a novelist with a vision, with equipment that enables a good artist to convey, beyond the deterministic control of his milieu, a transcendence which invests the whole narrative with a sense of significance -- a quality that Khushwant Singh altogether lacks.

Narayan differs from another major Indian writer, Raja Rao, in that he does not concern himself unduly with man's relationship to God, with mysticism and a philosophical interpretation of life, Narayan's attitude to the interplay of good and evil cosmic forces is one of wonder at the intellectual level and acceptance at the physical. What Narayan says of his character Srinivas in *Mr. Sampath* is an apt description of his own mental approach:

> His mind perceived a balance of power in human relationships. He marvelled at the invisible forces of the universe which maintained this subtle balance in all matters. . . . For a moment it seemed to him a futile and presumptuous occupation to analyse, criticise and attempt to set things right anywhere. . . . If only one would get a comprehensive view of all humanity, one would get a correct view of the world: things being neither particularly wrong nor right, but just balancing themselves.[7]

In fact, Narayan perceives this balance in every aspect of man's life -- social, political and moral and the perception leads to his own detached observation of the human scene. It is this quality more than any other that distinguishes Narayan from the other writers.

Among the more important figures of Indian English fiction, Narayan is the most prolific, having published ten novels and seven volumes of short stories. His fame, however, rests almost entirely on his attainments as a novelist. As suggested earlier, it is one of the ironies of literary history that while so much is made of Narayan's novels, the short stories which have the unmistakeable stamp of the artist in him should be relatively neglected.[8] Perhaps it is due to the fact that the short story is essentially a modest art and has none of that ponderous air of significance so dear to the critic and the literary historian. Nevertheless, Narayan is basically (and also in his novels) a story-teller, one of the very few in the context of Indian English fiction. The air of apparent disengagement and delicate charm invest his stories with such perfect artistic unity which Poe would have commended and which Henry James would have found specially enchanting. As P. D. Westbrook has noted, "Any reader of Narayan is aware that his stories are cut from very much the same cloth, both in quality and in pattern, as his novels."[9] Yet he finds that in many important cities of India Narayans's novels are not available and his stories are only read because they had originally appeared in *The Hindu*, one of the India's foremost English-language newspapers. The reason, he thinks, lies in the "lingering cultural colonialism on the sub-continent,"[10] the refusal of educated Indians to accept the possibility of excellence of style in the English writing of a compatriot. This is a Westerner's point of view and he tells us that "in Europe and America, of course Narayan's reputation rests upon his novels."[11] The same is true in India if what we gather from the critical material available is any indication of the trend of public taste.

Narayan's short stories form a considerable bulk in his writings as compared to Raja Rao's single collection, *The Cow of the Barricades*, Kushwant Singh's *A Bride for the Sahib and Other Stories* and Bhabani Bhattacharya's *The Steel Hawk and Other Stories*. Only Mulk Raj Anand has five volumes of short stories to his name, but they do not compare with those of Narayan in variety of theme and character and beauty of presentation. Raja Rao's stories present rustic characters embodying the virtues of faithfulness, devotion and love. His "Javni" and "Akkayya" symbolise "the silent heroism and selfless sacrifice of Indian womanhood,"[12] while "Narsiga" symbolises "the beauty of an unspoilt shepherd-boys abiding life-loyalties."[13] Anand's stories are more in the nature of character sketches, caricatures mostly, aiming at social satire. Some of his famous creations are Chandu the barber in "The Barber's Trade Union," Dhandu the carpenter in "A Rumour," the Nawab of "A Kashmir Idyll" and the criminal in "The Maharaja and the Tortoise." Khushwant Singh's stories such as "The Constipated Frenchman," "Rats and Cats in the House of Culture" or "Mr Kanjoos and the Great Miracle" are burlesques or extravaganzas and lack a serious artistic purpose.

Narayan's stories, like his novels, deal with themes of common life and simple people. They are not of topical interest and rarely does Narayan deal with the world-shaking events of the 1930s and 1940s or the political and social upheavals in India during and since independence. What he excels in doing is to select incidents and people that reveal the human comedy. In his novels Narayan shows himself a clever manipulator of plot and character, an artist whose main concern lies in projecting, through the unrippled flow of his narrative, an amused (through non-condescending) and amusing view of life. The larger canvas and a different art form do not seem to signal in Narayan the requirement of an artistic function different from the one realized in the short stories. One might even go so far as to suggest that the short stories and the novels of Narayan are made of the same artistic material except in so far as the former exploit plot or character and the latter the interplay of the two.[14]

In recent years, the rapidity with which Indian writing in English has established itself as a subject of academic study has not been matched by an equally impressive body of critical commentary. We find ourselves "in a literary climate in which good writing is praised for wrong reasons, mediocrity is bloated up, and adulation subsumes all critical distinctions."[15] As David McCutchion says, "From the beginning the judgement of Indian writing in English has found itself beset with peculiar hazards."[16] It has been treated as a phenomenon rather than a creative contribution, its "Indianness" and not literary merit being considered. In what way is the treatment Indian? Does the language have an Indian flavor? Are the metaphors taken from Indian life and nature? Such questions may be expected of the outside enquirer, but Indianness does not lie in "exotic" content as in the mind behind the organization of that content. "Whether one writes about apples or mangoes, roses or hibiscus, is not the point but 'life attitudes', 'modes of perception' -- which is where Dr. Mokashi finds the Indianess of Lal in his recent *Appreciation*."[17] But the deliberate pursuit of this intangible quality may result in a kind of self-mystification, vagueness being disguised as "Indian" resistance to form, sentimentality as "Indian" gentleness. Raja Rao's *The Cat and Shakespeare*, like his *The Serpent and the Rope*, purports to depict a different kind of mind -- outside Western categories, beyond Western criticism. With R. K. Narayan or B. C. Rajan's *Too Long in the West*, the supposed inconsequentiality or incongruous naivete of the Indian mind becomes frankly a comic device.[18]

In Narayan's stories the evidence of "Indianness" is not as obtrusive as in Raja Rao's fiction, but it has its own distinctive character. Narayan is not writing for Westerners; that is why his Indianness is not self-conscious like Rao's. Because he has a native reading public in view, there is no deliberate pursuit of indigenous elements which he might fuse into his literary style. What he authentically presents is his own experience as a man educated to think and feel in Western categories confronting the radically different culture all around him or confronting himself or any experience so far as he himself responds to it. And apart from the success or otherwise of his books as art, the documentation of his own attitudes is valid to the extent that it stems from an experience he has lived through, honestly faced, and expressed in the language which provided the thought-structure of that experience.

Narayan's self-discipline is more than evident in his short stories, which are written with extreme simplicity and purity of diction. He reduces to the minimum the problem of conveying an Indian sensibility in a foreign tongue by remaining faithful to the bare facts of narration and describing what is essentially true to human nature. N. Mukerjee, in an article in *The Banasthali Patrika* states his opinion that, "R. K. Narayan is undoubtedly the most distinguished contemporary Indian novelist writing in English. In the course of these thirty-two years of literary career Narayan has not only matured in his vision, he has also perfected his craft."[19] Margaret Parton in her review of *Grateful to Life and Death* says, "No better way to understand what Mr. Nehru means by 'the tender humanity of India' than to read one of Mr. Narayan's novels."[20] The characters of Narayan are rooted to the soil of Malgudi, which is their creator's most outstanding contribution to the world of fiction. "Keen observation, sympathy, unfailing good humour, and gentle satire wrapped up in leisurely meditativeness are some of his most serviceable tools in establishing the intimate sense of reality in his saga of Malgudi."[21] We can go out, in Graham Greene's words, "into those loved and shabby streets and see with excitement and a certainty of pleasure a stranger who will greet us we know with some unexpected and revealing phrase that will open a door on to yet another human existence."[22] Narayan has achieved this verisimilitude in his works because the situations he portrays not only combine the probable and the possible, they also reveal habits, nuances and modes of thought that are of universal significance. It is because Narayan is not preoccupied with projecting a vision of the typical India, but rather with depicting the foibles and eccentricities, the hopes and aspirations, the sorrows and disappointments of the average man anywhere. George Eliot once remarked:

> Depend upon it, you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos . . . lying in the experience of the human soul that looks out through dull grey eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tone.[23]

It is this poetry and pathos of everyday life that Narayan has succeeded in discovering in his novels and short stories. Samuel the Pea in Narayan's earliest novel, *Swami and Friends*, becomes a symbol of an outlook on life, "an attitude which cherishes and explores the unnoticed, subtle possibilities of the average and the unremarkable."[24]

Narayan's use of the English language in his short stories has answered many a question that is raised on the adequacy of a foreign language being the medium of Indian writers. The problem of adapting and suiting the English language for literary purposes is one that every writer of Indian English finds himself faced with. Arguments for and against this medium of expression have been advanced at all stages of the history of Indo-English fiction and we need not go into this debate at this point. Narayan has mastered the English language sufficiently well to be able to convey the essence of his thought and describe the intricate social patterns of the life he is depicting with ease and assurance. The short stories are written in simple, direct prose that reads smoothly and lucidly. Moreover, they appeal to a wide and catholic taste because the English Narayan employs here is devoid of verbal cliches, Indianisms, coinages and startling imagery of far-fetched symbols. Narayan is never strident or emphatic; he works for the most part by understatement or by implication. In each story there is a measured simplicity, an idiomatic naturalness that shows the perfect adapting of content with the medium of expression. In its nice modulations, Narayan's style is to be appreciated throughout his work -- relaxed yet always disciplined to its purpose, easy but never slack, occasionally using "the formal word precise but not pedantic."

Fiction has always been a powerful means of man's exploration of the human situation. This exploration is of a special kind; it takes its origin in the depths of the human psyche which cannot be easily reached and cannot be easily expressed except in a special kind of language. And the language can be adequate to convey the perception of an author, his vision of reality when its tone and texture reveal how the author experiences his characters. R. K. Narayan is a great writer not because he succeeds in depicting Indian life accurately without exploiting its linguistic patterns, but because he succeeds in impressing upon us the fact that human culture, human experience, reality itself, transcends the barriers of language. And nowhere is this more evident than in his delightful short stories.

NOTES

1. Quoted in Harish Raizada, *R. K. Narayan: A Critical Study of His Works* (Bombay, 1969), p. 184.

2. R. K. Narayan, *My Dateless Diary*, (Mysore, 1960), pp. 169-170.

3. Graham Greene, "Introduction," *The Bachelor of Arts*, (London, 1951), p. viii.

4. Mulk Raj Anand, *Apology for Heroism* (Bombay, 1957), p. 91.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 93.

6. Chirantan Kulshrestha, "Khuswant Singh's Fiction: A Critique" in *Indian Writing Today*, no. 11, (January-March 1970), p. 63

7. R. K. Narayan, *Mr. Sampath* (London, 1949), p. 63.

8. No full length study of R. K. Narayan's short fiction has been made to date. Of the three following studies, Westbrook's is the only serious attempt to evaluate the art of R. K. Narayan's short stories and to weigh his contribution in this mode as against his contribution as a novelist. Venugopal's brief article is expositiory rather than critical, and Raizada's account is decidely sketchy and off-hand: P. D. Westbrook "The Short Stories of R. K. Narayan" *The Journal of Commonwealth Literature*, no. 5 (July 1968); C. V. Venugopal: "A Master of Comedy: R. K. Narayan as a Short Story Writer," *The Karnatak University Journal: Humanities*, XIII (1969); Harish Raizada, *R. K. Narayan: A Critical Study of His Works* (Bombay, 1969).

9. Westbrook, p. 42.

10. *Ibid*.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 41.

12. K. R. S. Iyengar, *Indian Writing in English*, (Bombay, 1962), p. 303

13. *Ibid.*

14. Such a hypoyhesis relates to the broader question of whether or not two different art forms necessarily realize two different artistic functions The underlying assumption here is that in Narayan at least they do not appear to be doing so. Within the scope of the present paper, however, it has not been possible to pursue the enquiry further since that would have required a literary perspective much larger than what has been subsumed here.

15. Kulshrestha, p. 19.

16. David McCutchion, *Indian Writing in English* (Calcutta, 1969), p. 7.

17. *Ibid.*, p. 8.

18. See *ibid.*, p. 11.

19. N. Mukerji, "Some Aspects of the Literary Development of R. K. Narayan," *The Banasthali Patrika*, no. 13 (July 1969), p, 76.

20. *New York Herald Tribune Book Review* (29 November 1953), p. 7.

21. Mukerji, p. 87.

22. Graham Greene, "Introduction" to *The Financial Expert* (London, 1952), p. vi.

23. George Eliot, *Scenes of Clerical Life* (Boston, 1907), p. 62.

24. Rajeev Taranath, "The Average as the Positive -- A Note on R. K. Narayan," *Critical Essays on Indian Writing in English* (Dharwar, 1969), p. 362.

THREE VIEWS OF FAIZ AMHED FAIZ

Alys Faiz

FAIZ AHMED FAIZ

A personality sketch
of the poet by his wife

I have often been asked: "Do you understand your husband's poetry?" After giving the question a great deal of thought, I think I have come up with an answer that is true and the final word as well. My answer: I make no claim to understanding his poetry, but I contend that I do understand the poet. It is, after all, the personality of any poet which is the mainspring of his poetry and the dynamic force of his intuition. In this article, I will not try to portray his personality, for were I to do so, I would intrude upon those realms which are outside the jurisdiction of a wife. On the other hand, I will present a sketch of the poet's domestic life, where he is among his relatives and friends, where he divests himself of physical and mental strains, where he sometimes creates his poetry, often consciously, often unconsciously.

People are invariably willing to pass off an artist's eccentricities and strange habits to the fact that he is, after all, an artist. His eccentricities, instability and idiosyncrasies are considered pardonable because he is a "creative" writer. He is also allowed to be careless about his person, lethargic, easy-going, and unconcerned about his day-to-day duties, especially if such duties require exertion on his part. But it is difficult to say why an artist is more careless about himself than other people. Perhaps because he is preoccupied. Many people have experienced the shortcomings of a poet; it's also expected that they forgive him these peccadilloes. He forgets appointments, walks about dishevelled and arrives at the station after the train has left. He forgets his wallet and, thinking it lost, searches for it the entire day, only to find it in his pocket. His pen always turns up missing. Those around him must tolerate all of this, no matter what, and if the outcome of his whole day of worries is a portrait, a sketch, or a masterpiece, those around him should feel contented with their luck.

Many years ago we went through an experience: Faiz lost his jacket. We had only recently married and our income was quite small. The war had just started and prices were soaring. I was in India and my parents in England, so we could not get any assistance from them. Faiz's salary was the same as it was before the war, so there were no allowances for either the marriage or for the shortcomings of an artist, which he often considered to be his right. In spite of the lost jacket, we ordered a whole new suit, a luxury in those days. Faiz went to Amristar to get it and returned to

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From *Naqūsh* (Designs,) Personalities Number, January 1956, pp. 474-479. Translated from the Urdu by Carlo Coppola and M. A. Beg.

Lahore late at night. In those days, we were living far out from the city, near the canal; no tonga-driver was willing to go that far at night. With the greatest of misgivings did one finally assent to do so, but only part way. Faiz had to walk the final mile to our house, his precious bundle under his arm. He awoke me when he got in; as I took the package from him, I noticed that it was rather light for a wool suit. One side of the package was opened the jacket was gone. Faiz was sure that it had dropped out somewhere between the place where he left the tonga and home. He would look for it in the morning, for it was then too late to do so, he said. After a short, one-sided altercation, he was made to decide that he would take a flashlight and go out and search for it. In spite of the midnight search, the jacket was not found. I kept the pants to this suit for some years afterwards. He never wore them. They did serve as a memory of our first extravagance. During the 1950 flood, I gave them away to one of the victims. A few months after this loss, he also lost a whole suitcase, but I never said a word to anyone. In 1949, he did get his bedding mixed up with someone else's. I did not need to call up my patient, for when I opened his bedding, I found that the one he had picked up by mistake was much better than the one which was his. I did feel a little worried and embarrassed for the other person and what he would think when he opened what he thought was his bedding.

I sometimes think that Faiz's carelessness betrays his openheartedness, for he does not bother about the material value of anything. The only exception are his books, which he looks after with greedy eyes and which he keeps close to himself miser-like sitting upon his money. But when anyone asks for a book, he cannot refuse. When I ask him why he gives his books out so readily, particularly when he is not sure that they will ever be returned, he answer promptly and seriously, "There's no harm in lending them so long as someone is sure to read them."

In 1947, all of my jewelry was stolen. My mother-in-law had given me some small but exquisite pieces of jewelry, and I had a few things I had bought myself. Thieves took all of it. This was the first theft in our house. The police were of no help and we reconciled ourselves with the feeling that what has to be, has to be. Faiz saw the sense of frustration in my face. He asked, "Have you ever heard the verse: 'We pray for the thief who relieved us of the fear of theft'?" Suddenly I felt that sincerity was coupled with frustration, and my own feeling, I found, was not different from that of these two poets.

My suspicion is gradually becoming a conviction: our elder daughter, Salima, is following in her father's footsteps. She is very much like him. I am convinced that those who wholeheartedly give up even their nicest things to others do not yearn for things which they lose; their privations are a source of pleasure, in a sense; and this pleasure enhances their lives, and their personalities become the source of pleasure for others. But to counteract Faiz's tendency of giving things away, I have developed a penchant to be monopolistic; hence, I often take back things which I feel will not be returned. I too must have things; after all, what would we give to others?

Munira is much more realistic than her elder sister, for she keeps a regular account of everything. When she was very young, she was fond of reading picture books. Once she asked, as she picked up her elder sister's book, "May I look at your book?"

Salima, who also loves her books, replied, "No! Why don't you look at your own books."

Munira replied, "But if I look at mine too often, they'll wear out."

When Faiz heard about this exchange, he was greatly pleased, for he said, "There has to be someone like that in this house!"

Obviously, generous people like gatherings and company. Faiz delighted to see crowds of people on Id, Holi, Basant and other holidays. He does not observe from a distance, but joins in the merrymaking, in spite of his general reserve. It's a fact that he cherishes peace of mind, a quiet domestic life, and isolation.

Our domestic routine is, for the most part, subject to that of the children. Faiz has accepted this arrangement ungrudgingly, so there is no disturbance of any sort in the children's day-to-day activities. They are not to be inconvenienced. However, everything that mother says is law against which there is no appeal to higher authority. Mother's order to go to bed cannot be defied, even if the bedtime story promised to them turns out to be a bit short, or even if, after waiting all day for daddy, they have to go to sleep without seeing him. Faiz admits his ignorance about raising children. He claims that it's beyond the range of his activities.

I wrote him in a letter when he was jailed in June 1953, "How difficult it is for me to be both mother and father for the girls." He replied, "My daughters could not have a better mother than yourself. How fortunate they are." Despite his indifference toward their upbringing and education, the girls are not afraid of their father. Both the father and daughters have given each other very strange names. During the course of our litigation, our counsel, the late Sahabzada Nawazish Ali Khan, asked me about the "pigeons" I mentioned to Faiz in an Id telegram. I pointed to the girls sitting in front of me, "There they are."

When Munira saw her father in jail for the first time in nine months, she was only four-and-a-half. Immediately she piped up with, "Father, you've gotten old. I thought you'd still be young and handsome. But your hair's turned grey." The moment she sat in his lap, she changed her tone. "When are you coming home, Papa? Mommy beats me." I was stunned, for we all but never spank the children! But I immediately felt that her complaint was intended to have another meaning; what she really wanted to say is that she missed him very much.

Munira always writes in every letter to him that he should not show it to anyone. Little does she know that every word of her letters is read by a censor. Last year, Mr. Lodhi, an assistant superintendent of the jail, had a bad time with her. The poor fellow casually mentioned that he very much liked the letters she wrote to her father. Munira's face turned red with fury, which she then vented upon him. He later remarked that while she was very quarrelsome, restless and sensitive -- even short-tempered -- she was a little paragon of affection. While she lacked patience, she was jolly, he said. And if we had the courage, we would all like to be like her. She has not inherited her father's immense patience, nor is she sober and straight-laced like her elder sister. Some of her aunts say that she's like her mother, but only her maternal grandmother can confirm that.

Some people tell me that I speak very fine Urdu, and that this is doubtless due to Faiz's influence. It's probably true, for I do learn languages quite naturally and quickly. Nor can it be denied that the environment in which we live is highly conducive to learning both the literary and spoken language. So far as our daughters are concerned, Faiz has always tried to make them learn Urdu, for he feels they will learn their mother's language as a matter of course. But the time has come for them to have full command of their Urdu. When all the members of the family are sitting about talking, the girls will use English when speaking to me, Urdu when speaking to Faiz. They have learned both languages with very little effort.

Some people have asked if I have ever seen Faiz angry. He is well known for his tenderness; everybody knows that he never gets angry. I assured these friends that he has never hurt any delicate thing in his domestic life. On hearing this, a friend told me that I have been deprived of the pleasure of making up after a quarrel. It's true; we've been deprived of this pleasure. But it's also true that we have been immuned from that remorse one suffers as a result of speaking out in fury and haste. We do talk over our differences, but things do not go beyond that. Eventually, we come to an agreement. Josh Sahab once made an interesting observation about our family life back in 1946.[2] He came to Delhi. Even though we did meet him before in Srinagar at our wedding, there was no chance to talk, for both he and Majaz were immediately called upon to recite at the *mushāirah.*[3] In Delhi, he asked, "Do you and Faiz ever quarrel?" When I answered in the negative, he said as he nodded his head in a gesture of sorrow, "How sad!" He repeated these words with a glimpse of humor in his eyes. "How then can you love one another?" I am not sure how Josh Sahab arrived at this conclusion, but I do know that I disagree with him.

There have been many painful and sad experiences in our married life. I have been deprived of a beloved sister, a brother and many relatives and dear friends. But he seems to be used to such emotional sufferings; one never sees him upset by such losses. He has developed a kind of optimism and patience, both genuine and reflected in his philosophy of life and his aspirations as well. He is convinced of the innate nobility of man, a nobility that is defaced under certain unfavorably circumstances, but which is never entirely vanquished. According to Faiz, why dwell on man's shortcomings when we are discussing the whole of nature? Why not talk about his good qualities?

During the past three years, he has written me many times to keep the girls happy and to see to their comfort. There is enough time, he feels, for them to learn what pain and sorrow are. The girls too have postponed all their jokes, riddle and stories for the time when they shall meet their father again. Even the hard-hearted warden cannot hold his laughter when he listens to them. In all of this, Faiz has found the bright and positive aspect of dejection, i.e., a constant effort to regain happiness after sorrow.

On birthdays, there's a lot of merrymaking at our home. I still remember very well little Salima's first birthday party. Faiz decided to get her presents. I am now convinced that paternal love is not sufficient for choosing gifts for such a small child. We lived in Delhi in those days. Faiz went out on a buying expedition with Majeed Malik and returned from Connaught Place laden with bundles.[4] He had bought a little car, a picture book and a tea set. The last bundle was still to be opened and everyone was anxious to see what was inside. Faiz announced that there was a beautiful little doll inside which would fit into the little car and would go for outings with Salima. Interestingly enough, neither of the gentlemen had taken time out to inspect the doll closely before buying it, for it was, in reality, a tea cozy, which eventually found its place on a tea pot on the mantle over our fireplace. We had to buy another doll, certainly not as beautiful as the first one, to sit in the car and to go on outings.

In every English family there is always a good deal of celebration on birthdays. But because there is no arrangement here for making regular entries for births and issuing birth certificates, the problem of celebrating birthdays has never been solved. Once I asked my mother-in-law about Faiz's birthday, for it seemed that everyone except the head of the house would be feted on his birthday. Her answer was quite vague, but very interesting. She said that though she did not remember the exact date, she did remember that it was raining when Faiz was born. Nobody knew whether it was the summer monsoons, or the winter, or whether it was a casual rain from some local concentration of clouds. Later on, one of Faiz's uncles solved the mystery. He knew the exact day, the one which, in fact, had been recorded on Faiz's high school certificate.

I was preparing to come to India in 1938 when, a few days before my departure, I received a letter in London from Mrs. [Muhammud Din] Tasir, who asked me to bring a few things for one of her dearest friends.[5] I put aside all my other engagements and went running through Oxford Street buying the various things, all the while muttering imprecations against Mrs. Tasir's friend. To find a place for these items in my bags, I had to unpack and repack several times. I did not know at that time that these very things would become my own household articles. I now realize that there was no need to be surprised at the things which this very dear friend of mine had the foresight to ask for at the eleventh hour.

In order for every poet to maintain his position as a poet, he must compose regularly. People ask me why Faiz gave up writing poetry after our marriage. The fact is that he hasn't. Up until 1950, he has written poetry regularly; some of the ones written at that time have been spectacular. It is true, though, that he has not written a great deal. Faiz's answer to this is that he now feels more at ease, for he is being well looked after. Sorrow and pain, he claims, are essential for good poetry.

The stimulant for *Dast-i-sabā* is sorrow; not a personal sorrow, but something more than that. He wrote me from prison that this collection was mine.[6]

When the sky is cloudy and the wind blows, Faiz's feelings are awakened. His poetry wells up within him and he asks, "May I spend the rest of the day in the garden? I might be able to write a poem." When he returns hours later, I can guess from his footsteps whether he has succeeded or not. Unlike Faiz, the late Dr. Tasir used to put on his Kashmiri shawl, groan slowly, walk about and then produce a poem.

We usually think that poets and artists are strange people. They are different because their preoccupations are purely mental; the pains they take are not meant for everybody, nor does everyone take pleasure in these pains. But we must remember that our society is to blame for the lack of circumstances in which people who enjoy poetry and all that goes into its making cannot, by the same token, enjoy the company of the poet or artist. Since the artist's preoccupations are mental, he goes beyond the limits of this world and is not concerned about himself or the day-to-day needs of his domestic life. He needs companions who can take care of his worldly affairs. If, as a result, hurdles are easily jumped, then the artist or poet can get lost in his subjective world; he can even be satisfied that his worldly probems are over. This is why writers dedicate their books to those whom they love dearly, to those without whom their writings would have remained incomplete. I am sure that Faiz meant this very thing when he sent me the manuscript of *Dast-i-sabā*, on which he wrote, "It's yours."

1. The allusion here is the so-called "Rawalpindi Conspiracy Case," in which Faiz, together with Major-General Akbar Khan, Chief-of-Staff of the Pakistan Army, and a number of other military personnel and civilians were arrested on 9 March 1951. The Muslim League government of Prime Minister Liaquat Ali Khan claimed that these individuals were involved in a conspiracy to overthrow the existing government and to turn the country over to "A certain foreign power," which, though never directly named, was presumably Soviet Russia. The courts of Pakistan were given extraordinary powers to try the fourteen defendents *in camera*. After a trial of nearly a year, which was generally acknowledged as anything but just, the defendants were sentenced to varying prison terms. Faiz was released in 1955.

2. Josh Sahab = Josh is the pen name of poet Shabbir Hasan Khan, who was born in Malihabad, in the former state of Awadh, in 1896. Often referred to as "shāir-i-inqilāb" (poet of revolution), he was highly influential in the early phases of the Progressive Movement, of which Faiz was also a member, because of his highly rhetorical and empassioned poems, often on the subject of freedom for the country. He presently resides in India.

3. Majaz = Asrarul Haq, whose pen name was Majaz, was born in Rudauli, Awadh, in 1911. Together with Faiz, he is a major poet of the Progressive Movement. In the early forties he served on the editorial board of *Naya adab* (New Literature), the influential literary journal of the movement. His collection, *Āhang* (Melody), appeared in 1938 and was reissued with augmentations under various titles during his lifetime. He is considered a revolutionary romantic and is often compared to Keats, whom he admired. Majaz died in 1955.

The *mushāriah* refers to the Urdu poetry reading at which various poets recite their verse.

The Progressive Movement is the iconoclastic, Marxist-oriented literary movement which was started in the middle thirties in London by Sajjad Zaheer (1905-1973) and Mulk Raj Anand (b. 1905). The movement was brought to India in late 1935 by Zaheer, who then organized the first all-India meeting of the Progressive Writers Association in Lucknow, 9-10 April 1936, with the distinguished Hindi-Urdu novelist and short story writer, Premchand, as president. The movement spread with both force and rapidity to the various other languages of South Asia, such that it became, next to Gandhi, the most powerful literary force on the literature of South Asia during the first half of the twentieth century. For a discussion of the early phases of the Progressive Movement, see Carlo Coppola, "The All-India Progressive Writers' Association: The European Phase" in *Socialist Realism in the South Asian Context*, ed. Carlo Coppola, Occasional Papers of the Asian Studies Center, Michigan State University, which will appear shortly. Among the twenty-two other essays in this volume is one by Athar Murtuza entitled "Art, Life and Myth: Aspects of the Poetic Theory and Practice of Faiz Ahmed Faiz."

4. Majeed Malik = a close friend of Faiz who was employed as a writer for All India Radio; he was a member of the intellectual group led by Muhammud Din Tasir, which also included a number of other young Urdu writers who later came to prominence; additional biographical details about Majeed Malik are unavailable.

5. Muhammud Din Tasir was born in 1902 in Ajnala, Punjab. He received his Ph. D. in English from Cambridge under Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. While there, he was instrumental in forming the All India Progressive Writers' Association, together with Sajjad Zaheer and Mulk Raj Anand. He was principal of Mohammedan-Anglo Oriental College, Amritsar, where Faiz was a lecturer in English. In 1948, Tasir was appointed principal of Islamic College, Lahore, a post he held until his death on 30 November 1950. Tasir's wife is the former Cristabel George, whose sister, Alys, visited the Tasirs in 1938. It was through the Tasirs that Faiz and Alys George met.

6. *Dasti-i-sabā* (Hand of the Wind), the second of Faiz's four volumes of poetry, which appeared in 1953.

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

FAIZ ON FAIZ*

A rare occasion on which
Pakistan's foremost poet
speaks about himself

I feel extremely reluctant to talk about myself because talking about oneself is the loving occupation of all *bored* people. I wish to be excused for using this English word *bored*, but now its derivatives such as *boriyat* [boredom], etc., are being used in our language. Therefore, it should also be considered part of everyday Urdu speech. What I am saying is that I dislike any conversation about myself. In fact, even in my poems I try as much as possible to avoid using the first person singular and have always written "we" instead of "I." Thus, when literary detectives ask me why I write poetry, how and for what purpose I write, I give them whatever answer that pops into my mind in order to evade the question. For example, the reader himself should find out from my poems how I write and why I write. Why pester me? But importunate kinds of people among them are not satisfied even then! Consequently, the responsibility of today's conversation is entirely on the shoulders of these gentlemen and not on mine.

I do not know any single excuse for the guilt of writing poetry. The prevalence of poetry in my childhood environment, the inducement of friends and amusement are all included in such an excuse. This is true of the first part of *Naqsh-i-faryādī*,[1] which contains poems written between 1928-29 and 1934-35. These were my student days, though all these poems are associated with the same mental and emotional occurence (and the external agent of this occurence is that one event which most young hearts experienced during this age); yet when I look back now, I find that even this period was not a single one. I had two separate paths, the internal and external quality of which were considerable different. The reason for this differentiation is because the years from 1920 to 1930 were socially and economically a carefree period of contentment and excitement in which, besides nationally important politician movements, there was in most prose a poetry a tendency to merrymaking rather than serious thought and observation. The field of poetry was dominated first by Hasrat Mohani, and after him, by Josh, Hafiz Jallandhari and Akhtar Shirani; in the short story, Yaldaram; and in criticism, beauty for beauty's sake and literature for literature's sake.[2] The first poems of *Naqsh-i-faryādī* -- Xuda vah vaqt nah lae" [God, Do Not Send That Time], "Merī jān ab bhī apna husn-o-apas phair de mujhko" [God, Do Not Send That Time], "Merī jān ab bhi apnā husn-o-apas phair de mujhko" [My Love, Give Me Back Your Love], "Tah-i-najūm" [Beneath the Stars], etc.,[3] -- were written under the influence of this environment; and in this same atmosphere one must include the astonishment

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*"Faiz az faiz," *Dast-i-tah-i-sang* (Hand Beneath the Stone) (Delhi: Idarah-i-Farogh-i-Adab, n. d.), pp. 13-24. This piece originally appears to have been a radio talk. This volume first appeared in Pakistan in 1965. Translated from the Urdu by Carlo Coppola and Munibur Rahman.

of first love. But we had not been able to see fully even one fleeting vision of this period when "The company of the beloved came to an end."[4] Then the shadows of the world depression began to descend upon the country and spirited daredevils of the colleges started wandering in the streets in search of jobs. These were the days when suddenly the laughter of children was extinguished, the ruined farmers, leaving their fields and harvests, started to work in the cities, and the ladies from respectable families were for sale in the market. These were the conditions outside the home, and inside there was the tumult of the death of the fire of love. Suddenly it seemed as if all channels to the heart and mind had been closed off and that no one would again enter them. This mood, which is typical of the last poems of the first part of *Naqsh-i-faryādī*, culminates in the comparatively unknown poem which I entitled "Yās" [Despondance]; it runs thus:

The strings on the heart's rebec have broken;
The palaces of comfort have been razed to the ground;
The stories of thought and deed are effaced;
The wine glasses of Life's assembly are broken;
The ecstasy of Kausar and Tasnim has been smashed;[5]
The trouble of crying and lamentation is useless;
Useless the complaint of fortune unattainable,
The descent of mercy has ended;
The gate of acceptance has been closed for a long time;
The merciful Lord is indifferent to prayers;
Only a memory remains: the proof of helplessness.
Let go of this useless waiting,
O you who guard the secret of love,
Groaning under the burden of sorrow!
Leave this fruitless endeavor.

In 1934 I finished college and in 1935 took up a job at MAO [Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental] College, Amritsar. From there a new period of mental and emotional life began for me and for many of my contemporary writers. During this period I met my friends, the late Sahabzada Mahmuduzzafar and his wife, Begum Rashid Jahan.[6] The Progressive Writers' Movement was started; the process of workers' movements began and it seemed as if in the garden not one, but several, schools opened.[7] In this school the first lesson which we learned was that, in the first instance, it is not possible to think by separating one's person from the rest of the world, for after all, the complete experience of one's environment is contained in this world. Second, even if it were possible to separate oneself from the rest of the world, such action would be an extremely unprofitable act, since an individual person, despite all his loves and hatreds, happiness and grief, is a very small and inferior thing. The measure of his breadth and width are his mental and emotional relations with the rest of creation, especially those with whom he shares the human fraternity. Hence, the sorrow of love and the sorrow of the times are two aspects of the same experience. This new experience has its beginnings with the first poem of the second part of *Naqsh-i-faryādī*. The title of this poem is "Mujh se pahlī sī muhabbat merī mahbūb nah māng" [Beloved, Do Not Beg Me for My Former Kind of Love], or if you are a woman, then" . . .mere mahbub nah mang":[8]

Beloved, do not beg me for my former kind of love.
I thought that if you existed, life was resplendent;
If I cared for you, then why quarrel about the sorrows of the world;
From your face, springs manifest a firmness in the world;
Except for your eyes, what remains in the world?
If I were to win you, then fate would be defied.

It was not this way; I only hoped it would be.
There are other sorrows in the world besides love;
Other comforts than the comfort of union;
Dark, brutal phantasmagorias of countless centuries
Woven in silk, satin and brocade;
Bodies sold in narrow streets and bazaars,
Spattered in mud, blood-smattered,
Bodies coming out of the oven of disease,
Flowing pus from running sores.
My glance still turns back to those sights -- what am I to do?
Yet your beauty is alluring -- what am I to do?
There are other sorrows in the world besides love,
Other rests than the rest of union;
My love, do not ask me for my former kind of love.[9]

After this, thirteen or fourteen years were spent in asking "Why should we not accept the sorrows of the world?"[10] After serving in the army, working as a journalist, trade union work, etc., I went to jail for four years. The two books subsequent to *Naqsh-i-faryādī* -- i.e., *Dast-i-sabā* [Hands of the Wind, 1952] and *Zindāṅ nāmah* [Prison Narrative, 1956] -- are the souvenirs of this stay in prison. Although basically these writings are related to the mental impressions and thought processes which started with "Mujh se pahlī sī muhabbat merī mahbūb nah māng," prison itself is, nevertheless, a fundamental experience in which a new window of thought and vision opens by itself. Thus prison is first like another adolescence when all sensations again become sharp and one experiences once again that same original astonishment at feeling the dawn breeze, at seeing the shadows of evening, the blue of the sky, and feeling the passing breeze. Second, it happens that the time and the distance of the external world are both cancelled. Even things which are near become very distant, and those which are far become near. The difference of yesterday and tomorrow is eliminated, effaced in such a way that sometimes a moment seems an immeasurable span of time and sometimes a century appears to be a thing which happened just yesterday. Third, in the tranquility of separation, one finds greater leisure to attend to the outer adornment of the bride of poetry, in addition to mediation and study. There were two periods of this prison life: one spent in Montgomery Prison, which was a time of weariness and disgust with experience. Representatives of these two moods are the following poems: the first from *Dast-i-sabā*, the second from *Zindāṅ nāmah:*

Prison Evening
(Zindāṅ kī ek shām)

Night descends step by step
From the curving staircase of evening stars;
Thus the breeze passes by

As if someone has spoken words of love.
Homeless trees in the prison courtyard
Drooping, lost in making
Designs upon the hem of the sky.

Upon the shoulder of the roof glows
The graceful hand of the kind moon;
The star river is dissolved into dust;
The Nile of the heavens dissolves into light;
Grey shadows in green corners
Fluttering as though
The wave of pain from separation from the beloved has settled
in the heart

A thought continuously moves through my heart:
This moment makes life sweet;
Those who want to mingle the poison of tyranny will not
succeed today or tomorrow:
What if they also put out
The candle of the bridal-chamber of union!
Let us see if they can extinguish the moon.[11]

O City of Lights

(Ae roshniyoṅ ke shahr)

Pale, insipid noon drying upon the grass,
The poison of loneliness licking the walls,
Muddied waves of dull pain, fall,
Swell like clumsy mist upon the far horizon.

Behind the mist, the city of light,
O city of lights

Who knows where your light-road leads?
Ramparts of separation stand on all sides unlit,
The wary troops of longing sit about tired;
Today I worry,
O city of lights

The surge of desire may not retreat from the night raid;
Fortune befriend your loved ones!
Tell them that when, tonight, they burn their lamps
To keep the flames burning high.

[Lahore Jail
Montgomery Jail
28 March-15 April 1954][12]

The period of *Zindān nāmah* was something of a muddle during which time I lost my newspaper job. I went to jail again. The period of martial law came and in such an atmosphere, mental and otherwise, there appeared again a realization that one should close certain roads and seek some new avenues. Mirroring this silence and waiting are the poems "Shām" [Evening] and a few couplets of an unfinished *ghazal*, "Kab thahregā dard ae dil kab rāt basar hogi" [O heart, when will the spring subside and night end].[13]

TRANSLATORS' NOTES

1 This volume was published in 1943; the title has been variously translated as "Image of Complaint," "Lamentations," and "Remonstrances."

2 Hasrat Mohani = Syed Fazalul Hasan, whose pen name was Hasrat, was born in 1875 in Mohan, in Unnao District, Uttar Pradesh; not only was he one of the major Urdu poets of the twentieth century who wrote in the traditional *ghazal* style, but was also an active member of the Congress. He was the first delegate to move a resolution on behalf of complete independence from Britain The resolution was defeated. For an article dealing in part with the poetry of Hasrat Mohani by Gail Minault, see "Urdu Political Poetry During the Khilafat Movement," *Modern Asian Studies*, which will appear in 1975. Hafiz Jallandhari = Mahmud Hafiz, was born in 1900 in Jullundur, Punjab. His first collection of highly influential poems, *Naghmazār* (Fields of Melody), appeared in 1925. During World War II he served as assistant director general of the Song Publicity Organization, Delhi, which used Urdu poets for writing anti-fascist propaganda Akhtar Shirani = Muhamud Daud Khan, whose pen name is Akhtar Shirani, was born in 1905 in the princely state of Tonk, Rajputana, son of the noted Persianist Mahmud Khan Shirani. He edited several magazines, most notable *Humāyūn* (Imperial), *Intixāb* (Selections) and *Xayālistān* Land of Ideas). He has published a total of eight volumes of poetry, which have been highly influential in that they are love poems which depart radically in form and content from traditional *ghazal* poetry Yaldaram = Sajjad Haidar, whose pen name was Yaldaram, was born in 1880 and died in 1943; he lived in Turkey for a number of years while serving in the diplomatic corps; after his retirement, he served as registrar for Aligarh Muslim University; he is considered a romantic and something of an esthete; he adapted many Turkish stories and plays into Urdu, as well as wrote novels and stories

3 "Xudā vah vaqt nah lāe" appears in translation by Victor Kiernan in *Poems by Faiz Ahmad Faiz* (Delhi: People's Publishing House, 1958), p. 18, and in a slightly emended version in *Poems by Faiz* (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1972), pp 51-53. The remaining two Faiz mentions do not, to our knowledge, exist in translation; therefore, we offer them here:

My Love, Give Me Back Your Love

My love, give me back your love.
The torch of your love still burns in my heart;
The assembly of Life is a paradise from your presence;
My soul in its loneliness still remembers you;
Longing is awake in every stirring of breath;
Every colorless moment awaits your coming.
Glances spread forth; the road is still embroidered with gold.
But how long will sad Life bear these blows?
How long will it sacrifice itself on your emnity?
The sweetness sleeping in your voice will eventually
Find a place in the despondent solitude of my heart;
These eyes, misty with an excess of tears,
Shall forget the grandeur of your beauty;
These lips will call you, but will find no pleasure;
Songs about love of you will dry up in my throat;
Lest past memories by forgotten,
These old stories be lost in the waves of sorrow,
Your appearance be washed away from the folds of my heart,
Lest the bright candle of the love chamber suddenly be put out,
And the darkness of a strange world surround you,
My love, give me back your love.

(*Naqsh-i-faryādī* [Amritsar: Azad Book Depot, (1959)], pp. 35-37.)

Beneath the Stars

Somewhere beneath the stars in the moonlight spread about
A heart is still restless with swarming desire;
Red eyes overflow with the drunkeness of sleep;
Ambergris eyes are dispersed on white countenance;
Youth flows from the root of every hair
Like the scent-flood floating from fresh flower petals;
The color of the dress shines brightly in the moonlight;
The breeze humbly makes the scarf flutter;
Tenderness exudes from the supple tall stature,
The color of supplication appears from the coquettish manner;
Silent entreaties in sorrowful eyes,
Several dying prayers in the grief-stricken heart;
Somewhere beneath the moonlight spread about
Someone's beauty still waits;
Somewhere in the garden populated by thought
There is a flower which is still unacquainted with spring.

(*Naqsh-i-faryādī*, pp. 36-37.)

4. Persian proverb: "Muhabbat-i-āxin ākhir shud," which suggests that an enjoyable period had come to an end.
5. Kausar and Tasnim: the rivers of Paradise alluded to in the Koran.
6. Mahmuduzzafar (1908-1955), member of the royal family of Rampur; educated

in British public schools, he took a B. A. from Oxford and he returned to India where he met Rashid Jahan (1905-1952), daughter of Shaikh Abdullah, champion of education for Muslim women and follower of Sir Syed Ahmed Khan. Together with Sajjad Zaheer and Ahmed Ali, they published a number of highly controversial short stories in the collection called *Angāre* (Embers) in late 1931 or early 1932. This group is looked upon as the forerunner to the Progressive Movement in Urdu literature. Mahmuduzzafar was primarily a Communist Party organizer, his major piece of writing is the travelogue, *Quest for Life* (1954), in which it tells of his trip to Russia where he took his wife in order to seek a cure for her cancer. Rashid Jahan published her collection of short stories and radio plays in *Aurat aur digār afsāne* (Women and Other Stories), in 1937. A gynecologist by profession, Rashid Jahan is considered by many as the first Muslim woman to express the sensibilities of the modern woman in Urdu fiction. She died in Moscow and is buried there. A collection of her heretofore unpublished works and other stories is being prepared by her sister-in-law, Dr. Hamida Saiduzzafar (sister of Mahmuduzzafar) of Aligarh, and is expected to appear in early 1975. An article by Steven M. Poulos and Carlo Coppola entitled "Feminine Sensibility and Marxist Ideology: The Case of Rashid Jahan" will appear in a forthcoming *JSAL* edited by Fritz Blackwell dealing with feminine sensibility and characterization in South Asian literature.

7. Here Faiz is paraphrasing a couplet from Ghalib:

> Main caman meṅ kyā gayā, goyā dabistāṅ khul gayā
> bulbuleṅ sunkar mere nālah, ghazal xwāṅ ho gaīṅ

(Mirza Asadullah Khan "Ghalib," *Dīvān-i-ghālib* [Collected Poems of Ghalib], ed. Ali Sardar Jafri [Bombay: Hindustan Book Trust, 1958], p. 231)

> The moment I went into the garden, it seemed as if a
> school had opened;
> The nightingales, hearing my plaint, started singing *ghazals*.

8. Here Faiz is making a gender distinction: *merī mahbūb* being feminine, thus the speaker being a man; and *mere mahbūb* being masculine, thus the speaker being a woman.

9. This poem appears in a translation by Victor Kiernan in *Poems by Faiz Ahmad Faiz*, p. 22 and in a slightly emended version in *Poems by Faiz*, pp. 65-67.

10. Faiz is here quoting from one of his poems entitled "Soc" (Thought) from *Naqsh-i-faryādī*. Since it does not seem to appear in the various sources in translation, we present it here:

> Why am I not happy?
> Why do I remain silent?
> Never mind my story;
> I am all right as I am.

What does it matter if my heart is sad?
The whole world is sad;
This pain is neither yours nor mine;
O beloved, it belongs to all of us.

Even if you became mine,
The sorrows of the world would remain the same;
The nooses of sin and the bonds of tyranny
Will not be cut just by saying so.

Sorrow in every shape is fatal,
Whether ours or someone else's;
Weeping and anger
Are, in any case, ours -- ours.

Why shouldn't we make the world's sorrow our own,
And think of all the plans afterwards,
And see the dreams of comfort later
And ponder their interpretation?

Carefree, wealthy people --
How do they stay happy?
Let us distribute their comfort among ourselves!
After all, they are also like we.

Agreed that the struggle is hard;
Heads will be broken, blood shed;
Sorrows too will be swept away in blood;
We may not live, but sorrow too will not survive.

(*Naqsh-i-faryādī*, pp. 71-72)

11. This poem appears in a translation by Victor Kiernan under the title "A Prison Nightfall" in *Poems by Faiz Ahmad Faiz*, p. 64 and in a slightly emended version in *Poems by Faiz*, pp. 189-91.

12. This poem appears in a translation by Victor Kiernan under the title "Oh City of Many Lights" in *Poems by Faiz Ahmad Faiz*, p. 69 and in a slightly emended version in *Poems by Faiz*, pp. 201-203. The places and dates of composition were not given in the original essay, but are printed at the end of the poem in *Zindān nāmah*.

13. The Poem "Shām" appears in a translation by Victor Kiernan in *Poems by Faiz*, pp. 227-28 . Another translation of this poem appears in *Eleven Poems and An Introduction by Faiz Ahmad Faiz*, trans. C. M. Naim and Carlo Coppola, *Dialogue Calcutta*, No. 19 (1971), ed. Pritish Nandy, [p. 12]. The unfinished *ghazal* Faiz alludes to here is not, to our knowledge, translated, so we present it here:

O heart, when will the spring subside and night end?
I had heard that she would come and that there should be dawn.

When will the soul turn to blood? When will it become the
tear of a pearl?
When, O tearful eye, will you be heard?

When will the flower season be fragrant, the taverns stagger?
When will there be the dawn of poetry, the night of glances?

There is neither preacher nor ascetic, neither counsellor
nor executioner;
Now how will the friends spend their time in the city?

O stature of the beloved, how long shall we wait?
When is Doomsday fixed? You must know when!

December 1959

(*Dast-i-tah-i-sang*, p. 63.)

JSAL *interviews*

FAIZ AHMED FAIZ

Islamabad, Pakistan
September 1972

JSAL: Please say something about your family background and early life. How was it that you came to be a writer? Tell us about your earliest literary works?

Faiz: My father was an adventurer from Sialkot. He was a self-educated man and he went to Afghanistan when Abdur Rahman was king.[1] Later he left the king's service and went to England to study law and join the bar. He then returned to India. I was educated at Scotch Mission School in Sialkot and later at Government College, Lahore. There I had the same teacher as Iqbal, Syed Mir Hussain. My family was originally from Afghanistan, but moved to Sialkot, which had become a center of learning at that time. There was a literary atmosphere inside and outside the house. I was brought up on the classics. I studied European literature in Lahore for which I received the M.A. I also received an M.A. in Arabic literature. I started writing just as an inclination; there is no reason why one should become a writer especially.

JSAL: What sorts of influence, both Pakistani and Western, have you imbibed as a writer? Are there any particular writers whose works have affected you and your individual artistic outlook?

Faiz: One began with the classics, Persian contemporaries, and, of course, Iqbal, whom one read all the time. In the early days romantic themes were dominant in poetry and then a breakthrough came. New forms, patterns, themes -- mainly political -- began to appear. Akhtar Shirani was responsible for liberating poetry from its classical norms.[2] He was more influential in the Punjab. Later on when I studied European literature, the nineteenth-century romantics -- Shelley and Keats -- had an influence on me. My particular study was on Browning. This was not until the thirties; in the thirties social and political themes became more important than romantic ones. Because of the anti-fascist movement and the political situation in one's own country, this development took place. Those whom I've taken an interest in include Spender and MacNeice of the English school, and other European writers such as Gorky, as well as, the American writers of that time -- Steinbeck, Dos Passos, etc.

The editors wish to express their sincere thanks to Mr. Allen Jones of Duke University for carrying out this interview on behalf of *JSAL*. Mr. Jones wishes to have it noted that the text presented here is not a word-for-word transcription of the interview, but a reconstruction of the meeting with Faiz based on extensive notes.

JSAL: How would you characterize your individual artistic outlook? What, in your opinion, is the function of a poet or writer in a country such as Pakistan?

Faiz: One's outlook is formed basically by the urge for freedom, not for oneself, but for one's fellow beings -- freedom from oppression of all kinds, from exploitation. In a country such as Pakistan, the function of the poet is as a recording instrument of the dominant aspirations of the people, of their sufferings and happinesses.

JSAL: It is rather difficult for a writer to make his living by his writings in Pakistan. Usually writers also work at another profession. Is this true in your case? Do you foresee that this situation will change and that a writer will be able to live by the sale of his writings?

Faiz: Yes, I have been a teacher, soldier, socialist, cultural organizer and so forth. Writers can live from the sale of their works only in affluent societies.

JSAL: There has to be a change in the larger social context before writers will be able to support themselves in Pakistan, so it seems.

Faiz: Yes, that is true.

JSAL: Urdu literature in the past several decades has been very closely involved with politics and political issues. Do you feel that this is a very healthy relationship? Were you ever involved in the so-called progressive movement or any other such group?

Faiz: There is an inevitable relationship between literature and politics, particularly for countries like ours. Involvement with progressivism means getting involved with one's own people. One became involved as soon as one became conscious of what was happening to them. If one was to be of value, one had to write on their behalf -- against political oppression, social injustice, etc. One got involved in order to experience this struggle more intensely. One got *involved* in the struggle as well as articulated it.

JSAL: What is the relevance of your work to the life situation of the people of Pakistan today? Do you have any sort of message for people in your writing?

Faiz: Relevance is better known to my people than perhaps to others. One has gone along with whatever problem arose. First, it was English domination and independence that concerned one. Second, it was the need to create a better social order. Whatever the situation has been -- and they have been different at different times -- one has tried to articulate them.

JSAL: Do you write for any particular reason? For your own satisfaction? Or for the instruction of others?

Faiz: I see no difference between writing for yourself and for others.

JSAL: How would you categorize yourself as a writer and how would you like to be remembered in the histories of Urdu literature to be written hence?

Faiz: I'm not that way -- to be concerned that way. While I'm alive, I try to help my fellow man. After I'm dead, that's that.

JSAL: What is your opinion of the present state of Urdu literature?

Faiz: It is difficult to say. In Pakistan Urdu is a dominant language so more is being written. But other languages have just begun to grow. All languages are dynamic.

JSAL: Is there any distinction between the Urdu literature of Pakistan and that of India?

Faiz: Yes, there is a distinction in the social and political situation. They are involved in theirs and we are involved in ours. Basically there is much difference.

JSAL: There seems to be a definite shift in your poetry. In your earlier works you seem to have a considerable social and political concern. In your latest poems, you have much more of a personal, individual vision in your poetry. Could you explain this change? Or is this simply a misreading of your poetry?

Faiz: No, I have never differentiated the personal and the impersonal. It depends upon the urgency with which you write. Sometimes you stress the social, sometimes the personal. My work is a mixture of both.

JSAL: You have always been very involved in politics and labor unions. Do you feel that such associations have made you a better poet? Do you feel comfortable at all talking about your imprisonment in the fifties? If so, could you tell us about it? Isn't it ironic that after prison you were awarded the 1961 Lenin Peace Prize. Please tell us about your receiving this prize.[3]

Faiz: Yes, I do feel that involvement with politics has made me a better poet. About my imprisonment -- I felt no inhibition about going to prison; it is not more unusual here than elsewhere. Concerning the prize, it came as a surprise to me. I was not expecting it. It was a pleasant surprise.

JSAL: You have recently led a procession in favor of Punjabi as a regional language in Pakistan? Please explain your thinking on this issue.

Faiz: I did not lead a procession, though I did sign a statement to give Punjabi its due place in the scheme of things.

EDITORS' NOTES

1. Abdur Rahman Khan (1844-1901), amir of Afghanistan from 1880 to 1901, son of Afzal Khan and grandson of Dost Mohammed Khan, founder of the Mohammedzai (or Barakzai) dynasty.

2. For a note on Akhtar Shirani, see p. 135.

3. Faiz was awarded the 1961 Lenin Peace Prize in 1962. Among the other winners that year were Pablo Picasso, who won it for the second time (he received his first in 1950; he also refused this 1961 award); Kwame Nkrumah, President of Ghana, Istvan Dobe, President of Hungary, and Olga Poblete de Espinosa, a Chilean university professor and activist in peace and women's rights organizations. Faiz was presented his award of 10,000 rubles and a gold metal on 20 August 1962. His acceptance speech on the occasion of this award is published as a foreword to the collection *Dast-i-tah-i-sang*, p. 7-12.

EXPERIMENTALISM AND ITS IMPACT ON PUNJABI LITERATURE

Surjit S. Dulai

The approach of India's independence from British rule generated a new self-confidence and pride among Indians and, thus, gave a tremendous impetus to the growth of modern vernacular literatures. The impact was by far the greatest on Punjabi. For the first time in its history, Punjabi came to be recognized as an important part of their cultural heritage by a large percentage of the "educated" Punjabis. It began to receive its due place in the educational curriculum, the government administrative work, as the language of the press, and as a literary medium. With this change in the status of Punjabi, the rapid expansion of education, the Punjabi readership increased manifold. Keeping pace with this increase, Punjabi writing also began to proliferate. Already established writers became many times more productive than before and scores of new, younger writers appeared on the scene. The Punjabi world of letters was transformed.

Like its bulk, the themes of Punjabi, as of the rest of Indian literature, were also profoundly affected by independence. They were born of the hopes, opportunities and the challenges that independence brought. The content of literature began to center on social and economic advancement. Now that India was to be politically free, it was expected that its people should achieve a happy existence free from the social and economic disadvantages which had hitherto made and were still making the lives of most Indians very miserable. But soon it began to be realized that the situation did not seem to be improving or, at any rate, the pace of improvement was not satisfactory. Many felt that the conditions were actually deteriorating. Independence had been beneficial to a select few, the few who formed the upper segment of society. They prospered at the expense of the lower classes. The prevailing social-economic system kept the lower classes enslaved for exploitation by the upper. It was, therefore, necessary that this system be abolished and replaced by one in which there would be no more exploitation and all men and women shall be equal, free, materially well-provided and happy. Among the various means advocated for the achievement of this goal, the one that became most prominent was Socialism. The success story of Russian Socialism loomed large in the mind of many an Indian and became an example to be emulated. Most of the leading writers of Punjabi, such as Sant Singh Sekhon, Sujan Singh, Bawa Balwant, Mohan Singh, Amrita Pritam, Surindar Singh Narula, and Balwant Gargi, were attracted to the idea of a classless society as envisioned by Marx and as, in their belief, was being realized in Russia. Sekhon studied Marxism with some thoroughness and developed a fairly elaborate theory of literature based on Marx's dialectical materialism. Most other writers saw the historical implications of Marxism only vaguely, but still derived inspiration from it and pointed out the need as well as the inevitability of the coming emancipation of the masses from capitalism. Thus crystallized the phase of writing known as *pragtivad* or "progressivism."

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*This is a review article on Pritam Singh, ed. *The Voices of Dissent* (Jullundur: Seema, 1972), 93 pp. and Jasbir Singh Ahluwalia, *Punjabi Literature in Perspective* (A Marxist Approach) (Ludhiana: Kalyani, N.D.), 174 pp.

Most early progressive writers first experienced the frustration and suffering of human existence in their own personal lives. Only after this personal experience did they begin to relate their private suffering to the social-economic reality and see it as part of the common predicament of the masses. In delineating this predicament, instead of a direct presentation of reality, they generally suggested it by using the traditional symbols of the tragedy of love. In poetry, the leading writers of this phase were Mohan Singh and Amrita Pritam. They wrote of the failure and impossibility of love in the prevailing order and of the creation of a new order for its fulfillment. They did so in a style which often made use of the traditional poetic manner in imagery, diction, allusions, etc. Thus both the thematic and stylistic elements in their poetry had the effect of abstracting reality. But since their personal experience was intense and their thematic selection rooted deeply in a tradition still alive and their language and allusions sophisticated and charged with rich associations, this abstraction was no disadvantage but rather a means by which reality became sublimated and beautifully enshrined in art. Amrita and Mohan Singh have written some of the finest lyric poetry of this century.

But as progressive poetry became fashionable, in the hands of less sophisticated hands and poets of little significant experience, this same process of abstraction became a divorce from reality. Poetry became a formula full of empty rhetoric and sentimentality having no relation with the real world. But since it vehemently protested a commitment to the people's cause, it had became a holy cow and its cult all-pervasive and rigid.

The literary atmosphere so created began to be oppressive for sensitive writers and lovers of literature. Towards the end of 1950's, some young/ poets started to rebel against this situation. To begin with, it seems, they simply craved to be free from the dead monotony and emptiness of the prevalent fashion in writing. They were desperate for a change, no matter of what kind, even if it took the form of indulgence in absurd literary antics. So they cast about, sometimes quite haphazardly, for new subjects and new modes of expression, experimenting thus to explore new possibilities for poetry. Their efforts developed into a movement known as the Experimental (*prayogshil*) movement which rapidly gathered strength and has, during the last decade developed into "New Writing" and profoundly influenced contemporary Punjabi literature, expecially poetry.

The Experimentalists' quest for innovation *per se* soon developed into a concern for writing genuinely significant poetry. They began to examine the nature of poetry in the light of a knowledge of its theory and practice with special reference to the major developments in the West during the twentieth century. It became their belief that to be significant, literature of any period must capture the contemporary reality and human experience. The reality of today's world and man's experience of it are uniquely different from those at any time in the past. The delineation of this reality and its experience in poetry requires forms of expression uniquely suited to them. To be able to grasp them faithfully and depict them in apt forms, a poet must be naturally endowed with or develop a "modern sensibility." The Experimentalists alleged that much of the current Punjabi writing suffered from a "sensibility gap" and was, therefore, out of touch with reality and amounted to little more than futile, though mannerized, verbal gymnatics and pretentious "attitudinization." Sometimes it might serve as political propaganda; literature it was not.

As the Experimentalists' ideas about literature evolved further and began to take the form of an elaborate theory, somewhat ironically, they found its basis in the same Marxist ideology which the Progressives had, vaguely or definitely, subscribed to. It was their claim that the Progressives had either altogether failed to interpret and apply Marxism correctly in their writing or their interpretation had no validity for the current situation. Almost all the major Experimentalists theorized and wrote about literature, but their most systematic theoretician has been Jasbir Singh Ahluwalia. Though the first writer to publish a book of Experimental poems was Sukhpalvir Singh Hasrat, Ahluwalia emerged as the leader of the movement.[1] In comparison with the prolific output of some other Experimentalists, such as Hasrat and Ravinder Ravi, the amount of his writing in verse is small. But he has written a number of books on Experimentalism and New Writing fully expounding its rationale and guiding the movement. His poetry too embodies the characteristic features of Experimentalism more completely and is written with greater sophistication and depth of perception than other Experimentalists. Because of all this he not only towers above them all but has come to occupy an important place in Punjabi literature as a whole. Under his tutelage, the Experimental writing grew into a major literary movement and gave a new vigor and direction to Punjabi literature. Because of the work of the Experimentalists, Punjabi literature has entered a new phase, a phase in which the dominant concern is for a true perception and honest portrayal of reality free from all preconceived assumptions no matter how popular or sacrosanct. There is in the air a new determination to grasp the nature and function of literature clearly once again, as it happens in the history of any literature from time to time after periods of decline and confusion. The world of Punjabi writing is charged with certainty and self-confidence. Gone, or almost gone, is the tepid repetitiousness of the fag-end of Progressivism. Gone also is the tentativeness of the early days of Experimentalism. There is little that is experimental about Punjabi literature today except to the extent that all good writing is a process of continuous discovery. Experimentalism as a movement came to an end in the mid-sixties, exactly when it had reached its peak. That is how it should have been. The movement was a catalyst in the stream of Punjabi literature and after it had served its function, it submerged into the stream and transformed it. It is quite fitting that the most recent book by Ahluwalia is *Punjabi Literature in Perspective: (A Marxist Approach)*. The book undoubtedly reflects the bias of the author's point of view, but it is no mere polemic but a serious work of wide scope. Here Ahluwalia develops a systematic philosophical-historical view of Punjabi reality and literature as a whole. His focus is on the nature of the contemporary experience and its bearing on the current writing, but he sees the present situation in the wider context of history. Important as the book is in its immediate context for providing an insight into the present literary scene and for giving direction to it, it is also very likely to be of enduring significance for its perspective on the entire career of Punjabi literature. As such it is very worthy of the attention of all serious students of Punjabi. But as the thinking in the book largely evolved from the author's involvement with the Experimental movement and as one may say that with this book the movement comes full circle, rejoining the current where it had left and thus deepening it, it is also necessary to sample some representative specimens of writing from the Experimentalists and other writers influenced by the atmosphere created by their movement. A recent anthology of poems in English traslation, *The Voices of Dissent* by Pritam Singh seems very convenient and suitable for the purpose. The anthology, and Ahluwalia's critical work as well, also deserve our attention as contributions to the English studies of Punjabi literature. Let us, therefore, turn to an examination of *The Voices of Dissent* followed by a review of Ahluwalia's book.

Though *The Voices of Dissent* is a very welcome work because so far there has been very little translation from Punjabi into English, yet it has to be admitted that the book suffers from several weaknesses. These must be noticed not to belittle its importance but to suggest how this or future work along similar lines could be made most useful. For many of its shortcomings, one can hardly blame the translator, because they are not so much his own faults as the handicaps of his situation. As there has been very little work of translation from Punjabi, many kinds of information and stylistic features normally considered essential in an anthology of this kind seem unknown to him. There is no systematic biobibliographical information about the poets included in the collection. There is no reference to the original titles and context of the selections. And nowhere does the translator give a full bibliographical citation of the publications mentioned in the text. All this seriously limits the usefulness of the book for a serious student.

The commentary is riddled sometimes with hackneyed and sometimes with quaint expressions. There are sentences like this: "It (poetry) is no longer confined to ditties of a love lorn lass or lyrics of a jilted heart" and "He makes use of his Pegasus wings, which were long clipped by the scissors of hard realities. . . . He can overcome his frustration by pressing into service his analytical faculty" and so on.[2] But this is to be attributed largely to the inadequacies of the teaching of English in India and the consequent lack of real understanding of English language and literature. That also is the reason for his general naivette and all too frequent indulgence in hyperbole. Still these are problems which must be overcome by an Indian wanting to write in English. And Pritam Singh seems quite capable of writing effectively when he is not obsessed by literary catchwords and phrases or striving for effects too deliberately. His writing is best when his main concern is to state precisely what he knows clearly and feels strongly about it. Then, indeed, he writes clearly and with feeling.

There is only one weakness in his criticism that seems inexcusable. That is the heavy-handed manner in which he passes adverse judgement on a poet when his writing does not seem to fit his (the critic's) view of poetry. He tends to be overly rigid in ideas about poetry and wants to put all poets in a strait-jacket. At times one even notices a hint of factional bias.

But, it is perhaps a measure of the essential merit of the book that, in spite of all these failings, it remains a very valuable anthology for an English reader. Its usefulness by far outweights its deficiencies. Though brief, the book gives a fair idea of the recent developments in Punjabi poetry and conveys effectively some of its actual flavor. Besides being an upcoming critic, Pritam Singh is a poet in his own right. He has, therefore, a good grasp of the contemporary literary scene. Except for an awkward line here and there, and the occasional labored use of rhyme, the translations themselves are fairly effective and faithful to the originals. Despite the editor's bias, one gets an accurate impression of each poet's writing.

The anthology includes selections from seven poets, Jasbir Singh Ahluwalia, Sohan Singh Misha, Jagtar, Ravinder Ravi, Ajaib Kamal, Sukhpal Vir Singh Hasrat, and Pritam Singh himself. Hasrat, the most prolific of the Experimental poets, was the first to write a book containing "a large number of poems which represented the new trend."[3] He thus came to be considered the originator of the movement against Progressivism. The Russian critic of Punjabi literature writes:

> "It must be borne in mind, however, that Punjabi literature is developing in a country where bourgeois relations are growing and consolidating themselves, where the ideological expansion of the imperialist powers, especially of the U.S.A. and Britain is exerting its destructive influence upon all cultural processes. Developing bourgeois relationships inevitably engender individualistic moods, a tendency to withdraw from the broad problems of life into the narrow world of personal experience. Thus various literary tendencies spring up that advocate, apolitical attitudes, and confine the writer's responsibility to himself alone. Writers following these trends are indifferent to the people and their problems, claiming that the writers' sole task is perfection of form. Among these tendings, that of Paryogvad (Experimentalism) should be singled out. It first appeared in literature in Hindi, under the influence of West European and American decadent tendencies. Its adherents consider that the essence of creative writing lies in formal experimentation, they stress the purely personal, even individualistic nature of the creative process, denying the existence of humanism and social significance in literature. Despite the support of reactionary forces both inside and outside the country, this trend holds little sway in Punjabi Literature. The first book of poetry that may be referred to Prayogvad appeared in 1959. It is a collection of verses by Sukhpal Vir Singh Hasrat, Hayati De Some (Sources of Life)."[4]

Hasrat himself started writing as a Progressive romantic and sang of the fast approaching millenium in his early poetry:

> "A murder of one desire kindles fresh hope.
> And a spark of life comes dancing.

The monsoon clouds shroud the barren
  night of the waste land.
Awake! Ye oarmen of the life-boat, awake!
The rain soaked winds are on the march
A night is passing. . . ."[5]

"But soon he was disillusioned." Reality was different from "what had been painted before his eyes by the romanticism of the progressive tradition . . . humanity was still far away from its destination."[6]

". . . revolutions have swallowed up
  thousands of Sinais
Still the earth belongs not to us.
Life's longing lies desolate. . . ."[7]

Thus shedding the false assumptions of the fad that Progressivism had become, Hasrat began to look reality in the face. As a result, his poetry acquired a wide range and variety. It began to reflect his awareness of many salient aspects of the contemporary situation. The most characteristic feature of his poetry seems to be a concern for the human quality in life, a concern which expresses itself in the quest for profundity and meaning from the human standpoint, for genuinely human relationships and for humaneness. But he finds that the loss of such human significance, of human touch, is the essential quality of modern experience.

"A sip of coffee, a kiss of your lips
The ring of the telephone, smells of promise,
The patter of feet carries in the laughter of clinging.

A small piece of cloth
Is still slipping off the nude body,
The hotel room is very well decorated,
This is the time for flowers to bloom in the garden.
Let us walk arm in arm for a while,
After ten the curfew time starts."[8]

People try to hide the callous soullessness of their lives with various tricks. See, for example, the "tender" Miss Tanija:

If she finds a child in tatters,
Getting down from her limousine,
With eyes full of tears
She slips a silver in his hand
And feels relieved.

Embracing her boy friend
Heaving a cold sigh
Remarks
'Honey, look what a poor little thing!'[9]

The central feeling in Hasrat's poetry still seems to be the same as inspired him in his pre-Experimental days. And it is this feeling which gives strength to his writing:

Aimless beauty is a mere desolation
Goal-less love is a mere distress
A random art is a lifeless song
Youth is never vain of shadows
I side with the down-trodden.[10]

There is thus a continuity in his development and not a clear break from the past. This appears to be the reason why he "has won wide acclaim from the critics and poets of the old generation" and not because of any backtreading as suspected by Pritam Singh.[11]

Ravinder Ravi is another prolific writer of the New Wave. He has been keenly aware of the problems of the present situation almost from the very beginning of his writing career. The strength of his poetry seems to come from a "robust outlook on life," a desire to live life fully. But, like Hasrat, he sees that the pattern of existence today saps the joy of living:

Today again
Just before my heart
Life and death shook hands with one another
Like the thugs
Who smile at their own share of booty.[12]

The deadening nature of the dull, mechanical round of daily life is the predominant theme of Ravi's poetry. People are so completely caught in a lifeless routine that they have no time or feeling left for what is truly significant.

Every day
The sun wakes me up from my bed
I wash my face
With its rays
Take my breakfast
And then start
My journey of the day

Sun is stable
But this damned earth
Spins round and round.[13]

Man is lost and left alone in this meaningless flux of existence. No one seems to be really interested in others. No one seems to recognize another's worth as a human being.

My eyes were focussed
At the crushed corpse of a dog
And its bloody trail
Whose last and frightful scream

Was suppressed under the sharp
  screech of the brakes.
After the accident
We both,
One saved
And the other killed in the accident
Achieved an identity of our own
Separate from the mob.[14]

People are not only separated from one another, they are also divorced from their own selves, seeing their "destination" in things extraneous and not realizing the intrinsic worth of their real selves:

Every wayfarer is
Fixing his goal
By counting the footsteps
Of his fellow traveller.

My destination
Divided in these foot-steps
Is running astray.[15]

Ravi's poetry thus probes the immediate reality of the day to day existence. His imagery if often fresh and effective. See, for example:

He nursed a skylark in his frame
Everyday in the mirror
He viewed its face
It struck its beak against the mirror
And fell unconscious.[16]

Generally, Ravi's imagery and subjects of his poems are derived from the reality of the modern urban-technological culture, as the title of one of his books, *Hārṭ trānsplanṭ ton bād* (After the Heart Transplant)[17] indicates. A writer particularly concerned with capturing in his poetry the atmosphere of the technological age is Ajaib Kamal. He too has produced a number of books of poetry in quick succession. The title of his *Manukh tē khilā* (Void and the Man)[18] seems typical of his work. He "deals with spiritual poverty and material affluence of the modern man in the atomic age:"[19]

Sputniks are creating
A halo of light
Around his face.
But where is the face?
Where are the eyes
Of the man
Who has conquered
Earth and moon?
Without face, eyes
And other limbs
The unfinished portrait
Is hanging on the easel.[20]

Material, technological advance instead of enhancing the human quality in life is a source of its negation. So is the hold of convention. But the poet is in revolt against this situation. He is fired with the desire to see the modern man become a complete man and is aglow with the self-confidence for such completion for himself:

I have my own eyes
My own ears
My own tongue
And a blazing voice.
In which dust bin
You would toss them?
Tying my hands and feet
The crater of a dumb volcano
You have reserved as my seat.
But I am aware,
When and in what manner
I would erupt.[21]

Such passion and certainty are the sustaining notes of his poetry.

Pritam Singh's own poetry in the anthology depicts the stony indifference that he finds to be the characteristic quality of life around him. Nothing seems to shake the all-pervading apathy. Pritam Singh can be quite effective in conveying the sense of deprivation and pain caused by this situation:

Bored with the colourless life
I had simply opened my eyes
And cast a furtive glance.
A stab in the back
And my heart was punctured by a lance.[22]

He works mainly by using contrast, placing side by side the extreme opposites of a proposition:

This darkness at noon
This town
This country
This jungle
Look worth living
When glow worms appear.[23]

Mythological allusion worked into such contrasts is an interesting and a favorite device in his poetry. He derives these allusions from Hinduism, Islam and Christianity. His allusion to Jesus as the image of humanity and suffering is not far fetched in itself because reference to Jesus has long been a common practice in modern Urdu poetry which forms an essential part of the Punjabi heritage. However, the manner in which this reference is used appears to be derived, though not merely copied, from the example of English, almost certainly T. S. Eliot's, poetry. This too is justifiable, even commendable. For if T. S. Eliot can benefit from using his knowledge of Indian literature, so much more can an Indian from using his acquaintance with English poetry, because, after all, the English influence on India has been by far greater than that of India on England. Such borrowing is all the more legitimate when Pritam Singh's conscious purpose, in the anthology as in his own poetry, is to bring Punjabi poetry to the level of modern Western poetry. It must, however, be pointed out that, to be successfully assimilated, borrowing in literature must be such that it blends with the common experience of the receiving culture. Now, the idea of suffering and humanity of Jesus in an abstract form does blend with the contemporary Indian experience because suffering and the quest for humanity are its prominent features, but the images such as the sepulchre and the stones as used by Pritam Singh have little basis in the general Indian reality. So they tend to be arbitrary symbols discordant with the very reality the Experimentalists set out to represent faithfully.

The matter of borrowing is perhaps the most important thing to be considered in the work of the doyen of Experimentalism, Jasbir Ahluwalia. He has studied modern Western literature with some seriousness and has assimilated in his work many techniques as well as ideas derived from Western poetry. But these are not artificially imposed on the native experience but so joined with it that they begin to derive their life from it. They are somewhat like an imported breed raised on indigenous soil, or even crossed with the local stock. Or to make a closer analogy, the borrowing is like bringing in a camera along with the know-how of photography and a sense of the choice of subjects where none of these existed before, but the life of the pictures, as that of their subjects, is not in the camera or in the art of photography as such but in the reality of their background. It is in this original manner than Ahluwalia has helped transform the idiom and content of Punjabi poetry and brought it face to face with contemporary reality.

Ahluwalia is a crusader for contemporaneity in Punjabi literature. Faced with the strong hold of custom and convention which keep writing insulated from and out of touch with reality, he makes the task of breaking the hold of dead habit a primary aim of his writing. The dedication of his *Kūr rājā kur parjā* (False King False Subjects), not mentioned in *The Voices of Dissent*, reads:

> A ray of light has from somewhere
> Suddenly flickered
> Into the mind's dark ruins
> To rouse again the thoughts
> That lie like sleeping shades.[24]

Often be uses shock and absurd statement to arouse a new perspective:

> Why should I not write
> Two plus two is equal to three
> And make my mind free
> From the spell of these symbols?[25]

But his most delightful method is one of using conventional beliefs, ideas, images, allusions to mythology, etc. in such a manner as to expose the confining emptiness of conventional attitudes. We quote again from a poem not mentioned in *The Voices:*

> Staying within this Lachhman line --
> The line that you yourself have drawn --
> Staying within this empty state,
> A cipher but remains a cipher.
>
> Staying within this Lachhman line
> The Ravan that you fear my come
> That Ravan is of paper made
> That Ravan may now never come.
> Staying within this Lachhman line
> The Ram whose workship is your life
> That Ram may also never come.
> Come, step without the Lachhman line
> Come, step without the vacuous state
> Come, step into the instant now.[26]

Ahluwalia has adopted here a practice of some modern Western writers, the practice, that is, of using tradition and past literature to serve new purposes in their compositions. His adoption of this technique is not facile imitation but very sensitive and endowed with originality. References to the figures from the *Ramayana*, because of these figures being a very well-known part of the living reality of the common Indian experience, are charged with rich assoications. To these the poet adds suggestions of his own devising at the same time giving the resulting multi-layered structure of his imagery a twist that conveys his message with powerful impact. Let us take, for example, the image of Ravan. As the evil demon king, the abductor of Sita, and as a giant-size effigy of paper set up during the festival of *Ramlila*,[27] Ravan is known to all Indians. The poet now suggests that Ravan is only paper thus implying the essential non-reality of his existence and also reminding one, though without saying it, that the paper effigy is burnt every year. The reference to paper also suggests its association with writing, thus making Ravan a demon embodying the literary convention whose fear keeps Sita, the unobserving writer bound in meaninglessness.

The poem is thus a comment not only on the state of contemporary Punjabi writing but on the contemporary Punjabi experience as a whole. Like other Experimentalists, Ahluwalia also finds the general apathy and the mechanical quality of life to be the most prominent features of contemporary existence. Life is a soulless ritual, not because the ritual itself has any sacred value but simply because of the mindless inertia of custom:

> My love
> At the time of our last adieu
> Bring a phial of glycerine.
> By God
> We cannot rely
> On the performance of our eyes.
> Right from the first round
> Our love was tradition-bound.[28]

The danger in poetry too consciously conceived like Ahluwalia's is that it might become a set of merely mental observations and, because of a concern for depicting contemporary reality accurately, it might become a conglomeration of trivial, often ugly, facts observed by the poet. The intellectual element in Ahluwalia's poetry is certainly very high but, generally, it is not the only element or one that stands apart from other elements and thus proving disruptive. It usually deepens into a philosophical attitude and merges with the emotional and sensory elements in the poet's experience, all these elements becoming fused in one by the force of his sensibility. The poet's treatment, his imagery, diction and choice of subject, are such that though the reality treated be trivial or ugly, the poem about it is not.

Partly because of their own deepening experience, but largely, it seems, because of the atmosphere created by Experimentalism, many poets outside the Experimental circle were also strongly impelled to take a closer look at the contemporary reality than they had done before. One such poet is Sohan Singh Misha. Like Hasrat, he outgrew his earlier enthusiasm for socialism, but unlike the Experimentalists, he has not yet found a satisfactory answer to the problems of his situation. He has become intensely aware of the formidable character of these problems and of a loss of direction in confrontation with them:

> How pitch is the night
> All lamps are dead
> But for the lamp post.
> Not a single shaft of light pierces through this
> veil of darkness,
> But for the poor lamp post of this crossing.
> How pitch dark is the night?
> Is there any ember left in the corner of a heart
> Who knows the secret?
> Feelings are dead.
> Consciousness has fallen into deep slumber,
> Cold and dark night is on all sides,
> How difficult it is to leave the crossroads.[29]

But, in spite of the all-engulfing gloom and his recurring pessimism, he would not give up:

> Let me again knock at some door
> Let there by no hope,
> But the struggle must continue.[30]

Pritam Singh finds this "ambivalence" of Misha's poetry somewhat disturbing, but, actually, it may be the surest indication of the poet's honesty. And, honesty has been the chief quest of the Experimentalists. As to Misha's quest for some faith which too Pritam Singh considers a weakness, it may be pointed out that it may not necessarily be an escape but part of a confrontation with reality, a search for an answer based on genuine understanding. Pritam Singh also mistrusts what appears to be Misha's sense of need for poetic inspiration as a search for a "short cut" to reality. But though poetry may not be a "crow flight" a flight it certainly is. Without transport, poetry is not poetry. And this quality in poetry comes by inspiration:

I am a colourless piece of glass
With sharp edges.
Suddenly
A ray of sun light
Fell on my body.
Immediately
A rainbow was born,
A wonderful feast of colours.[31]

A more eminent poet whose poetry has become colored by the Experimental influence is Jagtar. Even before this influence, the strong romanticism of his earlier days had begun to come to terms with the tragic reality of life. It seems, however, that it was the Experimental emphasis on the here and now that helped to bring his poetry close to day to day reality. But this has in no way reduced the sublimity of his writing. On the contrary, it has enhanced the earthy touch that was already there and made it glow with the light of his vision better than ever. Besides being a master craftsman, a wielder of the sure line, phrase, word and sound which enshrine the meanest things of the world into the beautiful world of his poetry, he is also a true visionary, perhaps the only one among all the living Punjabi poets, seeing the face of beauty gleam through the veil of humblest things. That is why his poetry can be sheer enchantment. Says Pritam Singh:

> "Reading through his poems is an elevating experience. . . . Bouchardon, the sculptor, once exclaimed, 'when I read Homer, I feel as if I were 20 feet high.' His poems also lift a man from the atmosphere of despair and despondency and he starts glowing with a zest for life. While reading a few of his lines, a sensitive mind feels for a moment as if, he would zoom into the air. It is no mean achievement for a poet."[32]

A rather left-handed compliment. This is because Pritam Singh finds Jagtar's quest and perception of beauty suspect, an evasion of reality, a somewhat futile day-dreaming, hoping against hope. But nourished on Urdu poetry, Jagtar knows that poetry is not poetry unless it plucks the mystery lying at the heart of things and once that mystery is seen it can be nothing but beauty itself. When the mystery unfolds, tragedy, suffering, ignominy as well as the surface innocence and beauty of things all merge into it. There is no ugliness left, no apprehension. All is joy and beauty. It is this secret which Jagtar has wrested from reality that enables him to stand firmly in the midst of general ruin and oppression and sing of hope and beauty in clear, unfaltering notes. To some extent this secret has been bequeathed to him by tradition. He is a true traditionist become fully modern largely under the impact of Experimentalism. That perhaps is one of the greatest contributions of Experimentalism. For of all Punjabi poets living today Jagtar's poetry is most likely to endure. In his poetry one finds the permanent and contemporary, the universal and the particular, the inner and the outer, the one and the many, the old and the new all fused into one. His almost mystic communion with reality gives to his poems a unity and truthfulness that often shine through with undiminished force even in translation. A few examples will suffice. Here is a description of nature:

There is a downpour of snowflakes
Even the lantern of the moon is dead.
Human habitations,
Fields and meandering paths,
Are all shrouded in mist.
The trees,
Who enjoyed the nude sensuous limbs
Of the moonlight for the whole night,
Stand fossilized,
Due to venomous stings of the morning breeze.[33]

For a sense of mystery and innocence, see:

Says my tiny tot
Sun springs from the flower pot.
My daughter declares with a drum beat
No, the sun rises in the East.
I rivet my eyes
On the flowers and the flower vase
And my children's face
And surmise
From where does the sun rise?[34]

And last of all for absolute certainty and communion with truth:

Through chinks of the shut door
He saw in the courtyard:
Many coloured flowers were laughing
In the sun, scattering fragrance.
Their perfume, like wind and revolt
Shall not faint nor die -- never!
The instant he understood
His face lit with joy.

On the other wall
He wrote again:
My eyes, brain, lips will not sever
Their bond with the world.

At night
Entering through the door chinks
Moonlight walks with me fearlessly.
At daybreak
Not caring for the watchman's gun
Nor the clatter of his hob-nailed shoes,
The chirping of the unseen bird
Announces:
The night is over.[35]

Experimentalism has also had the effect of intensifying realism in the work of Haribhajan Singh, another major poet of the post-Mohan Singh-Amrita Pritam generation outside the Experimental circle. This leaves only one living prominent poet of this generation, Jaswant Singh Neki, almost untouched by the New Poets' concern for contemporaneity. New Poetry having thus become all-pervasive, Ahluwalia's *Punjabi Literature in Perspective* rounds out and provides a systematic summation of its rationale. The rationale is based on a view of Marxism different from the earlier, "orthodox" interpretation, on which the theory and practice of *pragtivad* were based. "Orthodox" or "classical" Marxism saw in the dialectical, historical process posited by Marx and Engels, a mechanistic dualism of categories, a relationship between "mind" and "matter" in which, as categories of reality, they were "mutually opposite and exclusive." This dualism is what led to the "concept of the primacy of matter over mind." "According to dialectical logic (which traditional Marxism despite its claim fails to grasp and apply) the categories of subject and object under which is realized the epistemologic differentiation of reality are mutually opposite but not mutually exclusive."[35] There is thus an essential unity underlying the dialectical process:

> "In other words, the changing forms of the dialectical unity of the subjective and the objective have their correspondence and expression in the changing categories of thought in terms of which reality (qua becoming) is cognised. . . .
>
> A category as such turns out to be a unity of the mode of cognition and the mode of being of reality."[36]

This invalidates the "concept of matter as a substratum for the categorical (sensory) qualities. . . ." and the concept "of cognition as a passive, mirror-reflection form. . . ." So "in essential Marxism . . . the economic 'base' does not operate as a deterministic 'cause' with the axiological superstructure as a passive effect. There is rather 'interaction' between the two complexes. . . ." Interpreted thus, Marxism, as "a truly dialectical-historicist philosophy in tune with the modern, dynamic conception of reality" is essential for understanding modernity. "Marxism minus mechanism is modernity; modernity minus Marxism is like a body without soul."[37]

Viewed in the context of a unified dialectical-historical continuum, modernity is different from and opposed to tradition but not divorced from it. Ahluwalia distinguishes between "tradition" and "traditionalism" as he expounds their realtionship with modernity. Modernity or modern sensibility, he says, is "that qualitativeness of the present which is liberated from the deterministic hang-over of the past." Traditionalism is "the pastness of the past exercising deterministic influence on the present." "Tradition is that Bergsonian inherence of the past into the present which *without robbing the latter of its novelty and freedom* makes time a durational continuum, a dialectically synthetic becoming. Looked at from this angle there is no contradistinction between tradition and modernity. . . ." (italics mine).[38]

Ahluwalia also defines "contemporary sensibility" as distinct from modern sensibility:

> "In the process of the present liberating itself from the deterministic influence of the past (traditionalism) there comes into being what may be called contemporary sensibility with all the consequent self-contradictoriness manifesting itself in its bivalency towards the past and the future, that is, towards traditionalism and modernity."[39]

The nature of modernity in specific terms is this:

> "Modernity as differentiated from both the traditional and contemporary sensibilities is philosophically speaking a temporal conception of reality which has been through different stages replacing the old static view since the 17th century or so."[40]

Referring mainly to modern Western literature, Ahluwalia points out the modernistic and traditional elements in the contemporary sensibility. Modern civilization, he says "has completed the process of severence of man from nature, the individual from society, the subjective from objective."[41] This has led to a general sense of alienation which is the main feeling reflected in modern literature. Ahluwalia views the situation from two sides:

> "Inductively, . . . contemporary literature shows . . . alienation, and loneliness; split-personality; dissolution of stable ego or mind into stream of consciousness; Freudian determinism of the unconscious; relativism of values; dehumanizing effect of the machine-civilization.
>
> Deductively, modernity is a new conceptual frame of reference involving the dynamic conception of reality in terms of which we can explain the above characteristics as possessing a unity in diversity."[42]

The most characteristic feature of modernity is that, because of its temporal conception of reality, it pinpoints "the concrete-in-time" and negates "the being of the timeless Absolute which as such comes to be treated as merely an abstraction from the particular." Hence "the tendency towards revolt, on part of the individual, in modern literature, against all forms of the Absolute: God, the State, the Party or the stereotyped collectivist attitudes, values and behaviour-patterns."[43] The nature and function of symbol in modern literature harmonizes with this commitment to the self-sufficient reality and unity of the empirical world:

> "In the epistemologic act, a symbol performs a unifying, integrating role in organising the contents of perception. Though the epistemologic function of a symbol is of the *a priori* nature, yet its origin is empirical. In fact a symbol is a polarity of *a priorism* and historicism."[44]

The concept of the stream-of-consciousness is also a reflection of this same characteristic commitment of modernity. The basic implications of this concept are:

> "First, there is no mind *qua* being as distinct from its contents, i.e. consciousness. Secondly the contents of consciousness are not *per se* chaotic, discrete, unpatterned or in other words atomistic in character. Thirdly, consciousness is not a product of the action of the *a priori* super-sensory forms on the sensory contents. Consciousness is of the nature of becoming."[45]

Ahluwalia notices that the deterministic hold of traditionalism is still very strong in modern Indian literature. Though the change from feudal to capitalistic economy has started some new processes containing elements of modernity, the overwhelming tendency in them has been towards traditionalism. Ahluwalia attributes this to three main factors. First, the extreme conservatism and the "absolutistic tendency" of the Indian tradition inhibit individuality and humanism, the essential elements of modernity. A widely pervasive obsession with "Indianness," engendered mainly by a sense of nationalism and expressed in the form of a quest for uniformity in all Indian literatures and cultures minimizes the uniqueness of each of them thus obscuring the importance of a confrontation with reality without which there can be no modernity. The tendency to impose an arbitrary uniformity on the variegated complex of Indian culture and literatures reinforces the influence of traditionalism because it seems to provide the uniformity that is sought. Thirdly, the "growing machine-civilization" also has an absolutistic tendency similar to that of the Indian tradition. It has, therefore, been very difficult for the Indian writer to be free from the deterministic influence of traditionalism, to be his/her own self, and establish "a positive new equation between tradition and modernity."

In modern Punjabi literature, the first major poet, Bhai Vir Singh, though he addresses himself to the contemporary reality and thus reveals a partially modern sensibility, remains predominantly traditional, seeking an Absolute transcendental reality as an answer to the problems of the empirical world of the senses in the form of what Ahluwalia calls a "mysticism of the senses." Progressivism, though consciously concerned with liberation from the past, also remained traditional because it adopted the modes and sentiments of romanticism:

> "This romanticism was, in fact, a liberation *within traditionalism* and not *from traditionalism*. As a result of this, in progressivism we see the same quest for the Absolute with the only difference that the Absolute now appears as the Party, the class."[46]

In criticism, Sekhon started a "rational, logical mode of analysis and evaluation" but his method, being rooted in the traditional mechanistic view of Marxism, has also become dated. The same is true of the critical work of Kishan Singh who is much more rigorously deterministic in his approach than Sekhon. But the contemporary situation demands that the writer should free himself from the old deterministic conceptualization of reality and see in its dialectical unity the emergence of the present in all its freedom with the past. In this dialectical unity, the writer should also see his own active relation with reality and become a conscious instrument of change. It is Ahluwalia's claim that the New Writing by reflecting and fostering such a relationship between the writer and reality is carrying Punjabi literature towards "radical modernity." To attain this goal, he warns, literature must treat the contemporary experience as one "dialectical whole" and not segmented as "Bourgeois Experience, Proletarian Experience, etc. considered as mutually exclusive categories." The "inner differentiation" of this experience "would soon give way to polarization . . . between radical modernity and traditionalism." Ahluwalia considers the Naxalite terroristic writing as an already apparent "projection of the regressive forces in superficial revolutionary colors." "What is needed today is: Radicalization of the literary activity and not its politicization."[47]

In *Punjabi Literature in Perspective* Ahluwalia has performed, by a marvelous philosophical-critical feat, the formidable task of establishing the writer's freedóm and responsibility in today's world. The most interesting and crucial aspect of the book is the author's clearly thought out point of view. This is what gives unity to what is, otherwise, a collection of separate and somewhat repititious papers on topics of related interest. Ahluwalia's point of view is the most logical and systematic in the history of Punjabi criticism. Yet it prompts one major criticism if only by way of caution. Though Ahluwalia's commitment to a Marxian view of reality is justificable both because of the significance of Marxism in the modern world and its profuse application in recent Punjabi literature, yet one cannot help noticing the potential limitations and dangers of this commitment. First, being doctrinaire and dogmatic, this commitment can curtail the writer's freedom in a manner almost as deterministic as the one Ahluwalia sets out to free the writer from. It must be pointed out that both Sekhon and Kishan Singh also recognize the artist's freedom and responsibility within the limits of the dialectical process as they see it. Moreover, in Sekhon's own creative writing this freedom is almost unencumbered by dogma. Secondly, a strong preoccupation with the Marxian view of reality in literary criticism tends to reduce literary creation to an act of mere cereberation. Though, unlike that of many other Marxists, Ahluwalia's approach is philosophical rather than sociological, the philosophical perception of reality cannot be a substitute for literary creation. Surely, Ahluwalia is aware of this fact. The danger, however, of a philosophical perspective on reality being equated with a literary treatment of it is very much there, especially when the philosophical perspective becomes too dogmatic. It is as a means of evoking the modern writer's sensibility rather than in handing it out that the value of Ahluwalia's critical work lies. Viewed in this light, he carries on and profoundly expands the work of his predecessors, Sekhon and Kishan Singh.

FOOTNOTES

1. *Hayātī de somē* (The Founts of Life), Jullundur, India: Hazooria Brothers, 1960.

2. *Ibid.*, pp. i. 23.

3. Pritam Singh, p. 79.

4. Serebryakov, I. *Punjabi Literature -- A Brief Outline*, (Moscow: Nauka, 1968), cited in Pritam Singh, p. 79.

5. Pritam Singh, pp. 77-78.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 78.

7. *Ibid.*

8. *Ibid.*, p. 83.

9. *Ibid.*, p. 84.

10. *Ibid.*, p. 80.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 81.

12. *Ibid.*, p. 54.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 58.

14. *Ibid.*, p. 52.

15. *Ibid.*, p. 59.

16. *Ibid.*, p. 62.

17. *Ibid.*, p. 51.

18. *Ibid.*, p. 68.

19. Pritam Singh, p. 68.

20. *Ibid.*, p. 69.

21. *Ibid.*, p. 67.

22. *Ibid.*, p. 92.

23. *Ibid.*, p. 93.

24. Delhi: Navyug, 1970, p. 5.

25. Pritam Singh, p. 11.

26.

27. The story of *Ramayana* is acted out during the festival.

28. Pritam Singh, p. 13.

29. *Ibid.*, p. 18.

30. *Ibid.*, p. 19.

31. *Ibid.*, p. 27.

32. *Ibid.*, p. 37.

33. *Ibid.*, p. 38.

34. *Ibid.*, p. 37.

35. *Ibid.*, p. 10.

36. *Ibid.*, pp. 10-11.

37. *Ibid.*, p. 13.

38. *Ibid.*, p. 14.

39. *Ibid.*

40. *Ibid.*, p. 16.

41. *Ibid.*, p. 23.

42. *Ibid.*, pp. 23-24.

43. *Ibid.*, p. 25.

44. *Ibid.*, p. 28.

45. *Ibid.*, p. 33.

46. *Ibid.*, pp. 20-21.

47. *Ibid.*, p. 87.

URDU POETRY AND ITS ADVENT IN ENGLISH*

Surjit S. Dulai

Some Thoughts Evoked by Ahmed Ali's *The Golden Tradition*

Just a few years ago, Annemarie Shchimmel, in the foreword to Ralph Russell and Khurshidul Islam's *Three Mughal Poets* still deplored the Western lack of interest in Urdu literature. She wrote,

> The names of Khwaja Mir Dard, Mir Hasan, Sauda and Mir are some of the most distinguished and honoured on the bead-roll of Urdu literature. Thus writes Ram Babu Saksena in his *History of Urdu Literature*, 1927. He is no doubt right, but unfortunately the names of these great poets of the eighteenth century, not to mention many lesser writers, are almost completely unknown not only to the average Western reader but even to students of Islamic culture; for the history, especially cultural history, of Muslim India has been deplorably neglected by Western scholars during the last two centuries.[1]

The neglect of Urdu literature by the British Orientalists during these two hundred years was particularly grievous.

> The only real specialist in the field of Hindustani literature during the nineteenth century was the Frenchman Garcin de Tassy . . . who started teaching Hindustani at the Ecole des Langues Orientales in Paris in 1828, and published a large number of translations, books, and articles on the subject.[2]

Work on Urdu literature began to appear in English mainly because of the efforts of Indian scholars. Some significant scholarship came out in the early part of the present century, e.g., Ram Babu Saksena's *History of Urdu Literature*.[3] Still hardly any English scholar took a serious interest in literary Urdu. In fact, "relatively few people in the West felt any great interest in India and its culture . . . in those days." This in spite of the monumental work done in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in other areas by the great Orientalists from Sir William Jones to Max Mueller and the more recent writings of E. M. Forster, Edward Thompson and George Orwell.[4] In 1920 R. A. Nicholson did translate Iqbal's *Asrar-i-Khudi* but did it because of his interest in Persian rather than Urdu literature.[5] Western, especially British and

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*This is a review article on Ahmed Ali, *The Golden Tradition*. New York, N.Y.: Columbia University Press, 1973, 286 pp.

American scholars began to take a serious interest in the culture of the Indian subcontinent only after its independence from British rule. Since then even Indian and Pakistani scholars have also been encouraged by their Western, especially American, collegues to write in English on various aspects of Indian culture. Quite often, the native and foreign scholars have worked in close collaboration. Still, in the area of literature, it has been only during the last few years that the efforts of these scholars have begun to bear fruit. But the climate has definitely changed. So far as Urdu is concerned, the last few years have seen the publication of some excellent works in England and America. The centenary of Ghalib's death in 1969 and the international involvement of scholars in the various literary activities associated with it, although directly concerned only with Ghalib's work, besides producing a large crop of criticism and translations of his work in English, also acted as an impetus for Urdu studies in English in general. Although, in spite of all this activity, even the entire work of Ghalib in Urdu has not yet been translated, the present pace at which the work of introducing Urdu literature to the English-speaking world is progressing is very heartening. A number of very able and dedicated scholars from America, England, India and Pakistan are engaged in this work; Ralph Russell, David Matthews, C. Shackle, C. M. Naim, Carlo Coppola, Aijaz Ahmed, Ahmed Ali, K. N. Sud being some whose names come readily to mind.[6] The most important part of Urdu literature, its poetry, has begun to be available in English translations of such quality and accompanied with such criticism as enable the English readers of fine taste to experience and appreciate the spirit of the original with fair precision.

Ahmed Ali's *The Golden Tradition* is the most recent outstanding contribution in this process of transmission. It is also perhaps the most useful. For the general reader, who is not necessarily interested in learning Urdu and reading Urdu poetry in the original, it comes very close to providing an experience of the original. The book, especially its critical part, is equally helpful in the appreciation of poetry read even in Urdu. Ahmed Ali has gathered in one place representative selections from the best poets from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century accompanied with the basic information about the history and nature of Urdu poetry and some profound insights into the work of Mir and Ghalib in particular and into the nature of Urdu as well as all poetry in general. Although Ahmed Ali's work is a continuation of other scholars' and it often only incorporates and synthesizes their work, the book itself marks a watershed in the study of Urdu poetry in English. Being at once a basic and a sophisticated introductory, but not superficial, work, equally useful for pedagogical purposes and for general reading, it bids fair to become the point from which further studies and translations are likely to proceed. Promising thus to be of central importance to the study of Urdu poetry in the West, it deserves the attention of all scholars interested in Urdu.

Since *The Golden Tradition* seems to mark a crucial juncture in the history of Urdu studies in English, it seems fitting that, as we take a closer look at what it accomplishes, we should also look back to some of the causes which had hitherto hindered the advent of Urdu poetry in the Western world. This is called for if only to rejoice and share a feeling of triumph with all lovers of Urdu poetry. Such retrospection, however, is also needed because of its value as a source of guidance for future work. For while indicating the problems that beset a scholar in this area, its bug-bears as well real difficulties, it can also show how they have been or must be coped with.

We may begin with a factor that most commonly undermines the interest in translation of all poetry, namely, the notion that poetry is untranslatable. The notion is at once the hobgoblin and a valid dictum of literature. One has to agree with Valery that a poet is never completely understood but by his own people, but this does not rule out the possibility of transmitting a significant part of the total experience of a poem from one language to another. Some of the world's greatest poems have survived translation. From the evidence of those who know both the languages involved, we know that in many cases, the translation has come remarkably close to capturing the experience of the original. Although much in poetry may be lost in translating on the whole, it may be safely assumed poetry that is good enough to survive in its own language shall also survive in good translation.

In the case of Urdu poetry, the argument about the difficulty of translation has often been particularly overemphasized. The strict conventional forms and modes of expression in it have been cited as insurmountable barriers to meaningful translation because it is either assumed that it is impossible to replicate them in another language or that it is impossible for the foreigner to appreciate them. The force of convention in the form, imagery and style of Urdu verse is admittedly very strong even to this day but the same is true of classical Persian poetry which was translated quite beautifully long before Urdu. If the translation of poetry is accompanied by an explanation of the conventions and atmosphere of its tradition, the rigidity of convention is no obstacle to appreciation by foreigners. In fact, it may be a positive advantage. Ahmed Ali, following the method of other scholars, such as Ralph Russell, David Matthews and C. Shackle, has in *The Golden Tradition*, effectively described the conventions of the world of Urdu poetry with special emphasis on the *ghazal*. This has enabled him to communicate the experience of the original with least deviation from literal translation. This also makes useful and acceptable his frequent use of rhyme in correspondence to the original. Ali, a fine literateur writing both in English and Urdu, has boldly yet sensitively captured the subtle nuances of Urdu poetry in his translation.

The main real reason for the neglect of Urdu literature by the English during the nineteenth century was not the difficulty of translation but an attitude of mind that has come to be described as the "Macaulay spirit." In Ralph Russell's words, it was a time

> when Englishmen were profoundly convinced that in contemporary England human civilization had reached its highest development, and that while further progress would continue along the lines which England had laid down, Englishmen now had little to learn from the past or from other nations less favored by God. . . .[7]

This attitude continued to become harder throughout the century, finding its most well-known expression in Kipling's celebration of the "white man's burden" about the turn of the century. So Indian culture, especially that of the contemporary period, did not arouse any wide or serious interest among the English.

Though the rulers' bias was often expressed in ideological terms, as a profession of a missionary obligation to "civilize" Indians, it was actually largely an ethnic arrogance engendered by their political domination of India. When, in the twentieth century, the Indian agitation for independence gathered strength, the English became completely estranged from Indians. Their only relation with India was their political domination of it. Once that was threatened, or gone, little remained. India as a human, cultural entity had no existence in their lives.

All this is well known and it might be quite redundant to bring it up here but for the fact that there still hovers, in certain quarters of Western scholarship about the Indian subcontinent, the shadow of the "Macauley spirit." Since India and Pakistan's independence, the greatest interest in Indian studies in the West at least quantiatively, has been here, in America. The overwhelming emphasis of the American scholarly interest in India, however, has been on sociological, economic and political studies. The underlying psychology has been one of studying the area to find the causes of its "backwardness" in order to be able to help in its "development." Generally, there has been very little concern for a knowledge and appreciation of the spirit of its people. This is a sad and incongruous phenomenon considering that in the West it has long been a matter of common knowledge that the soul of a people resides in its culture and tradition. Its existence has a qualitative significance which, to be understood and appreciated must be approached in human not in mechanical, quantitative terms. The tendency in American studies of South Asia has been to approach its culture statistically, to understand it from the outside without coming into touch with the essential experience of that culture. Therefore, art and literature which require an inner involvement with this experience have not received enough attention. Moreover, whatever work is done on these aspects of culture, because of the prevailing climate, is often affected by a proclivity towards mere information gathering and not concerned with full appreciation. The lack of real contact and involvement with experience captured in art is not uncommon.

There are many symptoms of this divorce from reality. One of the most serious, and that which concerns us here, is the failure to recognize fully the significance of Urdu in Indian culture. Urdu has been generally treated as a communal-regional language, the language of the Muslims all over the subcontinent, particularly the Muslims of Western Uttar Pradesh. Since the creation of Pakistan, it has also been considered the national language of Pakistan. In reality, having developed around the royal court during the Muslim rule, Urdu had a pan-Indian importance. Wide ranging linguistic and other elements, native or derived, that were part of the life of north and northwestern India went into its making and it came close to being the national language of Indian culture. In turn, its influence on the regional languages of northern India was very deep and, in spite of its eclipse as the virtual lingua franca of northern India, that influence continues to this day. To treat Urdu in regional-communal terms is to miss what was, at least until the end of the British rule, its most essential quality, its representativeness as a language and literature of all India. The regional-communal approach to Urdu clearly reflects a tendency to see it from the outside only, a failure to be in touch with its spirit.

It must be admitted that Indians and Pakistanis themselves are considerably to blame for starting this delimiting attitude towards Urdu. Everyone knows of the Hindu-Muslim tensions which led to the identification of Urdu with Muslims. Amidst these tensions, when any reasonable Muslim scholars pointed out the broad Indianness of Urdu, they were suspected of communal aggrandisement and if any Hindus saw in Urdu a common Indian heritage, they were generally ignored. But without going into political aspects of the divisive influences of the British presence in India, one can see the ultimate identification of Urdu with the Muslims as resulting from the early and continued British failure to establish a real contact with the Indian culture and with Urdu as its medium. In course of time, the British refusal to recognize Indian culture and their propagation of Westernization began to alienate Indians themselves from their own culture. In the prevailing atmosphere, it was very difficult for them to be aware of their real cultural identity. When they began to seek it, as they did towards the turn of the present century, they failed to perceive it correctly. They generally associated it, therefore, with the most easily noticed feature that distinguished their lives from others, their religious affiliation. So Urdu literature, which had developed under Muslim rulers, came to be seen as the heritage of Muslims only. The foreign Islamic elements of Arabic, Persian and Turkish origin were given excessive importance in Muslim culture and in Urdu at the expense of their Indianness. In the same manner, the contemporary Hindu culture was seen as dating from the pre-Muslim period, the half-millenium of Muslim rule being considered basically an extraneous episode in their cultural history.

There were many other factors which caused or aggravated this cleavage but the general inability of the foreign rulers, as well as the subjects, to recognize or be in touch with the living reality of Indian culture was perhaps the most lethal of them all. The insulation of the British from India was so complete that even the great Orientalists remained aloof from its current reality. They were interested only in its hoary past. Their blinkered vision reinforced the tendency towards Hindu-Muslim separatism. In fact, to a degree it was the Orientalists' enthusiasm for the past glories of India and Islam that obscured the present common culture of India and created the gulf between Hindus and Muslims. Had they become interested in contemporary India too, they could not have failed to see the beauty of Urdu poetry reaching its culmination in their own time. They would also have recognized it as the common heritage of all Indians, the rich harvest of centuries of labor and agony of racial and cultural assimilation, something to be cherished as a most precious possession, their truly "Golden Tradition."

A most perceptive and touching comment regarding the significance of Urdu poetry occurs in E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*. Aziz recites poetry. Its effect on him and his company is described:

> He held up his hand, palm outward, his eyes began to glow, his heart to fill with tenderness. Issuing still farther from his quilt, he recited a poem by Ghalib. It had no connection with anything that had gone before, but it came from his heart and spoke to theirs. They were overwhelmed by its pathos; pathos, they agreed, is the highest quality in art; a poem should touch the hearer with a sense of his own weakness, and should institute some comparison between mankind and flowers. The squalid bedroom grew quiet; the silly intrigues, the gossip, the shallow discontent were stilled, while words accepted as immortal filled the indifferent air. Not as a call to battle, but as a calm assurance came the feeling that India was one; Moslem, always had been; an assurance that lasted until they looked out of the door. Whatever Ghalib had felt, he had anyhow lived in India, and this consolidated it for them: he had gone with his own tulips and roses, but tulips and roses do not go. And the sister kingdoms of the north -- Arabia, Persia, Ferghana, Turkestan -- stretched out their hands as he sang, sadly, because all beauty is sad, and greeted ridiculous Chandrapore, where every street and house was divided against itself, and told her she was a continent and a unity.
>
> Of the company, only Hamidullah had any comprehension of poetry. The minds of the others were inferior and rough. Yet they listened with pleasure, because literature had not been divorced from their civilization. The police inspector, for instance, did not feel that Aziz had degraded himself by reciting, nor break into the cheery guffaw with which an Englishman averts the infection of beauty. He just sat with his mind empty, and when his thoughts, which were mainly ignoble, flowed back into it they had a pleasant freshness. The poem had done no "good" to anyone, but it was a passing reminder, a breath from the divine lips of beauty, a nightinglae between two worlds of dust. Less explicit than the call to Krishna, it voiced our loneliness nevertheless, our isolation, our need for the Friend who never comes yet is not entirely disproved.[8]

The implication here is that India's being Muslim does not exclude its being Hindu. It is with a similar, unsundered vision that Ahmed Ali sees Urdu poetry. Although his collection offers the same standard fare from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century found in most anthologies, he is fully aware of the much wider range of Urdu poetry. According to him Urdu poetry began much before Amir Khusro and its circle extended far beyond the courtly writers. It included poets like Kabir, Mira and Nanak. That the anthology is limited to the period it covers is no disadvantage, because the translator wants to present the culminating phase of Urdu poetry, its classical period.

Though many aspects of form and style of Urdu poetry are decidedly of foreign, chiefly Persian, derivation, its content is characteristically Indian. Even the borrowing in form and style mingles with its indigenous counterparts, thus producing uniquely Indian modes of verse and expression. This is true even of the most conventional verse form, the *ghazal*. Ahmed Ali, while tracing its origin from the Arabic poetry recalls: "The word '*ghazal*' means the agonized cry of the gazelle when it is cornered after the chase and realizes that the game is up."[9] This reminds one of an observation of Emily Dickinson's: "The wounded deer leaps highest, I have heard the hunter tell." Though Ahmed Ali sees in the original meaning of "ghazal" the "sentiments" of sadness and grief," it seems to have, especially for Urdu *ghazal*, an even greater significance when seen in another light. For the "cry of the gazelle" instead of being merely expressive of anguish and grief may be seen to signify an utter confrontation with reality. In this sense the *ghazal* may be considered to embrace all intensely felt experience. And this, as Ahmed Ali notices, is what the Urdu *ghazal* does as a whole. Though its

> predominant sentiment remained amorous and aesthetic . . . , other experiences of man, philosophical, social, political as well as sensual and mystical, came to be expressed through this pervasive form.[10]

It thus becomes an appropriate vehicle for the experience of the true poet.

> The Poet is . . . not merely *vates*, a creator building things out of nothing, but one who is a representative of his age, who has an awareness of the age, like Mir and Ghalib, for his vision takes everything in its purview, looking at the same time below and beyond the perceptual reality into the eternal source of being, and all that which lies within the experience of man.[11]

It might be assumed that the rigid conventions of Urdu *ghazal*, whether borrowed or developed by itself, would hamper the poet in his attempt to capture his experience fully. Actually, the exact reverse is true. Instead of being an obstacle in the delineation of reality, the conventions act as the very means by which reality is grasped in all its fullness and intensity. This is perhaps the most unique feature of Urdu poetry and the secret of its power and beauty. The reason for this is that the atmosphere of the *ghazal* is an integral part of the life in which it is created. Its manner, though conventional, is not an arbitrary thing but genuinely related to the life of feelings. It, therefore, evokes this life with tremendous vividness and power:

> Because the ghazal is all-embracing, the emotions assume the form of associations and so become fruitful, differing from conventions. It makes use of analogies, which have been generally looked upon as similes -- the rose, the cypress, the bulbul, the moth, the candle, etc. Analogy puts things side by side, and this enhances the feeling, and the beauty, so much more. But the good poets, in Shelley's words, 'unveil the permanent analogy of things in images which participate in the life of truth . . . being the echoes of eternal music.'"[12]

The *ghazal* often unveils the face of truth in this manner.

The greatest Urdu poets were able to write poetry of such high order not only through an original use of the conventional resources available to them but by inventing and adding according to their peculiar situation and experience. Thus tradition continued to grow keeping pace with changing times. All geniune poetry, of an individual poet or an epoch, has its own unique character. His ability to preserve this uniqueness of style and vision in his translations and to impart an idea of it in his commentary is Ahmed Ali's great achievement in *The Golden Tradition*.

Quite appropriately, he gives by far the greatest attention to presenting the work of the two greatest poets, Mir and Ghalib. Their poetry is seen in its relation to their respective times. Mir, living in an age of economic, social and political decline and turmoil, coped with the grief and sadness of life through his inner strength, the "heart," and perhaps because of this strength his profound view of life appears to be simplicity itself. The cadence and diction of his verse are also similarly deceptive and simple. Actually, it is the simplicity of magic, the magic of his emotional intensity working at the white heat of inspiration. Ahmed Ali observes:

Mir is a supreme magician who could prove the unproven, and unprove what to human beings has seemed for ever real:

> 'One evening I walked into the shop of those who blow the glass
> And asked: O makers of the cups, have you perchance a glass
> Shaped like the heart? They laughed and said: Thou wanderest
> in vain,
> O Mir; each cup thou seest, round or oval, every glass,
> Was once a heart that we have melted on the fire and blown
> Into a cup. That's all thou seest here. There is no glass.'[13]

Ghalib's poetry is more complex:

> It is the product of a civilization standing on the brink of change and conscious of it. The quality it displays is a personal one, and Ghalib's personality is complex. The nature of his experience was, therefore,

> varied and concentrated. The stamp of his individuality is present in every line he wrote, so that he founded no school nor left an heir to his rich tradition. Only a mind like his could feel and express as he could, hammer out plastic images from a piece of steel red hot on the anvil.[14]

Faced with the enigmatic reality of his time, Ghalib coped with it by force of his "intellectual integrity, the boldness of his imagination and the metaphysical depth of his thought."[15] He is primarily a poet of the intellect, not of emotion:

> There is no room for sentiment in his poetry. His approach is through the mind. . . . His poetic experience was intentive, or intentional, in Jacques Maritain's phrase, having a tendential existence, presenting an object in the idea of it. Hence the intellect played the substantive part in his poetry, which has its source in the preconceptual life of the intellect. The experience presented in words is symbolized; the emotion is raised to the level of the intellect and transcends itself by becoming that which it comprehends imaginatively.[16]

Ghalib's experience is so complex and the urge in him to grasp it so intense that to catch it he stretches the possibilities of language to the last limit, coining new expressions, filling the old with new meanings, modifying syntax by inversion and by other forms of dislocation, compounding words, charging his lines with manifold ambiguity and suggestiveness, and so on. And doing all this with a conciseness which Ahmed Ali quite aptly calls "explosive economy." No wonder Ghalib's poetry is often obscure and difficult. The poet himself was keenly aware of the fact, taking pride in it as a sign of the uniqueness and excellence of his art:

> My heart is a temple of fire
> With secret mysteries;
> But these, alas,
> Do not find expression in speech.
>
> Take the word which appears
> In the poems and verses of Ghalib
> To be a treasure
> Full of the magic of meaning.[17]

Ahmed Ali makes frequent comparisons between Urdu and Western, especially English, poetry, citing individual poets such as T. S. Eliot, Hopkins, Donne, and Baudlaire or referring to the characteristics of certain phases and schools of English poetry side by side with those of Urdu. One does not have to accept these comparisons as exact parallels to enjoy them and to recognize their usefulness in criticism. They serve to elucidate the works under focus, bringing out their characteristic qualities distinctly by juxtaposition with the works compared with them, whether the comparisons are apt or not. That is what really matters. For complete equivalence between different works of art, even those of the same tradition, does not, nay, should not exist. Though the poetic faculty is a universal attribute of mankind, the poetry of each man, woman, or culture has its own, unique individuality. For though poetry unveils the face of truth, truth has many aspects. It is to provide a glimpse of the lightning beauty of this face as seen by the Urdu poets that Ahmed Ali opens for the English reader another door in the "realms of gold," to use Keats' phrase. *The Golden Tradition* is the product of a labor of love and, it appears, a labor of a life-time. It is worth every moment spent on it.

FOOTNOTES

1. Cambridge: Harvard University, 1968, p. v.

2. *Ibid.*, p. vii.

3. Allahabad: R. N. Lal, 1927.

4. All these writers are very well known, except, perhaps, Edward Thompson some of whose works are: *An Indian Day* (1927), *A Farewell to India* (1931), *A Letter From India* (1932).

5. London.

6. Besides the work cited above, Islam and Russell have written *Ghalib* (Cambridge: Harvard University). Matthews and Shackle's *An Anthology of Classical Urdu Love Lyrics* (London: Oxford University, 1972), Naims's *Ghalib's Lighter Verses* (Calcutta: Writer's Workshop), Aijaz Ahmed's *Ghazals of Ghalib* (New York: Columbia University, 1971) and Sud's *Eternal Flame; Aspects of Ghalib's Life and Works* and *Iqbal and His Poems* (both published at Delhi: Sterling Publications, 1969) are some of the recent important contributions to Urdu scholarship in English. Naim and Coppola have done some very commendable work in the *Journal of South Asian Literature* (formerly *Mahfil*), especially the Ghalib issue, Volume V, Number 4, 1968-69. Coppola's doctoral dissertation *Urdu Poetry 1935-70: The Progressive Interlude* (University of Chicago, 1974) is also a work of major significance.

7. *Three Mughal Poets, op. cit.*, p. xvi.

8. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1952 (first published 1924), pp. 105-106.

9. *Ibid.*, p. 12.

10. *Ibid.*, p. 13.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 12.

12. *Ibid.*, p. 13.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 50.

14. *Ibid.*, p. 64.

15. *Ibid.*, p. 66.

16. *Ibid.*, pp. 66-67.

17. *Ibid.*, p. 93.

HAFEEZ MALIK, ed., *Iqbal: Poet-Philosopher of Pakistan*, New York: Columbia University Press, 1971, xviii + 441 pp., $12.50.

Iqbal: Poet-Philosopher of Pakistan is the seventh volume in Columbia University's Studies in Oriental Culture series. Hafeez Malik edits this anthology of essays, result of an international Iqbal symposium, concerned with providing Western academe (particularly American) with "authoritative" essays about The Poet and his role in the movement towards Pakistan. The symposium members are impressive including such Iqbal specialists as B. A. Dar, Annmarie Schimmel, Hadi Hussain, S. A. Vahid and the poet's son Javid. The essays are not reruns, but fresh, new articles which attempt an overview of Sir Muhammad's life and thoughts. Needless to say you do not curl up with this one--it is encyclopedic, all there (or almost), divided into five sections: biographic, politics, philosophy, Islamic mysticism and poetry.

The weakest component, regretfully, is the biographic. As framework for further development later in the anthology, it is shaky. Sir Muhammad's religious upbringing in Sialkot, his European experience where he questions the social usefulness of being a poet, switches from Urdu to Persian and begins the long marriage to the Moslem League having previously believed in India's potential to unify the goals of her two major religious communities are related. We see a man who works for a time as teacher, civil servant and lawyer, but who lived by his poetry. We do get a glimpse in these introductory pieces of a charming, warm and gregarious man of pathos concerned with the reform and regeneration of Islam. But the sketches are fragmentary, there is no sense of the continuity of the man. Sir Muhammad was a man of flux and of tension ("personality," "revolution"), a man who grew every day, was able to change his mind in his personal movement toward self-definition and perfection. Just as he did not believe in the universe being a completed act, he was in his own life always in the process of formulation. Those who were and are his observers cannot say they know him even now -- he defies that knowledge and so his epitaph, his own, is apt:

> When to leave earth, I gathered what
> was mine,
> To have known me through and through
> was each man's claim,
> But of this traveller none knew truly
> what he
> Spoke, or to whom he spoke, or whence
> he came.[1]

Even the son Javid is not more enlightening in these pieces. His "fond memories" include the fact that the father slept on his right side and after his wife's death ceased to dye his hair. Of course, young Javid was only fourteen at the time of his father's death, yet he does make the statement that

> Under the leadership of Quaid-i-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah, the Muslims of India . . . started moving in the direction of carving out a separate Muslim homeland in the sub-continent. This meant that the time for the realization of father's dream was fast approaching.[2]

If only he talked more of his father's dream! Unfortunately Javid Iqbal does not get another opportunity, in this volume at least, to speak further of his father and his ideas.

The complaint then is that these sketches do not portray the dynaminism of Iqbal. He has been throughout the text compartmentalized, this man of controversy who struggled with his own battle for self-definition: a man who can at one moment talk of Indian unity and patriotism; the next of Pan-Islam, with heavy scorn for Western-style nationalism and the very next moment of Indian-Muslim nationalism without losing his integrity, which we find is not always to be equated with consistency. Iqbal was a poet whose life unfolding is his original poem. A pantheist one moment and the next vehemently anti-panthiest -- a man who writes blueprints for a sovereign Muslim state on the subcontinent or a poet who inspires the *mahfil* in that direction without, possible, recognizing the logical conclusion? The biographic pieces give us a great many answers but fails to ask new questions and worse is lacking in vitality. The best are still Abdulla Anwar Beg's *The Poet of the East*, Iqbal Singh's *The Ardent Pilgrim* and S. A. Vahid's *Iqbal, His Art and Thought*. The tension *is* there.

As we move into the political sphere, the questions become even more fundamental. After his first sojourn in Europe Iqbal returned to India doubting the possibilities of a secular form of Indian nationalism or of territorial unity. From this we will jump to the 1930s and the famous Allahabad speech quoted so often as the blueprint for a sovereign Muslim state. Hafeez Malik acknowledges that this is not the place where Iqbal suggests a break-away. The speech deals with cultural unity and, at best, provincial autonomy for what later is to become West Pakistan (or Pakistan). Malik continues that "In the interim [1930-1934] Iqbal provided the ideological leadership, spearheading the Muslims' demand for a separate Muslim state."[3] Malik supplies us with two letters from the Iqbal-to-Jinnah correspondence of 1936-37 which are read to confirm Iqbal's authorship of Pakistan. Jinnah said of all the correspondence of those years (eight letters), "I think these letters are of great historical importance, particularly those which explain his views in *clear* and *unambiguous* [my italics added] terms on the political future of Muslim India."[4] But these letters read very much like the Allahabad statement and throw no light on the question: had he lived, would Sir Muhammad have supported the Pakistan idea? In these cited letters, Iqbal talks of free Muslim state(s) to secure a "Peaceful India", he also forecasts cival war in the appearance of communal riots and he does again ask for redistribution of the country . . . "on lines of racial, religious and linguistic affinities."[5] His capsule statement is:

> A separate federation of Muslim provinces . . . is the only course by which we can secure a peaceful India and save Muslims. Why should not

> the Muslims of Northwest India and Bengal be considered as nations entitled to self-determination just as other nations in India and outside India are?[6]

Questions arise, at least they should and one in particular which is all-encompassing: what did Sir Muhammad mean? We must agree that there are serious semantic difficulties: what is meant by "nation" or by "federation"? What are the frontiers of the concept of self-determination? What is meant by "country"? By India? Upon these "authoritative" essays lies a burden (of proof), even one, possible, of a second edition! Playing devil's advocate, I might suggest for a start these questions:

1. Why did not Sir Muhammad consider Bengal -- specifically -- before 1936 as being worthy of provincial autonomy?

2. Did Sir Muhammad forsee balkanization of the subcontinent?

3. Why do not Iqbal scholars and/or E. T. Thompson put to rest, in a scholarly way, the controversy of E. J. Thompson's statement in *Enlish India in Freedom:*

> In the *Observer* I once said that he [Iqbal] supported the Pakistan plan. Iqbal was a friend, and he set my misconception right. After speaking of his own despondency at the chaos he saw coming 'on my vast undisciplined and starving land' . . . he went on to say that he thought the Pakistan plan would be disastrous to the British government, disastrous to the Hindu community, disastrous to the Moslem community. 'But I am President of the Moslem League and therefore it is my duty to support it.'[7]

4. And finally, explain Iqbal's elaboration of his 1930 speech in the *London Times* article of 12 October 1931:

> May I tell Dr. [E. J.] Thompson that . . . I do not put forward a 'demand' for a Moslem state outside the British Empire, but only a guess at the possible outcome in the dim future of the mighty forces now shaping the destiny of the Indian subcontinent. No Indian Moslem with any pretence to sanity contemplates a Moslem state or series of states in the Northwest India outside the British Commonwealth of Nations as practical politics . . . I am all for a redistribution of India into provinces with effective majorities of one community or another on lines advocated both by Nehru and the Simon Reports. Indeed, my suggestion regarding Moslem provinces merely carries forward this idea. A series of contented and well organized Moslem provinces on the North-west Frontier of India would be the bulwark of India, and of the British Empire against the hungry generations of the Asiatic highlands.[8]

Reading for example L. R. Gordon-Polonskaya's "Ideology of Muslim Nationalism" gives no indication of the ambiguity, if not vagueness, of the whole political issue and even of the poet himself. One cannot be (and one needs yet to be) convinced that Sir Muhammad had a consistent political philosophy. Riffat Hassan, however, in "The Development of Political Philosophy," by far the most pregnant article in the section, comes very close to the crux of the issue when he states:

> It is true that Iqbal cannot be separated from politics, but this is so because politics cannot be isolated from human activity. Owing to Iqbal's great influence on the political history of his country, it is easy enough to think of him as a political poet, sometimes even as a politican. He was a political thinker, but it is misleading to stress this too much, for it may lead one to think that he was only, or even primarily, a political philosopher.[9]

Carrying this further, it should be enough *at this juncture* to see Sir Muhammad in the poet's role, blowing breath and life into his community -- as the inspirational force, yes, even of Pakistan which, however, does not even for a moment make a hypothetical judgement about what his wishes regarding the actual sovereign state would have been.

The main characteristic of the last three sections (Philosophy, Islamic Mysticism and Poetry) seems to be the comparative; Iqbal compared with Western and Eastern counterparts (more could have been done with Rumi, justifiable, but was not). Nevertheless we are able to get a view of *khūdī*, of revolution and of Iqbal's notion of life as creative unfolding and activity.

Iqbal is a Sufi, but his uniqueness is that he goes beyond pantheism -- beyond mere "intoxication" which becomes only "nilhilism." His concern is going behind the veil not just to be lost in the universal mass of the Beloved, but to retain personality (self-awareness) and become Co-worker, Helper of Lover. Iqbal then was not a determinist, as S. Alam Khundmiri states, "History is not a mere unfolding of the static divine will. Its course is always open with unlimited possibilities. The future is not predetermined by the past; it is an open challenge and can only be met by creative spirits."[10] I think though Hadi Hussain starts to tie the ends together and justify the title, *Iqbal: Poet-Philosopher of Pakistan*, in his essay "Conception of Poetry and the Poet":

> His universe is that perfect poem yet to be written, which God and man are writing in collaboration, as some of the great epics of ancient times are written, but which will never be completed; for it will continue to grow in the very process of being composed. . .[11]

Hussain sees the poet as a man of order, who puts life into perspective. And so the poet and Iqbal in particular becomes for his fellows, "philosopher," "friend," "guide," "leader," "teacher," "reformer" and "sage" who

> . . . stirs up new impulses in the society, places high ideals before it, and inspires it with the will to strive for their achievement. When the social organism loses its zest for life, he pours his own life's blood into its veins. When its outlook becomes warped, it values fade, its energies flag, and no hope of its progress through peaceful evolution remains, he breathes the wind of revolution in it. He gives it a new ethos, a new set of values, a new philosophy of life.[12]

Iqbal saw no life in merely imitating nature so through love (*ishq*), self-awareness, he urged all mankind to aspire towards the better. For the *mahfil*, no longer would their members stand in their own dust, for Westerners and Easterners alike Sir Muhammad left a valuable lesson. This artist, this mystic, had a sense of purpose and perceived that he had a trust as an artist to mold and work with moral values that lead to right action.

Hafeez Malik's anthology is a worthwhile project and one which should be read with the understanding, however, that Iqbal still eludes us and is still a challenge to us if we can accept that premise. I hope we will hear more and continue to learn more about him.

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NOTES

1. *Poems from Iqbal*, trans. V. G. Kiernan (London: John Murray, 1955), p. 98.

2. *Iqbal: Poet-Philosopher of Pakistan*, ed. Hafeez Malik (New York: Columbia University Press, 1971), p. 63.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 90.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 384.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 387.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 388.

7. El J. Thompson, *Enlist India in Freedom* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1940), p. 58.

8. *London Times*, 12 October 1931, p. 8.

9. *Iqbal: Poet-Philosopher of Pakistan*, p, 145.

10. *Ibid.*, p. 252.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 327.

12. *Ibid.*, p. 329.

RALPH RUSSELL AND KHURSHIDUL ISLAM, trans. and eds., *Ghalib, 1797-1869, Volume I: Life and Letters*, Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1969, 440 pp., $8.50.

The genre of "Life and Letters" becomes more often than not a dreary anthology of snippets here, excerpts there, which somehow are supposed to add up to a person; at the very least it amounts to another listing under the primary sources section of a bibliography. Yet in spite of the jumbling together of commentary, parts of letters and poems, the team of Russell and Islam, which gave us *Three Moghul Poets* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1970), have another first-rate book with their first volume of *Ghalib*. The man, rising above the tedium of the genre, has been allowed to come through the letters along with rather pleasant images of Ghalib's writing box, inkwell and homemade pens. The editors tell us that this is not a work for scholars particularly, but meant for a more general audience and in that spirit it is part of the growing UNESCO Indian Translation Series, commendable venture which introduces Indian literature and *literati* to those not already acquainted with them. In particular, the aim of Russell and Islam is to introduce the non-Ghalib scholar to this Moghul poet and correspondent whose fame and very existence seem to be in his letters.

Ghalib has left behind a numerous correspondence, though not as much as the editors might have wished. They report that they ran into innumerable gaps; yet, they have been able to select a particular group of correspondents who were in contact with Ghalib throughout his life; these serve to supply us with a picture of the character and personality of a man. The letters are not grouped together by correspondents, nor are they divided by subject matter, which would have been more manageable for those not previously acquainted with the period or the poet. Instead, the letters are done chronologically. A whole world opens up for the reader where the pen and writing box hold court over personal, social and political affairs in the India of the nineteenth century. It is fascinating when Ghalib speaks of cutting his own pens and making his own envelopes and to watch him check through his box to see who has and has not written or "spoken" to him lately. The world is sometimes shaken through, i.e., when we see Ghalib afraid to write what he is thinking because of the possibility of government surveillance during the aftermath of the Meerut uprising, or when he runs out of money for postage stamps or paper for envelopes. We notice the gap when a correspondent dies. The writing of letters was an important means of communication between people: it told Ghalib and his friends of each other's state of existence, it was a vehicle for literary criticism, a gazette of the times and the people living in them and, for the future, a record of the thoughts of a man and his period.

Mirza Asadullah Khan "Ghalib" was born in Agra but lived and wrote, as he put it, in "exile" in Delhi. We live with him through the renaissance of the literary and cultural life of Delhi only to see also the dark days of the last gasp of the Moghul Empire, when the pretensions of the Moghul court and aristocracy, of which Ghalib was a part, are put under by a new and mightier empire of Victoria. The world around him changes, Ghalib is always painfully aware that it will; there are new rulers, new patrons to be wooed, an income to be sought, particularly during political shocks, friends who die, or worse, fall out of friendship. But his letters in this transitory world have survived the change and the fluctuating happiness and sadness, melancholia, of the poet's life.

Though Ghalib lived the nobleman's life, he did not always know where his or his family's next meal would be coming from. Until he was fifty-two years of age, he never had a regular income, but survived on pensions and good will from friends. In some ways he seems almost an irresponsible man who has difficulty supporting a family emotionally and financially. The restraints of the dependency which he feels serve only to frustrate and he merely refuses to be so constrained. He lives his life to the fullest, maybe even mischievously, but not waiting for the final rewards of a Muslim paradise with its promises of flowing wine, beautiful palaces and *hourīs*. He lives in the time he is supposed to and also beyond his means, thus having to suffer the accompanying unhappiness a debtor. But we also see a honorable man with an abundance of self-regard; a man who strove for and achieved perfection in the role of poet and a man so richly a part of a passing era, who wants only for an invitation to *durbār* and the robe of honor which he knows to be his due.

Delhi, after the ravages of sepoy and Englishman alike, dies once again no longer to be the center of this world. In a letter in 1859 Ghalib remarked:

> Five things kept Delhi alive -- the Fort, the daily crowds at the Jama Masjid, the weekly walk to the Jumna bridge, and the yearly fair of the flowermen. None of these survive, so how could Delhi survive? Yes, there was once a city of that name in the realm of India. (p. 224)

Ghalib was so much a part of the life of that city, and it was the focal point of the world he and his friends shared and though he died more than a decade later a part of him and a way of life surely died too in 1857.

As there was only one Delhi, there was also only one Ghalib, an interesting, urbane gentleman who epitomizes an era and who, hopefully, has found new admirers through the efforts of Ralph Russell and Khursidul Islam in this first volume and in the second, now underway, which will center on his poetry.

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NAYANTRA SAHGAL, *The Day in Shadow*. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. Inc., 1972, 236 pp., $6.95

This is a novel of modern India. It tells the story of a recently divorced woman who is seeking a new life while she mingles with New Delhi's political and economic elites. The English prose is undistinguished but readable, the plot is serviceable, and the characters, though lacking in depth, carry the plot along. Peculiarly, however, despite its setting and themes, the novel tells us little about India.

Even the sense of physical immediacy which gives New Delhi its special flavor and style is missing. There are descriptions of parties at the Intercontinental, suites at the Imperial, and of Luytens' architectural achievements on the old King's Way. Yet the intimate details which contribute to the city's distinctive qualities, and are especially appreciated by the *Delhi-walla*, remain vapid and weak. Ms. Sahgal describes an apartment in Defence Colony as,

> The flat was all right as flats went. . . . neat and compact, with wrought-iron balconies displaying potted plants and wire baskets of flowers. . . . rents were a little cheaper than some of the other new housing developments in Delhi. . . . (p. 33)

Or, the market in Defence Colony,

> Defence Colony Market consisted of two rows of shops facing each other across a miniature parklet enclosed in wrought iron. At this hour it was closed. . . . There was new paint on the shop fronts and the road was swept spotless. . . . Delhi-grown white mushrooms had become a flourishing industry and were sold here, so was excellent Delhi cheese. (p. 43)

Without the contrast of stray cows, whining hyenas, colorful saris and ragged *chowkidars*, India has become, somehow, homogenized. That is also true for the substance of Ms. Sahgal's novel.

The heroine, Simrit, is an autobiographical reflection of Ms. Sahgal, the daughter of Madame Vijayalakshmi Pandit. Like the author, Simrit is divorced, comes from a family which values scholarship, commitment and personal integrity, and writes for a living. Her perceptions shape the novel and her situation provides the plot.

As a newly independent woman, recently divorced from an enterprising Punjabi buisnessman and responsible for her children, Simrit must make her own way. She is presented as the victim of circumstances, symbolized in a divorce settlement which compels her to pay from her own meager income the heavy taxes on her children's stocks and bonds. Under these burdens, Simrit must pursue her search for new self-definitions. To Ms. Sahgal, the situation is particularly Indian, or Hindu. On the one hand,

> The only thing you could get without a hitch was a divorce. . . . You'd think there would be some sense of proportion about it and that the break-up of a family would be a little harder to accomplish. But no, you could get a divorce by mutual consent at the drop of a hat. The Hindu Code Bill had jumped two thousand years of tradition to confer that particular twentieth-century blessing. (pp. 4-5)

On the other hand, age-old perceptions about women's proper social behavior have still to be overcome in India:

> Moolchand [Smirit's ex-husband's lawyer] looked sad and immoveable. A cool customer, he must think her, with all the figures at her fingertips. Simrit, matter-of-fact in her anxiety to display no emotion, knew it was the wrong approach. . . . Moolchand might have reacted better if she had broken down and wept, pleaded her plight, not displayed this control and competence. She was something outside his experience, a woman who exercised her mind. (p. 59)

Perhaps it is only a difference of degree, but many independent women in the West would insist their situations were similar! Nor is Simrit drawn with enough nuance of character to lend her situation a deeper personal meaningfulness, as she drifts out of marriage, sex and child-bearing, -- the reader is never sure of how many children she has, just that there are many -- her discontents might only be those produced by early middle-age.

The wider signficance of plot for India emerges from the people who inhabit New Delhi's political circles. First there is Raj, Simrit's friend, lover and eventual new husband, who stirs her to action in protest against the unfair divorce settlement. Raj is Christian, the son of an old-fashioned, upright civil servant, and sits in the Lok Sabha as an independent. He desires to move India out of her Hindu-induced torpor, much as he has prodded Simrit out of her passivity:

> And what a self-satisified collection of people. Not a seeker among them. . . . I suppose it's because the Hindus have such a fully developed assurance that everything will always be as it was, forever and ever amen. They will assimilate everything they encounter and reproduce it as an offshoot of themselves. So nothing is either a danger or a challenge. Even the sun, moon and stars are under analysis today. Everything is, except Hinduism. (p. 19)

He is a man of vision and inner integrity.

In contrast to Raj, Sumer Singh uses the prestige of an inherited *zamindari* to win election to parliament and an early appointment to a junior ministership in the post-Nehru cabinet. For him, politics, as well as sex, is a means to overcome his sense of personal inadequacy. To acquire power, he would trade away India's national freedom for economic and military dependence on the Soviet Union. Sumer Singh would allow Russia to develop all of India's major oil resources. His superior at the ministry of petroleum, the dying secretary, Sardar Sahib, who fought for independence along with Gandhi and Nehru, would reject such an offer. A man of their standing and integrity, he is a lone voice in the new Indian government. Both the minister and the independent opposition in parliament let by Raj are defeated by the new brand of Indian politician.

But what of solutions? Ms. Sahgal offers few. Her approach is too cerebral and, curiously, she writes from the fringes of Indian politics. In Ms. Sahgal's view of things, parliament is not an institution, so much as a symbol:

> This was a place of business, enacted among men and women who were not all Parliamentarians by conviction or temperament. Some were openly committed to overthrow Parliament and the Constitution by fair means or foul. . . . I wonder, [Raj] thought with a rush of affection for this building and the contradictions it housed, if there is another Parliament quite so like ours, quite so much up against the possibility of its own demise, quite so aspiring in the face of so many problems. This was and could not be anything but an Indian assembly -- a microcosm of all the growth and decay, the hope and despair of India -- its brave modernity along with its gross old supersitions. (p. 150).

The realities which underlie this complexity as well as its Indianness are never revealed to the reader. The activities which connect parliament and parliamentarians to the Indian populace and affect the quality of Indian life go unmentioned: accounts of what M. P.'s must do to win seats, satisfy constituents and gain support are lacking. The only allusions to this aspect of politics are a campaign debt incurred by Raj and Sumer Singh's disdainful attitude toward the electorate.

Ms. Sahgal also fails to make clear how parliamentarians deal with one another in the Lok Sabha: how do cabinet members and M. P.'s come to agreements, compromise their differences, and enact the laws that will apply to the diverse populations of the subcontinent? We learn little of this world her character inhabit. Instead, the author offers only vague thoughts about future probabilities:

> How passionately we hold on to India's special destiny, [Raj] thought, those of us who believe in it, to a future that must arise out of her own past and no other, preserving all her own essence. . . . The new leadership would thrust up from other occupations and it would depend on what people in field and workshop and classrom and behind their managerial desks believed in. Indians needed no new political star to follow. They needed faith in themselves. For most of them it could still come through the way of life called religion. (pp. 156, 195)

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M. K. NAIK, *Mulk Raj Anand*. London, New Delhi: Arnold Heinemann India, 1973.

In *Mulk Raj Anand*, Professor M. K. Naik of Karnatak University has presented a thoughtful critique of Anand's novels and short stories. The organization of the study, largely but not rigidly chronological, supports the clarity with which Professor Naik propounds his thesis, and his detailed discussions of the major novels and short stories are set both within the larger framework of the entire canon of Anand's fiction and against the backdrop of Indian writing in English.

Interestingly enough, it is Professor Naik's very thesis in this study which is simutaneously the book's major strength and major weakness. That thesis -- the confrontation of tradition and modernity in Anand's work -- and the success or failure of Anand in meeting its challenge unifies Professor Naik's discussion. And it permits him, often enough, to pinpoint some of Anand's most striking artistic achievements, on the one hand, and some of his weaknesses on the other. Professor Naik comments, for example, that Anand is at his best "when he is exposing the limitations of the decayed Indian tradition and championing the cause of modernism . . . and when, in doing so, he maintains his balance" (pp. 23-24) and "when he lays his finger unerringly on both the strength and weakness of tradition. . . ." (p. 150) And, he continues, Anand's work suffers most from a tendency to fit the fiction to the theory, to over-dramatize, and to sentimentalize. Professor Naik's reading of Anand's fiction allows him to focus upon those works he considers to be Anand's best -- books such as *Untouchable, Across the Black Waters, The Big Heart,* and *The Old Woman and the Cow.* According to Professor Naik, the main reason why these books represent so major an achievement is that they epitomize that nice and nicely felt balance between the past and the present, between the old and the new.

It is precisely here, however, that his study is limited. He judges the merit of Anand's novels and stories too largely according to how well and fully they fit his own theses. Thus, for example, Professor Naik is let to dismiss *Private Life of an Prince* as being too schizophrenic and lopsided a novel to be taken with much seriousness when, in fact, it is one of Anand's most sophisticated and interesting novels. In a similar fashion, Professor Naik's view of what the modern Indian novelist writing in English should take as his major concern leads him to over-rate *Two Leaves and a Bud.* The fact is that, though Anand is concerned with many themes -- the confrontation of cultures and confrontation of tradition and modernity among them -- his main and consistent focus is on character, on "the whole man," whether a coolie or a British colonel. Seen in this light, Anand's best works are so because his characters live and not because they comprise the meeting ground or the confrontation of the old and the new. Thus, Ganga is more a metaphor than a fully realized character, while Vicky is an excellently-drawn, if melancholy, creation of an over-refined sensibility caught in the turmoils and contradictions of his own nature and of the world he inhabits. Because Anand takes the whole man as his creative province, his artistic achievement should not be judged primarily on the manner or thoroughness with which he treats any one theme, but rather on the skill with which he presents his dynamic vision of man, embodied in individual characters.

In spite of this bias on Professor Naik's part, however, *Mulk Raj Anand* is a solid work of criticism of the kind that will have value both for the scholar and for the general reader of Anand's fiction.

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DEBEN BHATTACHARYA, trans. and ed., *Love Songs of Chandidās: The Poet-Priest of Bengal.* London: George Allew & Unwin, 1967, 172 pp., 40s.

__________________, *The Mirror of the Sky: Songs of the Bāuls from Bengal.* London: George Allen & Unwin, 1969, 120 pp., 25s.

The people of Bengal have always remained outside the mainstream of Hinduism. They have always developed schisms in the Vaisnavite and Saivite movements of the Hindu religion. As a result of Sri Chaitanya's popular Vaisnav renaissance movement in the sixteenth century, the Vaisnavites were made to come down from their pristine pedestal to the dust of common, everyday life. It was strange that this popularization of the movement spelled a brilliant resurgence in Bengali literature, and particularly its lyric poetry. Mr. Deben Bhattacharya has clearly made this point by his rendering of the love songs of Chandidas. When Chandidas equates his God with his lover, he not only removes the so-called mystique of God, but also makes Him or Her one of us, whether He be Krishna or She be Radha. Thus the popularization of the Vaisnav theme restated in a much more simply and easily understandable language the old Upanishadic utterance "I am He." Here lies the genius of Chandidas.

Mr. Bhattacharya in his translations of *padāvalī* collections maintains a painstaking literalness which at times interferes with the fluent lyricism of the original. However, we understand the problem that Mr. Bhattacharya faces: he is trying to repopularize the popular songs of Bengal's soft earth for the macadamized surface of London and New York, a horrendous task! That he has succeeded even slightly speaks of his capacity as a literary interpreter and translator.

As a translator Mr. Bhattacharya has succeeded far better in his second attempt with Baul songs of Bengal. The translations bring out the simple sincerity of the songs. This reviewer, who lived in Birbhum for years and had the opportunity to listen to the Bauls, was moved to find many of his favorite singers and songs listed by the translator. The short sketch of the history of the Baul cult is an excellent overall account that would facilitate the readers' understandings of these songs. It is a fact of life that we shall always cherish and admire this band of Baul singers who, by their conviction, remain steadfast to their cult of music, their feelings of nearness to the Eternal, and their insistence on Oneness in a land that has been torn apart again and again by differences of religion, language and beliefs.

We can be sure that these two efforts on the part of Mr. Bhattacharya to make available to the English-speaking public the living lyrics of Bengal's popular Vaisnavite and Baul cults will do away with the cobwevs of mystery that still clutter the ordinary Western mind regarding the creative thought and writing of India.

Musafir

BALAMANI AMMA, *Thirty Poems.* Trans. by the poet Madras: V. Abdulla, Orient Longmans Ltd., 1970, 60 pp. Rs 17.50.

Even though translated by Rabindranath Tagore himself, it has been said that his distinctively Bengali *Gitānjali* songs are seriously impaired by their rendering into English.

Thirty Poems by Balamani Amma must have suffered even more severely in their transformation into English from the original Malayalam. With the exception of one long poem, these, too, were translated by their author. In the English versions many of the poems have a weak, thin tone that certainly would not have warranted the coveted Sahitya Adademi Award, which Balamani received in 1966. Also, the themes are too repetitiously confined to the expected feminine role. Perhaps the poet, in this her first publication in English, was influenced by a false assumption as to what the English-reading public would expect of a "lady poetess"; or -- as I heard one Bengali scholar remark about Tagore's translations of his own work -- perhaps Balamani's command of English is inadequate to the demands of her own composition.

The reading of this slim volume, then, is overshadowed by the constant desire to be able to approach its thirty poems through the rhythm and music of the mother tongue. Malayalam is a Dravidian language of extreme south-western India. It expresses an ancient and rich culture with power and beauty. The reader of this collection longs for similar adequacy in the English versions.

Balamani Amma Nalapat, born in Kerala in 1909, comes from a family of scholars and writers. Since her early years were spent with her uncle, the poet Nalapat Narayana Menon, we recognize his inspiration in her choice of poetry as her writing vehicle. Certainly, he should be largely credited with her turning to writing at an early age. But it is the famous Malayalam poet Vallothol (Narayana Menon Vallothol, 1878-1958) whom Balamani Amma acknowledges as her major influence.

Krishna Chaitanya[1] speaks of Vallothol's finding "his self-fulfillment in profound human bonds" and giving expression to this in his verse. This may be said also of Balamani, a majority of whose poems in this collection turn to themes of family life, especially of mother and child: "A Mother's Heart," "Tears," "Sorrow," "Grandmother," "To My Daughter." Balamani's interest in home and family is also evident in the titles of several of her major collections such as *Amma* (Mother), 1933, her second book, but the first to attract a wide public, and *Muthassi* (Grandmother) which brought her the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1966 However, it seems to me that the poet's finest expression -- at least in these English renditions -- is found in those poems that go beyond the personal scene to these that reach to the roots of Hindu culture.

"Mahabali," in which the poet responds in personal ecstasy to the annual visit to earth of the ruler of the underworld, is one of the strongest poems among the thirty. Sureness of touch and strong rhythm are sustained throughout. Although it might be unfair to term the piece "derivative," nevertheless the voice of Tagore seems to echo through the lines.

> O moment supreme!
> It lights up my soul like the flame of a votive lamp.
> My eyes are set close and clear thereon and other things
> fade and fail.
> This indeed seems most precious of all that I have earned in
> a long and abundant life.
> This morning, amidst the lights of sacrificial fires, the
> immanent one reveals himself to me.
> To me, he who rules over heaven, earth and hades comes,
> asking for my world as alms.
> All that is mine I shall now place in the outstretched hands
> of God.
> Be kind to measure, and take, O Lord of Karma, the three realms
> I have won by dint of effort.
> . . . .
> Nothing is asked here, nothing is taken, or hoarded.
> Only incessant sacrifice is here.
> . . . .
> Still, one thing I feel it hard to part with:
> The intense joy of serving others.
> But you command me to forego even that and find Peace.
> Then O Lord, take my offering
> All the waters in my pitcher should reach
> Your palms. Only the blind try to restrain the flow. . . .

Again, though the metaphor of the pitcher is an appropriate and common one in the Indian setting, the final lines above bring to mind a freedom song by Tagore:

> Now, come woman, carrying your vessel of sacred water . . .
> Come, noble women, with your vessel of sacred water . . .
> Come, suffering woman, bring your brimming jar of remembrance.[2]

"At Banaras," another composition with strength and purposeful expression, also arises from religious devotion. Metaphors are especially felicitous, and the binding of a noble past to the clamoring present is aptly expressed.

> Modern buildings, seats of learning, humming streets --
> All faded away.
> Past ages have left their footprints
> On the banks of the Ganga
> . . . .
> The ancient city stood near
> Holding Ganga in her arms.
> (O Goddess, are not the ghats your arms outstretched?)

The water flows
Offering nectar to the dying souls;
The burning pyres glow on the sandy shore,
And pilgrims hasten to the temple.
'In this burning ghat, all the sins turn to ashes' said
  the priest.
Through his incantations
I heard of the origin and the end of the world,
Of the sins of doing and of the sins of not doing,
Of merit and of the might of purified souls.
. . . .
I return, the hem of my sari trailing
Through the filthy lanes.
Yet look back at the river
That washes our dirt and ashes away.

Only the final, unnecessary line ("And its calls come to me.") weakens the total powerful impression of time and tradition.

Similarly, "Mother Goddess" and "The World Mother" achieve effective verbalization of genuine spiritual experience. In fact, a basically traditional Hindu attitude permeates all the verse in this collection, from the opening "Benediction" (1930), which hymns the joy of a mother's first-born--

The first cry of the child was a 'Mantra'
Sanctifying their love.

  It was the music from the flute
  Of Krishna, embodied Bliss eternal.

--to the closing "The Story of the Axe" (1966).

"The Story of the Axe" portrays a repentant Parasurama sitting atop Mahendra Mountain[3] contemplating past and present as he looks down on Kerala, the land he created from the agony of his annihilation of the Kshathriya clan in revenge for their killing of his Brahmin father. This seventeen-part poem of more than 280 lines was translated by N. K. Seshan on commission of the Department of Education, Government of India. With the exception of several awkward inversions and unhappy choices of English terms, the translation has a sureness of touch and a poetic sinew too often lacking in Balamani's translations.

The opening lines throb with the poet's love of her native Malabar Coast:

Alone, atop the tranquil, silent mount Mehendra,
I sit, looking far away.
Winds, lights and sounds,
Course through my feet into the Earth.
Below my eternal seat, snowy foam-folds,
Churned by ocean waves, flash and fade.

Beneath the blue,
Like a green plantain-leaf, spread out for a feast,
There lies a land, which I watch from where I sit
The embodiment of my power,
Of will, of action and of knowledge;
The dream of a sage's son.
There the newly harvested paddy and the blossoms
Waft their scent;
There nature now holds a festival;
There the children twang their toy-bows
And the women dance.

Later verses come through with a special overload of meaning when we think of the poem's impact on the school children of India. Passages that emphasize the need for unity:

May heaven and earth be united in that land
And all that is best in the Brahmin and Kshathriya races
Mingle in harmony.

and for humanity, emphasized in the final lines:

This consolation I have [Parasurama muses] --
This land adorns itself, these people revel,
Not for me;
Nor for this warrior ever haunted by memories of past crimes,
But, for *Mahabali*, who found strength in humility
And saw the Lord in the foot that pressed him down.

In conclusion, something might be said further about the Anglicization of the poems Balamani offers in her maiden volume in English. Most of the frequently unfortunate lines that seriously mar the verses can be laid to a limited understanding of English idiom. As a result, what is intended to be moving borders too often on the ludicrous. For example:

Fingers that have to scribble the first lesson of
Self-sacrifice on mother's bosom. ("Benediction")

Humanity developed, gets inflated
And bursts itself. ("Life")

The dried up tears are more potent,
Than the dripping ones. ("Tears")

Do your eyes, riveted on my wrinkled face,
Strive to shove away clods of senility,
To see the love oozing inside?

. . . .

For the ripples of moonlight that dance along her eyes,
As you embrace,

And for the nectar dripping from her thrilled bosom
 As your lips touch it? ("Grandmother")

In this dew-wet courtyard, reading your poems
I wonder, did your spirit which causes life to flower
Hurt you more than the body which grew in me like a blossom.
These cocoons you formed to put to sleep
The worms gnawing at your core, burst open.
And wings, rising fluttering and jostling,
Swarm my mind.
. . . .
Your power of turning worms into butterflies
Comforts me. ("To My Daughter")

Archaisms in choice of words--"The breath doth grow thin"--and in nineteenth-century "poetic" inversions--"In a tear drop see the wise ones / The seed of desire that became the Earth." "What strange illusions / Make man divide his heritage / Into fragments worthless?" "Their children were no more there." "Long did I wander in Bharath . . . I did come across, every now and then, my kinsmen." Such ineptnesses cry out for working over by a competent craftsman in English, preferable an English-language poet.

It is my hope that Balamani Amma may turn *Thirty Poems*--or other of her works--over to an English or American publisher with permission for a conscientious editing for English readers so that we may appreciate to the full the talent that moved her country's official literary academy to extend to her its most respect recognition. There is enough that shines through to make the non-Malayalam reader ask for more, more gracefully done.

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Dorothy Blair Shimer

NOTES

1. *A History of Malayalam Literature*. New Delhi: Orient-Longmans Ltd., 1971.

2. Rabindranath Tagore, *Poems*. Calcutta: Visva-Bharati, 1942, pp. 43-45.

3. A tor at the southernmost point of the Southern Ghats mountain chain.

SOUR-DĀS, *Pastorales*. Traduction de la langue braj avec introduction, notes et glossaire de Charlotte Vaudeville. Paris: Gallimard, 1971.

This most recent of Charlotte Vaudeville's works is a welcome addition to the small but growing body of translations from the medieval vernacular literatures of India. Conceived on the same model as her earlier volume of Kabir translations (*Au Cabaret de l'Amour*. Paris: Gallimard, 1959), it provides an excellent introduction to the greatest poet of the North India Krishna *bhakti* tradition. It should be of value both to the general reader interested in sampling another classic and to the beginning student of medieval Hindi literature, for whom it can be a first step into the poetic world of Surdas.

This world is one which until recently has been little known outside India: Tulsidas and Kabir attracted early Western translators and have continued to be studied, translated and commented upon in English and other Western languages; but the works of Surdas have remained virtually untouched. The only predecessors to Vaudeville's book are an obscure and highly inaccessible dissertation written in Germany in the 1930's (Janardan Misra. *The Religious Poetry of Surdas*. Patna, 1935) and a more recent unpublished volume of translations designed for language teaching at the University of Chicago (S.M. Pandey and N.H. Zide. *The Poems of Surdas*. University of Chicago, 1963). Reasons for this neglect of one of the great poets of India are not hard to find. To the basically Protestant outlook of the early Indologists and the British scholar-administrators the Krishna cult was basically repugnant, and thus its devotional literature not worth being studied seriously. Later on this same negative valuation of the Krishna tradition would become one of the hallmarks of the so-called Hindu Renaissance, a certain embarrassment at the figure of Krishna precluding much enthusiastic translation of Krishna poetry by Indians themselves. Finally, it should be pointed out that the poetry of Surdas, though sung even today in all parts of India, has been closely associated with the sectarian Vallabha movement, and thus never had as universal an appeal as that of Kabir or Tulsidas. Vaudeville's aim in the *Pastorales* is to rescue Surdas from this temporary obscurity forced upon him by history and make him available to the French-speaking reader in a symapthetic light. This she does primarily by letting the poems speak for themselves.

The book contains an introduction, translation of 176 *padas* from the *Sūr-sāgar*, a short but handy glossary, and a reference table enabling the reader to find the originals in the two-volume Nagari Pracharini Sabha edition of the *Sūr-sāgar*. The introduction is a model of clarity and succinctness. In a series of compact essays Vaudeville provides an overview of the historical period, the "century of Akbar" which saw the rapid spread of Krishna *bhakti* and its Braj literature throughout the northern half of India; discusses the contribution of the two great sixteenth-century preachers of the Krishna movement, Chaitanya and Vallabha; presents and passes judgement on the existing sources for the life of Surdas; and describes the nature and contents of the *Sūr-sāgar*. The general reader will find all this quite informative, and may be helped to achieve a sympathetic understanding of the Krishna *bhakti* phenomenon by the analogies to elements of medieval European culture and Christian devotional religion which are implicit in much of what is said. For example, Chaitanya and Vallabha are characterized as "apostles of the Krishnaite faith," and the wandering Vaishnava *sādhūs* are described as a gentle "army of holy men," an expression which brings to mind the mendicant orders of medieval Christendom. Again, the *līlās* of Krishna which are celebrated in song and around which the devotional religion revolves are perceived as constituting a "geste" -- i.e. a romance or heroic legend cycle -- akin at least functionally, it is implied, to the famous "gestes" of medieval Europe, while the wedding of Radha and Krishna performed during the *rās-līlā* is seen as a "mystery," in the sense in which the Mass is a "mystery"-- a sacramental rite embodying a secret religious truth. The *Bhakta-mālā* is characterized as the "Golden Legend" of North Indian Vaishnavism, while Braj, raised by the Krishnaite poets and court patronage to the status of leading literary language of North India, is described in Suniti Kumar Chatterji's words as the "royal language" -- the closest approximation to a 'King's English' ever to develop during the Mughal period. Finally, the title of the book itself evokes the 'pastoral' genre of medieval European poetry -- an analogy which may obscure the basically religious motivation of Sur's poetry, but helps suggest wherein its charm lies. How valid all these analogies really are may be questioned, but they are only meant to be suggestive. The overall effect of this analogizing is to predispose the reader -- particularly the European reader -- to approaching the poetry with a certain degree of empathy. Can more be asked?

Of interest to the specialist will be the extent to which Vaudeville's interpretation of the rise of Krishna *bhakti*, the triumph of Braj and the historical figure of Surdas differs from that of most modern Hindi scholars. Where there is a tendency to see the sixteenth-century Krishna *bhakti* phenomenon in North India as a militant ressurgence of Hinduism against agressive Islam, or perhaps as an escape from the vicissitudes of the age, Vaudeville stresses the role of the sufis in helping prepare the ground for the *bhakti* message and points out that the sixteenth-century was in fact an age of unprecedented Muslim tolerance. Where the rapid development of Braj as a literary language tends to be seen as a reaction against the imposition of foreign Persian culture by the Muslim rulers, Vaudeville emphasizes the extent to which the Mughals were enthusiastic patrons of Braj literature. Finally, on the question of the 'historical Surdas,' Vaudeville disagrees fundamentally with the most prominent Hindi scholars who have written about Surdas (Ramchandra Shukla, Prabhudayal Mittal, Vrajeshvar Varma, among others). These scholars accept as basically true the traditional account found in the hagiographic literature of the Vallabha sect: Surdas was blind from birth; he became a *sādhū* at a young age; until he met Vallabha he sang only the *vinaya* type of devotional hymn associated with non-sectarian *bhakti*; Vallabha made him a disciple and instructed him in the *līlās* of Krishna; the rest of his life was spent in composing songs for the daily round of worship at the Vallabha temple of Shri Nathji. The Surdas mentioned in the Muslim sources as a poet at the court of Akbar cannot have been the same man. Vaudeville on the other hand sees the sectarian account as a late fabrication designed to hide a fairly convincing case for a very different life history: Surdas was the son of a famous singer at Akbar's court; he received his musical and poetic training in that brilliant setting and became himself a court singer; an ardent devotee of Krishna, he used his talent to compose songs about Krishna's *līlās*; in his old age, blind and weary of the pomp of the court, he retired to the banks of the Yamuna and sang out his heart in *vinaya* hymns. The whole controversy has serious implications for the way in which the *Sūr-sāgar* is studied and for a future critical edition of the text. It is unfortunate that Vaudeville has not spelled out these implications, and has in fact omitted all discussion of two extremely pertinent aspects of Sur's poetry: its virtuosity in terms of metre, alliteration, simile and other poetic devices prized by the tradition of courtly poetry, and the place it occupies in the ritual cycle of the Vallabha sect temples.

The heart of Vaudeville's book, the translated *padas*, is divided into two sections: the "Pastorales' proper are poems of the various *līlās* of Krishna as a child and young cowherd, and the 'Prières' (prayers) are Sur's *vinaya* songs -- hymns of praise, contrite prayers and supplications, exhortations to devotion. The 'Pastorales' section has been constructed with a view to presenting the basic outline of the Krishna story, from his arrival in Gokul as an infant to his departure for Mathura and its aftermath. However not all the important episodes have been included. Instead, there is a concentration on the themes most important from the point of view of *bhakti:* Krishna's childhood, the call of the flute, the magic night of the *rās-līlā*, the pangs of separation felt by the *gopīs* after Krishna's departure. Completely absent from the selection of *padas* are the adventures with the various demons, the lifting of Mount Govardhan, the *dān-līlā*, (Krishna's stealing of the *gopīs* clothes) and the *mān-līlā* (Radha's displeasure at Krishna's infidelity). The omission of these last two is quite surprising in light of Vaudeville's stated opinion that Surdas was a court poet, for they are precisely the themes which are underplayed in the *bhakti* tradition but emphasized in the courtly tradtion of Krishna lore.

Surdas has always been most famous for his songs about Krishna's childhood -- little vignettes which convey at once the atmosphere of humble village life, the delight and wonder of a child's world, the tenderness of parental love, and the deeper truth about the real nature of this particular child. Vaudeville's choice of childhood *padas* very effectively acquaints the reader with Sur's rich and sensitive treatment of this theme. One of the most delightful poems is that in which little Krishna complains to his mother that his topknot is not growing in spite of all the milk she makes him drink "Maiyā kabahin baḍhaigī coṭī"/No. 11/):

Maman, quand donc pousseront mes cheveux?

Tu me donnes tant de lait à boire --
    et ils restent toujours courts!
Tu m'avais dit que ma tresse à moi serait bientôt
    longue et épaisse comme celle de Balrâm,
Et qu'à force de peigner, et de natter dt de baigner,
    ma tresse à moi trainerait à terre comme un gros serpent noir!
C'est que tu ne me donnes que du lait cru, encore et toujours
    au lieu de pain et de beurre!
Sōur-Dās, Ah! bénis soient les deux frères,
    Hari et Haldhar!

Maman, quand donc pousseront mes cheveux?

(Mother, when is my hair going to grow?

You give me so much milk to drink --
    but it's still short!
You told me my topknot would soon be
    long and thick like Balram's,
And that combing, braiding and washing it
    would make it drag on the ground like a big black snake!
All you give me is fresh milk all the time
    instead of bread and butter!
Surdas, blessed be the two brothers,
    Hari and Haldhar!

Mother, when is my hair going to grow?)

The choice of *muralī* songs is also quite effective, conveying as it does the whole range of emotions which the flute arouses in the hearts of the *gopīs* -- restlessness, longing, jealousy, spite -- and bringing out the dramatic element which is present in Sur's treatment of this second theme, the gopis ("Sunau ika bāta ho Braja nāri"/No. 58/):

O femmes du Braj, écoutez-moi un peu!

A quoi bon vous mettre en colère
    et pourquoi m'injuriez-vous?
Vous vilipendez ma caste et ma lingńee,
    mais moi je suis d'accord sur tout!
Ce que vous dites, moi je le dis aussi:
    c'est bien du bois qu'il m'a prise . . .
Non, ce n'est pas à cause de mes bonnes actions
    que Shyâm m'a posée sur ses lèvres!
Sour-Dâs, c'est le Seigneur qui m'a fait grâce:
    est-ce que cela vous étonne?

O femmes du Braj, écoutez-moi un peu!

(O women of Braj, listen to me a while!

What's the use of getting angry
    and why do you insult me?
You malign my caste and my lineage,
    but I agree with all that!
What you say, I say it too:
    he did take me from the woods . . .
It isn't because of my good deeds
    that Shyam placed me on his lips!
Surdas, the Lord was gracious to me:
    does that surprise you?

O women of Braj, listen to me a while!)

When it comes to the theme of the *rās-līlā*, Vauderville is somewhat hampered in her choice of songs by the need to bring out the narrative sequence of that eventful night -- the irresistible call of the flute, the *gopīs* running out to the forest, the frenzied dance, the "water-sports," Krishna's temporary temporary disappearance, and finally the secret wedding of Radha and Krishna. As a result the sensuous ecstasy of the *rās-līlā* as portrayed by Sur elsewhere comes across only in a few of the selections. As to the theme of separation, Vaudeville has done well to include relatively few of the more traditional *viraha* songs and to give prominence instead to the new "bee-song" genre created by Surdas: more dramatic because of the confrontation between Uddhav's doctrines and the depth of feeling of the pining *gopīs*, the *bhramar-gīts* are also one of the few instances to be found anywhere of devotional literature which is genuinely humorous! Witness for instance the songs where Uddhav is made out to be a peddlar of unwanted ideas,

> Avec un plein chargement de livres de philosophie,
> tel un Banjârâ avec sa caravane . . . . /No. 108/

> (With a full load of philosophy books,
> like a Banjārā with his caravan . . . .)

-- ideas which no one is interested in buying:

> Voici qu'on commence à rire au Braj:
> ton "Yoga", cache-le vite!
> Tu vas de-ci et de-là pour faire voir ton "Atmân-Brahman",
> celui qui est caché dans tous les corps!
> Tu te promènes avec ton "Qualifié-non-qualifié" sous le bras:
> mais personne n'en veut! . . . /No. 109/

> (Now people are starting to laugh in Braj:
> go hide your 'Yoga' quickly!
> You go here and there to show your 'Atman-Brahman,'
> the one which is hidden in all bodies!
> You walk around with your 'Qualified-non-qualifed' under your arm:
> but no one wants it! . . .)

The "Pastorales" section makes very lively reading. The streamlined narrative framework, the emphasis on dramatic situations, and the fact that all the poems chosen are short ones ensures that the reader's attention will not flag. This in unfortunately not the case with the "Prières" section. Though Vaudeville has included in it some of the best loved of Sur's songs ("Carana-kamala bandau Hari rāi"/No. 129/, "Hamāre prabhu, auguna cita na dharau"/No. 160/, "Aba maiṅ nācyau bahuta Gupāla"/No. 151/), the general effect is one of monotony. It would hardly be fair however to blame this on Vaudeville's selection of songs: it is rather the *vinaya* genre itself which is responsible. Whereas the poems describing Krishna's *līlās* can be enjoyed at a certain level apart from any participation in the devotional or even the musical experience, the *vinaya* songs really need to be actively performed or listened to in order to be appreciated. There can be few more dull experiences than trying to read a hymnbook from cover to cover! This brings up the problem which all translators *pada* languages inevitably come up against: the basic inadequacy of mere verbal translation when one is dealing with a genre in which music and text are so closely allied as to be inseparable.

Leaving aside the question of the limitations of the purely verbal idiom, we may end with a few comments on the quality of Vaudeville's translations. Her chief aim is to be faithful to the original and yet easily comprehensible to a non-specialist French-speaking public. As a result, and by her own admission, she has occasionally taken liberties with expression for the sake of greater clarity (*e.g.*, in No. 106, "quels sont les jeux qu'il aime" for "kihiṅ rasa meṅ abhilasī"), but the departures are on the whole quite minimal and usually justifiable. Vaudeville has no pretensions of being a poet and does not claim to have created good French poetry or to have reproduced any of the poetic effects of the originals. There are however certain virtues to her translations beyond those of accuracy and clarity. To begin with, she succeeds to a considerable extent in preserving the overall structure of the original poems. Her phrasing follows closely the divisions of the poetic line, reproducing the original caesurae and units of meaning. For example,

> Amara-udhārana, asura-saṃhārana, antarajāmī tribhuvanarāī

is rendered:

> Pour le salut des dieux, pour la destruction des démons,
> Lui qui demeure dans tous les coeurs, le Seigneur de l'univers! /No. 1/
>
> (For the salvation of the gods, for the destruction of the demons,
> He who dwells in all hearts, the Lord of the universe!)

Another very simple device which helps preserve the structure is that of having the *ṭeka* printed in italics at both ends of each song so as to make it visually stand out as the refrain that it is -- something no other translator of *padas* seems to have thought of.

A second feature which helps make the translations successful is that excess use of Indian words has been avoided. Vaudeville has tried as far as possible to convey the meaning of distinctively Indian cultural terms by means of reasonably close French equivalents, relegating the original words to footnotes, where their esoteric character is less apt to disturb the general reader. Thus *pāsanī* is rendered as "sevrage" (weaning), *sāligrām* as "le dieu de la famille" (the family god), Amarpur as "séjour d'eternité" (eternal abode), and so on.

Finally, Vaudeville has an undeniable gift for the well-turned phrase and the "mot juste", which gives her language an uncommon sharpness and vividness. For the French-speaking person, lines such as

> Le Seigneur au teint bleuté, entre deux belles au teint clair:
> On dirait une émeraude sertie dans un pillier d'or. /No. 60/

verge on being memorable. If all scholarly translations of Indian literature were as readable as Vaudeville's *Pastorales* there might cease to be calls for abandoning the whole enterprise in favor of "transcreation."

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BARBARA STOLER MILLER, trans. and ed., *Phantasies of a Love-Thief: The Caurapañcāśika Attributed to Bilhana.* New York: Columbia University Press, 1971, vii + 233 pp. $11.00.

Barbara Miller's latest essay at bringing Sanskrit poetry up-to-date translation and text of the amorous lyric *Caurapañcāśikā* succeeds in the unique way we have already become accustomed to: sensitivity in text preparation, felicity in translation, and awareness of literary value are joined in a creative synthesis which has become Ms. Miller's standard in service to Indian letters.

The present volume, an elaboration of the author's dissertation, addresses the complex text problem with judiciousness. Sharing only five verses, the two text traditions are treated as, in effect, separate works; the critical apparatus aims only "to discover the most conservative elements in the manuscript traditions and to restore the least corrupt forms of each recension on the basis of the manuscript material available." (Introduction, p. 6). So we have really a *śataka*[1], not a *pañcāśikā;* the reader should be aware that he is getting 100 for the price of fifty.

Ms. Miller's method is the *lectio difficilior,* but used with circumspection, for there has been much conflation among the Ms sources, if not ourtight "inflation," that is, recreation by later poet-scholars. The interesting application of the method here is in the classification of manuscripts themselves, where stylistic independence (p. 138) is taken as sufficient cause of "conservatism," even where that method identifies obscurities which are resolved in other and more numerous manuscripts. Given the peculiar academic biasses in the medieval Indian learned tradition, it is not always that the more difficult version should be taken as more original than the simpler. Scholar-poets may be just as eager to show their erudition, as they are subject to the inevitable urge to clarify. Nevertheless, the emphasis on style does permit Ms. Miller to advance an engaging theory of "region of origin" (Maharastra-Gujerat) where conservative manuscripts abound, and thus to account for the two text-recensions and their variety of readings by text-migrations to North and South India. Doubtless, a similiar model would serve in unravelling many text-histories from the medieval period, a period whose relative recentness casts at least the shadow of authenticity on historical reconstruction and attribution.

In support of this text-model are also two appendices, culling from Bilhana's other works and the *Rājataramginī* as much as can be learned of Bilhaṇa's wanderings, and reproducing the illuminations of the oldest "conservative" manuscript (p. 125), itself clearly in Rajasthani style (Gujerat?).

The translations themselves are unpretentious, but their gentleness is a far from unassuming foil, cleverly emphasizing the imagery of the original text, letting it emerge without unnecessary help:

Even now,
if I suddenly capture her face in my mind,
I see eyes outshining brilliant stars,
love's pale glow
heightened by a light touch of sandalwood oil,
soft cheeks streaked with curving lines of musk.
(WS 22, p. 63)

The translation is both elegant and accurate, but eschews any pretense at coping with the recherché alliterations (*taralatāratarākṣam*) or the complex internal syntax (*āspṛṣṭacandanarasāhitapāndukānti* as neuter *bahuvrīhi* qualifying *āsyam*) of the Sanskrit. A more "faithful" stylistic version would have found oblivion among the dusty tones of overly responsible scholarship. The accuracy of image deserves more forceful comment. In a way the terseness of the Sanskrit *bahuvrīhi* aims by a very different route at just the contrastive starkness of image that emerges from Ms. Miller's understated, almost descriptive lines, where even the artificial regularities of scansion are used to diffuse, then refocus attention: "love's pale glow heightened by a (light) touch of sandal(wood) oil" -- which is one compound, leading to the beautifully precise coda: "soft cheeks streaked with curving lines of musk" -- whose scansional regularity is reinforced by alliterations of velars (in the Sanskrit!) and sibilants (not!).

Nothing more need to be said about these translations. Without seeming to try (the mark of many modern "transcreators" of Sanskrit verse), Ms. Miller has given us poems which do not need their originals to be appreciated; and at the same time the originals are, if anything, made worthy of respect in the result. Such is the reality of transcreation.

The literary values which infuse these poems are integral in the translations. Seeing the genre clearly, that of love in separation -- with subsidiary fantasies (phantasies) of love in union -- Ms. Miller tries to convey the artificial standards of the foreign style in the universal descriptions appropriate to the subject itself. If the Indian theoreticians are right, love needs no other support than its evocation in studied language to become for us also an esthetic event. The emphasis on mood, well maintained in these translations, gives a key to transcending the cultural one-sidedness of the poetry. Possibly, Ms. Miller has chosen the easiest genre (her translations of *nīti* and *vairāgya* in Bhartṛhari do not come through as well); but I think she has even here turned its disadvantages to advantage, as where cultural anomalies or peculiarities become in the translations instruments of poetic license:

. . . I remember my love's face
colored with shining saffron powder
. . . .
a moon disc
released by the demon eclipse. (N 10, p. 21)

Even these stylized images are taken for what they may have been in the distant origins of Sanskrit poetry: powerful signs of the mysterious impersonal harmonies in our natures. Thus, the exotic is tamed.

The book itself is a beautiful example of the printer's art exempt from most of the diacritical vagaries which reviewers love. One could suggest emendations[2] or quarrel with the appropriateness of certain renderings,[3] but even in disagreeing, I am obliged to recognize the purpose and principle of the author; she has established her right to have her way.

My chief regret is that Ms. Miller's efforts in the service of the Sanskrit lyric, by their brilliance, may cause others to give up in despair. And I wonder if she can translate everything for us?

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FOOTNOTES

1. Cf. Bhartrhari, *Satakatrayam*, trans. Barbara Stoller Miller (New York: Columbia University Press, 1967).

2. Why *jīveti*, N 11 (p. 21)? She said (or did not say) "*jīva*," not "*jīva*, unquote!"

3. *Mūrchati*, "sharply strikes," N 34 (pp. 36-37): excellent in English, but probably closer to "arrests (my mind)."

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